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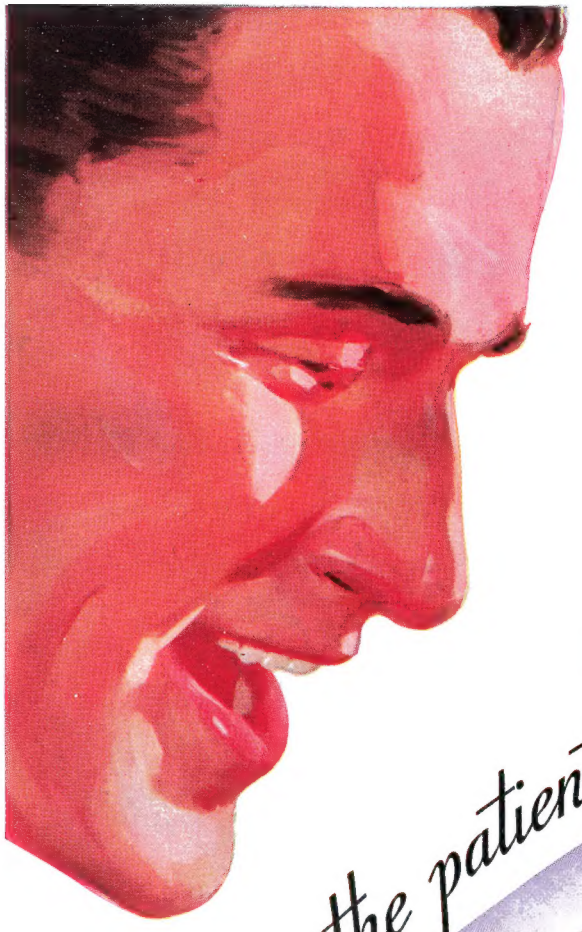

How to make the patient open wide and say..

AH-H-H

By—WITH each good, simple, homestyle meal, administer generously Heinz Tomato Ketchup. This is the way to keep a husband happy.

He needs home food. He needs it for the sake of his good health, for the sound nourishment and the energy it provides. The problem is to keep him interested, to make him eager for each meal, to make his mouth water.

Heinz Ketchup does that—with its special come-hither charms it urges appetite. To simple dishes it brings the fresh vivacity of Heinz own extra-luscious pedigreed tomatoes, and the sprightly thrill of rare spices selected first hand by Heinz buyers in the Orient. Heinz Ketchup is rich and thick, too, for we simmer it long and slowly, down to the good essentials. Here indeed is a sauce that *glorifies* good food!

Put it on the table. Within his easy reach. Watch his eyes gleam. Listen to the "Ahh's" and "Mmm's".

H. J. HEINZ COMPANY
PITTSBURGH, U.S.A. TORONTO, CAN. LONDON, ENG.

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THE LARGEST SELLING KETCHUP IN THE WORLD

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Yet she uses this 25¢ Tooth Paste

Do you realize why? Results, *that's all!*

IT is no accident that women of wealth and position, fastidious and critical in selection of all things, are constant users of Listerine Tooth Paste.

Obviously, the price of 25¢ would have no weight in making their decision. The reason for their choice is the quality of the paste itself, the definite results it brings.

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MARCH 1935 · THE MAGAZINE OF TODAY AND TOMORROW · VOL. CXIX. NO. 3

The American Magazine

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Mystery Novel

Complete in this issue

The Mystery of Galleon Key..... 12
PHILIP WYLIE

Fiction

She Said "No"..... 18
AGNES SLIGH TURNBULL

Day in Spring..... 24
CLARA WALLACE OVERTON

Uneasy Money..... 28
EDWIN DIAL TORGERSON

Blessed Isle..... 32
ALBERT RICHARD WETJEN

Never Mind the Lady—*Part II*.... 44
DAVID GARTH

A Nickel's Worth of Love..... 48
MATT TAYLOR

Not Interested..... 56
GERALD MYGATT

Scattergood Meets a Money-Player 62
CLARENCE BUDINGTON KELLAND

Starlight Pass—*Part IV*..... 66
TOM GILL

Beauty's Daughter—*Conclusion*.... 72
KATHLEEN NORRIS

Country Doctor..... 76
DON MARQUIS

Articles

Richberg Takes the Stand..... 16
Questions by HENRY F. PRINGLE
Answers by DONALD R. RICHBERG

Jungle Merchant..... 22
WILLIAM LaVARRE

Democracy Goes to School..... 27
HUBERT KELLEY

Budgets for the Bewildered..... 31
JEROME BEATTY

Trader Jones..... 43
J. B. GRISWOLD

We've Got Rhythm..... 52
WILLIAM S. DUTTON

Land of Tomorrow..... 54
THOMAS SUGRUE

The Turn to the "Right"..... 61
WALTER LIPPMANN

The Race is Against Yourself..... 65
PAUL GALLICO

Three-Ring Town..... 70
WEBB WALDRON

●

Index to Advertisers..... 4

Cover: *Natural-color photograph by* ALFRED CHENEY JOHNSTON

The characters in all short stories, novelettes, and serials in this magazine are purely imaginary. No reference or allusion to any living person is intended.

Short Features

Editorial—Understanding..... 11
MYRON TAYLOR

It Takes All Kinds..... 84
ALBERT BENJAMIN

How to Fix Old Floors..... 90
ROGER B. WHITMAN

What the Readers Say..... 170

Interesting People

Roughrider—HOPE LANDIS..... 35

Bard—W. W. CHRISTMAN..... 36

Homemaker—LILLIAN M. GILBRETH 37

Trouper—RICHARD B. HARRISON.... 38

Harpooner—PHILIP WYLIE..... 39

Bookman—HERBERT PUTNAM..... 40

Speeder—JANE WYATT..... 41

Dealer—JESSE H. JONES..... 42

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IN 1885, fifty years ago, the American Telephone and Telegraph Company was formed.

There were few telephones then and service was slow, uncertain and limited to separate communities. In that year the largest number of telephones in any one city was 8400, in New York.

New York now has 1,500,000, Chicago 800,000, Philadelphia 350,000.

From your own Bell telephone you may talk with any one of 17,000,000 other telephones in this country and most of those in foreign lands. Today, 93% of all the world's telephones are within reach of the Bell telephone in your home or office.

This year marks also the Twentieth Anniversary of the opening of the first transcontinental line, from New York to San Francisco, and the Eighth Anniversary of the opening of transatlantic service.

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To make your telephone service dependable, 94 per cent of the Bell System's 80,000,000 miles of wire is now in storm-resisting, lead-covered cable. Sixty-five per cent of it is buried beneath the ground.

Index of Products Advertised

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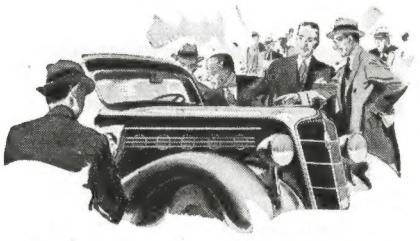
	Page
Absorbine Jr.	136
American Farm Machine Co.	160
American School	151, 155
American School of Photography	151
American Telephone & Telegraph Co.	3
Associated Gas and Electric System	157
Blue-Jay Corn Plaster	160
California Fruit Growers Exchange	101
California Lima Bean Growers Association	144
Camay	10
Camel Cigarettes	80
Campbell's Noodle Soup	79
Chicago School of Nursing	160
Cody School of English, Sherwin	156
Corona Typewriters	155
Directory of Schools and Camps	6
Durham Duplex Safety Razors	153
Edgeworth Tobacco	139
Eliot's Five-Foot Shelf of Books, Dr.	9
Equitable Life Assurance Society of the U. S., The	125
Eveready Flashlights and Batteries	151
Ex-Lax	141
Fairbanks-Morse Water Systems	146
Fleischmann's Yeast	86-87
Frankfort Distilleries	3d Cover
Freezone	162
General Electric Mazda Lamps	169
General Foods Corporation	89
Gerber's Strained Vegetables	132
Gibbons School of Broadcasting, Floyd	160
Gillette Safety Razors	133
Glover Co., H. Clay	162
Great Northern Railway	147
Greyhound Buses	127
Heinz Co., H. J.	2d Cover
Home Correspondence School	149
Hormel Vegetable Soup	4th Cover
Ingram's Shaving Cream	103
International Correspondence Schools	165
Investors Syndicate	111
John Hancock Mutual Life Insurance	158
Kaffee-Hag	113
Kool Cigarettes	135
La Salle Extension University	154, 160, 163
Lewis Hotel Training Schools	144, 163
Lifebuoy Soap and Shaving Cream	93
Listerine Shaving Cream	96
Listerine Tooth Paste	1
Lucky Tiger Manufacturing Co.	157
Lux Toilet Soap	115
Lyon's Tooth Powder, Dr.	121
Magic Case Manufacturing Co.	154
McConnon & Company	161
Mentholatum	155
Metropolitan Life Insurance Co.	83
Mistol Drops	131
Morton's Iodized Salt	119
Murine	146
Musterole	152
National Caskets	123
Newspaper Institute	159
New York Life Insurance Co.	91
Northern Pacific Railway	156
Nujol	138
Numismatic Co.	154
O'Brien, Clarence A.	146
Page-Davis School of Advertising	151
Patterson School	161
Pepto-Bismol	152
Pertussin	157
Philco Radios	85
Pillsbury's Pancake Flour	154
Pineoleum	161
Plastic Wood	150
Plymouth Automobiles	5
Post's Bran Flakes	89
Pratt and Lambert Varnish Products	159
Pro-phy-lac-tic Tooth Brushes	95
Quaker State Motor Oils	129
Raleigh Tobacco, Sir Walter	145
Rawleigh Co., The W. T.	155
R C A Victor Radio Sets	142
Remington Typewriters	159
Rolls Razor	128
Ruberoid Co., The	140
Scholl's Zino-pads, Dr.	158
Sergeant's Dog Medicines	150
Sharp & Dohme	107
Simoniz Company, The	99
Southern Pacific Railway	130
Spud Cigarettes	8
Squibb & Sons, E. R.	7
Standard Brands Inc.	86-87
Standard Business Training Institute	151
Stephenson Laboratory	160
Tek Tooth Brushes	149
Travelers Insurance Company, The	97
Tums	148
Union Pacific System	134
United States Gypsum Co.	137
Vapo-Cresolene	156
Vicks VapoRub	143
Vitalis	105
Washington School of Art	149
Webster's Collegiate Dictionary	151
Wheaties	98
Williams Aqua Velva	148
Williams Shaving Cream	109
Wrigley's Spearmint Gum	117

Nation's Press Sees

NEW ERA OF MOTORING IN HIGH-SPEED SAFETY CAR

Plymouth's 1935 Models Acclaimed by News Men



Editors Interview Plymouth Engineers.

"Here's a Car that Starts and Stops Quick," they said.

FOR YEARS, the newspapers of this country have told the story of America's increasingly serious traffic problem.

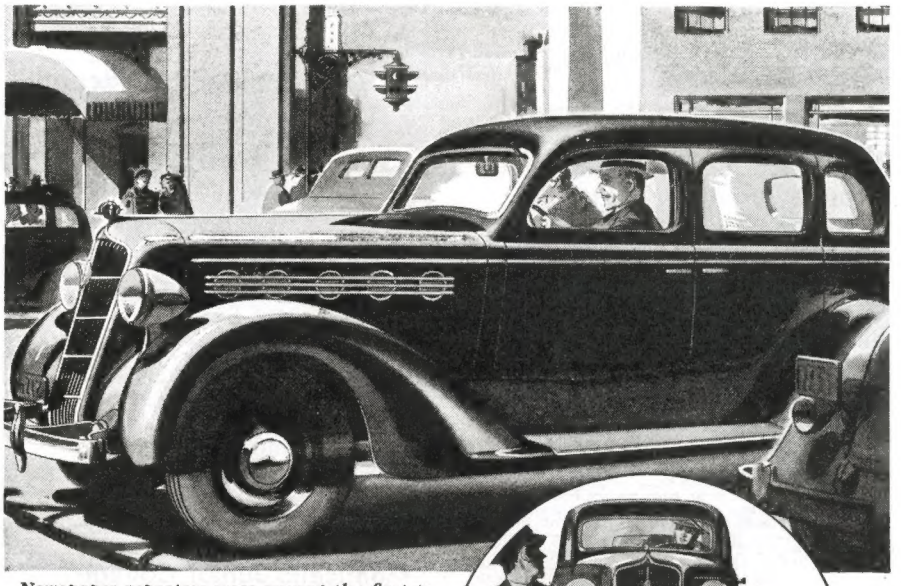
Now, suddenly, a new era of safer motoring opens up . . . because of a new kind of high-speed safety car.

It's the new Plymouth for 1935!

And the nation's press tells the dramatic story. "Plymouth adds to driving ease," says the New York Herald Tribune. "Positive measures eliminate sidesway," says the Detroit News. "More power and safety for 1935," says the Sioux City Tribune.

This new kind of car is NEWS!

It has high top-speed . . . and faster pick-up for emergencies, as well. Yet, new engine features *actually reduce gas and oil consumption 12% to 20%!*



Newspaper reporters were among the first to test the new 1935 Plymouth's traffic action.

You stop as quickly as your brain can flash the message to your foot. For Plymouth's famous Hydraulic Brakes have been still further improved. You are constantly protected by the strongest Safety-Steel Body Plymouth ever built.

You can shift the Syncro-Silent Transmission with two fingers. You use 30% less pedal pressure on the clutch.

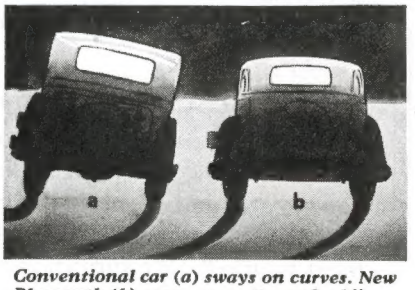
Still, this is only *one* side of the full story. For the Plymouth ride has been improved beyond anything ever thought possible in the lowest-price field.

On busy streets, Plymouth's Hydraulic Brakes give you instant-action stopping control.

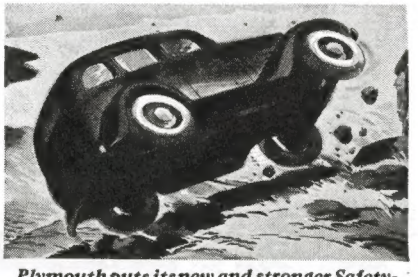
Three things produce a "Floating Ride." One . . . a new distribution of weight. Two . . . new-type Mola Steel front springs. Three . . . a sway eliminator.

You "glide" over *any* kind of a road. You swing around curves with safety.

Any Dodge, De Soto or Chrysler dealer will gladly demonstrate this new high-speed safety Plymouth . . . and tell how easy it is to buy on the Official Chrysler Motors Commercial Credit Plan.



Conventional car (a) sways on curves. New Plymouth (b) stays on an "even keel."



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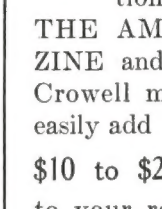

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HE SHALL NOT GO NAKED INTO BATTLE

Some day he must stand up and fight the battle of life. That day let him be armed with health.

Along his way to manhood enemies wait to wrest from him his strength; chief among them malnutrition and typhoid, measles, scarlet fever and diphtheria, smallpox and tuberculosis.

Once, few hoped to escape. Some they killed, others they poisoned with lurking infections. Man was helpless in their power.

But now their power is shackled. In civilized lands, smallpox is little more than a dim-remembered horror. Immunization conquers diphtheria, measles, scarlet fever and typhoid. Tuberculosis wanes.

In the field of nutrition investigators lift the veil. Infant feeding has developed so that now babies deprived of mothers' milk grow and flourish on artificial feeding. The priceless secrets of the vitamins have been unfolded. Children still suffer from rickets, but the means to banish rickets from the earth is here.

Modern medical science has won such victories in our time that parents, today, can see their children armed for life's battle as they themselves were never armed.

The greatest triumphs of medical science have been achieved in the past 75 years. Through this period the House of Squibb has worked in constant service to the medical profession.

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They all wind up at the altar!

1. *Anne and I used to call each other our "once in a whiles."*

2. *But the "once in a whiles" became "one and onlys"—just look at us now!*

[And it's the same with SPUDS]

1. *Same way, I used to smoke Spuds on special occasions.*

2. *But now old Spud and I are living in marital bliss.*

• Interesting, the way Spud has taken the country. Not like other cigarettes at all. Smoker after smoker tells us he started with Spud as an occasional smoke and wound up *marrying* the brand. For if a fresh, cool mouth is good to have when you're smoking extra heavy—*it's good to have all the time!* Why don't you and Spud say "I do"—for keeps?

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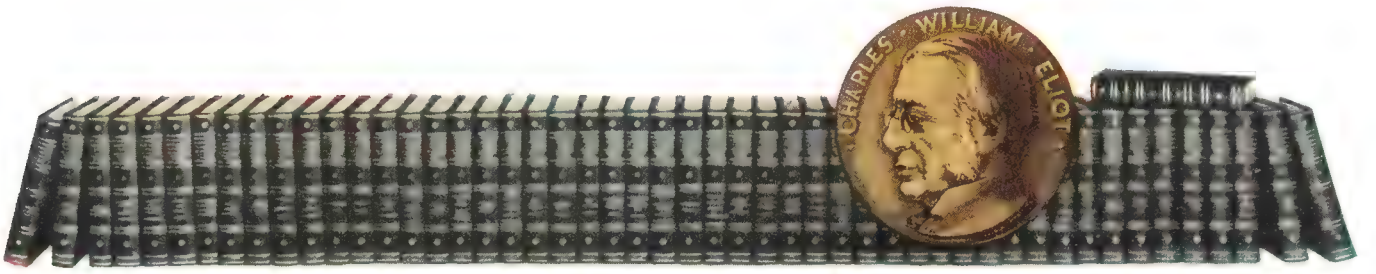

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CAMAY—The Soap of Beautiful Women

THE AMERICAN MAGAZINE

MARCH 1935

Understanding

HE who carries the lamp shall not despair, even though the night is long. Many poets have called the lamp faith. I call it understanding.

Throughout the long night that is now lifting I had faith in my country, the inward assurance that all would be well. It was not a blind and unreasoning feeling, not a comforting forgetfulness of all the dangers which ever surround us—not that. It was belief out of understanding.

I have faith in my country because I know it. How often, without knowledge, have Americans glanced across the continent and sung impassioned songs about her shining fields of grain, her golden mountains of ore, and the grand old flag in the breeze. How easy and undependable was their faith. It is not so easy to look out upon lands blighted by drought, upon abandoned mines and factories and the rise and fall of strange and ominous flags above restless and fearful masses, and still repeat, "I have faith in America."

Those who have dwelt in darkness for five years, who had no lamp of understanding in their hands, cried out. They could not see realities. They saw only the phantoms of their frightened imaginations and thought them to be real. And now that the light is breaking, the phantoms still haunt them.

BUT those who knew, who were lighted by faith or understanding, still could see the substantial and living realities which made our nation great and will make it greater. They saw around them free, courageous, intelligent men and a land so rich in resources that it could maintain its people without aid from the world. What more could be asked as a foundation for security and achievement?

It is not an act of unreasoning faith to assume that Americans, as a people, are courageous and intelligent. We know the stock from which they sprang. Their progenitors entered into a quest for new lands and new homes, breasted the mighty seas in ships too frail for modern use and faced the wilderness. They subdued savages and wild animals, exposed themselves to the rigors of our climate, built their cabins and tilled their soil with their own hands.

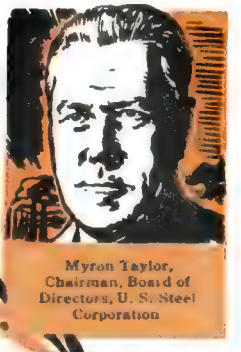
These early pioneers were followed, wave upon wave, up to our time, by other immigrants, who, like the first ones, had abandoned all that was dear to them to face the unknown. Theirs was not a wilderness to face, but something as dangerous and disturbing to their being—a new social order and new conditions of life.

To us, their sons and daughters, they have communicated their daring, their adventurousness, and their adaptability. And adaptability is the highest form of intelligence.

NO matter how dark the days have been, it is well to remember that men of this breed are the men of America today. The field of their operations is perhaps the richest in the world. Our resources seem boundless and undeveloped when compared to those of older civilized continents. The means of production are such that an orderly system must eventually be evolved, satisfactory to all conditions of employment.

Who can be afraid in the light of understanding? We have materials, men, intelligence, adaptability, adventurousness, and high courage. We cannot fail.

So let us reaffirm our faith based on the growth of a more wholesome *understanding*, but let us also cultivate a continuing patience in the face of these grave events, and show that we do not expect the impossible. Through hard work, supported by patience, faith, and understanding, in due time our heaviest problems will reach a reasonable solution.



Myron Taylor, Chairman, Board of Directors, U. S. Steel Corporation

MYRON TAYLOR
Guest Editorial Writer

We got the body aboard at the bow. The whole thing was horrible; and the buoy whistled with morbid derision

The mystery of Galleon Key

By Philip Wylie

AT THIS particular moment a hundred detectives, policemen, reporters, newsreel cameramen, and others are after me. I've evaded them as long as possible. And I want to have a statement prepared for the first of them who overtakes me. So here is my side of what has just happened at Galleon Key.

My name is James Thomas Martin. I was born on the tenth of May in 1905. I graduated from Northwestern University. I took a postgraduate business course at Harvard. In 1930 I was hired by Douglas Lee, the mining engineer, as private secretary. I became thoroughly familiar with Lee's complicated affairs.

I met Lee's daughter Diana in 1932,

FULL-COLOR ILLUSTRATION IN WATER COLOR BY WALTER KLETT

when she returned to her home in Boston after a year abroad. I fell in love with her. Her mother, Beatrice Lee, became my friend. But when I asked her father to allow me to marry his daughter, he refused. Lee was a stern, dictatorial, uncompromising man. He was in a sense ruthless. He was ambitious. He fought steadily to increase his fortune. He coveted social position. He looked upon my suit—the suit of a mere secretary—as insubordinate and impertinent. He said so.

I eloped with Diana.

That is to say, I started to elope with her.

By a mere coincidence—an appalling one for me—Lee was waiting in the station for a local train when Diana and I bought tickets to New York.

He summoned the police. I won't describe the scene. I did take a swing at Lee in the early part of it, and I blacked his eye. But the elopement was a fizzle.

Lee, of course, fired me.

That was four months ago.

He sent Diana and her mother away. He used his influence and several private detectives to make sure I wouldn't follow them.

Early in February I learned, however, that Diana and her mother were going to spend some time fishing at Galleon Key. Lee owns the island, a small one set out two or three miles from the curve of keys south of Florida. He maintains an elaborate fishing camp all winter on Galleon Key, for his use and the entertainment of various friends, some of whom contribute to its running expenses.

I had saved and made about eight thousand dollars during my years with Lee. But there was no chance of weaseling into the camp as a guest.

I know the place—Lee had taken me there twice. I was reasonably sure that the people on the island would not have heard of my trouble with Lee. I went down there before any guests arrived, and found that my belief was correct.

Two captains had hitherto regularly

kept their boats at Galleon Key—Pepper, a native of the district, and Brothers, a Long Islander. A third had arrived this year, a Yankee named Graham. I knew him.

During September and October of the past autumn Lee had managed to get Graham well out on a limb in the real estate business. Then Lee had chopped off the limb. After taking Graham's property and leaving him pretty nearly flat, Lee had done a thing rather typical of him. Knowing that Graham was a passionate fisherman and a good sailor, he had sold him his cruiser for a song and offered him a berth at Galleon Key as a charter boat captain.

If I had been Graham, I would have refused as violently as I could, but Lee apparently knew his man, for Graham accepted the whole arrangement. He even said that he had always preferred fishing to business and that he was glad Lee had "taken" him, because now he'd have a good time all his life instead of only for a few weeks each year.

I WIRED Graham, and he met me at the train, which stopped on another key. I told him why Lee had fired me and that I was looking for a job. He asked me if I thought Lee would object to my working on the key and I told him no—which was a lie. So he offered me the position of roustabout—handy man—general crew—on his boat, the Neptune.

I took it.

For two weeks nothing much happened. A few parties came and fished and went away. The weather was marvelous—Florida winter days are blue and bright and balmy. The fishing was fair. Most of the sailfish were being taken farther north, off Palm Beach, but reef fishing was fine. We also caught, one day, a sunfish that weighed 906 pounds, and we harpooned a seven-foot ray. Big amber jack, grouper, yellowtail, barracuda, king mackerel, bonito, and dolphin were taken on every cruise.

Five nights ago Douglas Lee, his wife, Diana, and about a dozen guests arrived.

My plan had been to lie low until I could see Diana, persuade her to elope if I could, and get away in a car. A plank bridge led from Galleon Key to the next island. It was the only connection with the main road, the only access to the trains except by boat, and it also carried the telephone wire. I had even figured that if Di was game, we could cut the phone wires and burn out a section of the bridge, and get a start that would adequately foil her irate pop. Romantic—maybe. But Diana was the kind of girl to start the mind working in romantic channels.

I stayed on the boat and the dock that evening. I didn't meet anybody. There were three buildings on the key—a dining hall, a long dormitory, and a lounge and game-room. They were laid out on three sides of a square lawn. The open end faced the cove and dock. I kept watch—on the chance that Diana might decide to come down to the pier—people often did at night, sometimes to watch the water and sometimes to harpoon sharks. There was gear on the dock for that—harpoons and rope—but the sharks usually got away, pulling out the barbs or breaking the ropes on their first dash for deep water. But Di didn't come.

I'd made Graham promise not to mention my presence to Lee that night.

"He may be a little sore," I had said, "and I want to talk to him about it myself first."

Graham agreed. He was a very decent guy.

But Pepper told Lee. Not for any reason—just to make conversation.

He told him late that night Lee had been on the dock two or three times, and so had a dozen other people. When they'd come down, I'd go below on the Neptune. I ducked again when Lee appeared, but he hopped aboard the cruiser and yelled for me.

He was wild. "I told you," he said, "that you couldn't see her again. I meant it. I'll have you locked up—"

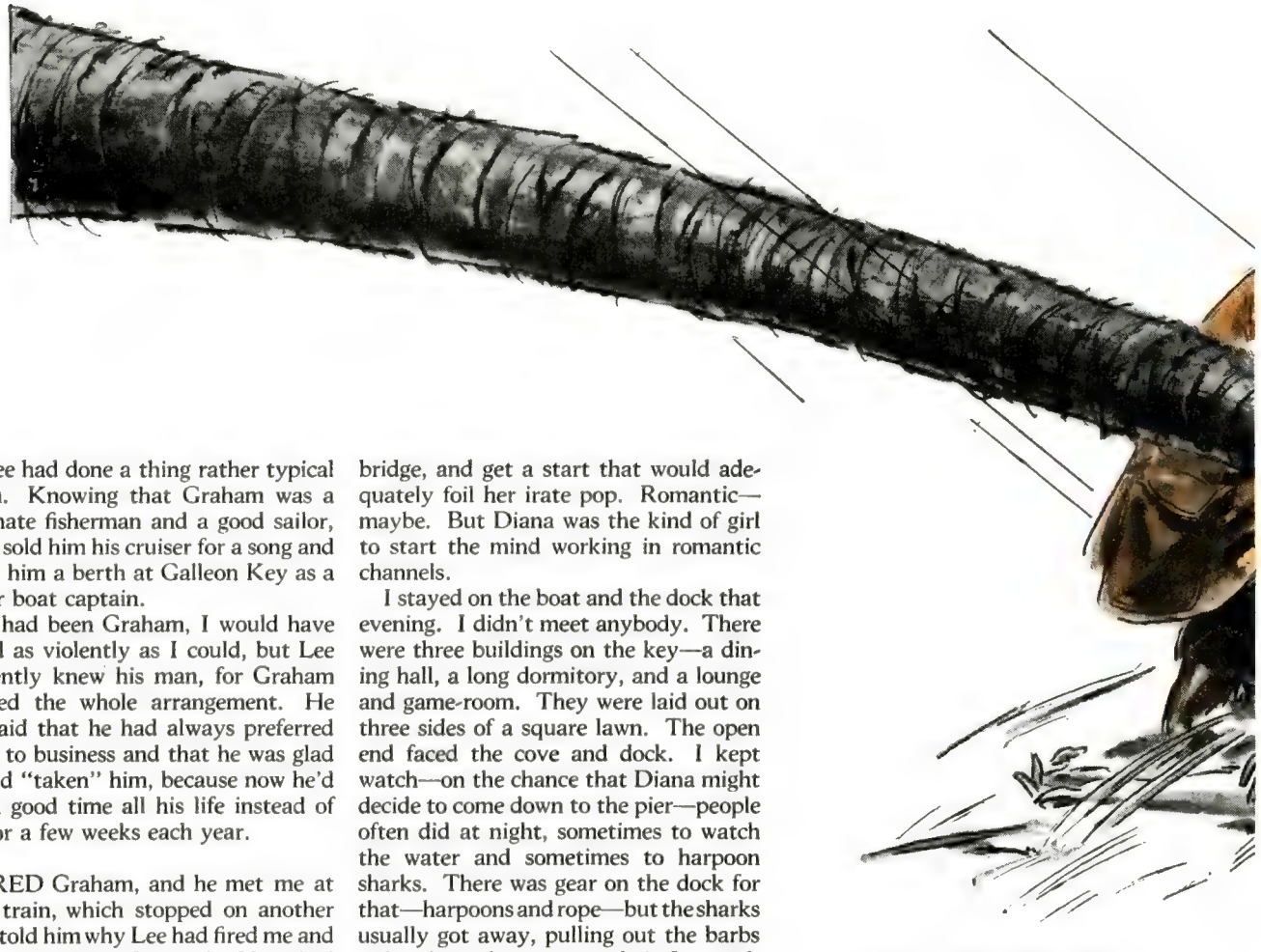
"It isn't any crime to love your daughter."

"For you, it is. Now—I'll give you half an hour to get off the island."

I asked how. There was no train that night. There would be no cars on the road from Key West to Miami, because that road was broken by a three-hour ferry trip, and the ferry didn't run at night.

He said, "Walk."

I refused. "Mr. Graham hired me," I said. "I don't want to be responsible for his embarrassment. He didn't know about your attitude toward me. If he wants me to go, I shall. You own the island. You can kick me out of my room ashore. But—"



Lying clear of the fallen palm's branches was the body of a woman bound by rope

GRAHAM showed up, then. He was annoyed at me for not telling the truth to him, but he was sorer still at Lee. He was going to quit on the spot and move to some other base, partly on my account and partly, no doubt, because he owed Lee one beating. That stymied me.

So I agreed to make the trip on the

next day with Graham and then beat it. A helper could be hired in Miami or Key West to take my place on the Neptune.

Lee left, swearing at me loudly all the way up the pier.

I went to my room; the camp help had a wing in the building that housed the dining-room and kitchens. I knew I couldn't get to Diana that night. I figured that I'd leave and then return, unannounced. I was sore, too.

Graham woke me several minutes before six o'clock the next morning.

"You get below on board and cut bait," he said. "I don't know yet who will fish in our party. A guy named Morelli is signed for the Neptune. New York lawyer. Morelli and party."

I heard them arrive.

And then, for a change, I had a break. Diana was in that party.

I stayed below. Graham cast off. We were out first. Captain Pepper's Dorothy was second. The Marlin, Brothers' boat, was last. It's a fine sight to see the fishing boats start out from those green and white keys. I watched through the porthole, pretty excited by my luck. The feather dusters of the palms blurred. Mist hung over the coral headlands. The water became bluer with every minute of sailing. There was a slow swell.

I noticed a few (*Continued on page 138*)

DRAWING BY ROBERT FOSTER

Richberg takes

Question. Please state your name.

Answer. Donald R. Richberg.

Q. I hear you referred to as "Assistant to the President;" what Cabinet post do you hold?

A. I'm not in the Cabinet. I'm executive director of the National Emergency Council, which includes all Cabinet members and heads of the emergency agencies. I'm also director of the Industrial Emergency Committee, which, among other duties, formulates the general policies of the NRA.

Q. I'd like to go into the NRA later, if you don't mind. First of all, what is the National Emergency Council?

A. It was created to coördinate the emergency agencies organized in 1933 and 1934 under the New Deal. Now its functions have been enlarged. Its purpose is to help all the administrative agencies of the government—need I remind you that they are numerous and complicated?—to work in harmony.

Q. And has such harmony been achieved?

A. To answer *Yes* would be to claim that we had suddenly developed perfect teamwork in Washington. Accuracy and modesty both forbid such an answer.

Q. I withdraw the question. And now, Mr. Richberg, let's go back two years. Do you really believe that civil war might have come had it not been for the New Deal?

A. I think we were in grave danger of serious domestic disorder. I think it's a fair deduction from the experience of too many other nations. We had to have a beginning of economic law and order. If we had failed to achieve it, our political system would certainly have broken down.

Q. What was the worst single feature of the Old Deal?

The man who has been called variously the "Assistant President" and "General Co-ordinator of the New Deal" gives frank answers to some pointed questions

the Stand

QUESTIONS BY HENRY F. PRINGLE

ANSWERS BY Donald R. Richberg

A. The lack of collective thinking and coöperative action in the conduct of private enterprises—without which we could not balance our producing powers and our consuming abilities effectively or justly. Our unbalanced, reckless economy could not survive; it was dying in March, 1933.

Q. And this situation has been remedied? The New Deal has found an economic system that will work?

A. I didn't say that. We have merely *begun* on a vast job of coöperative enterprise.

Q. But how can we evolve a planned economy which is neither fascist nor communist?

A. Both of those systems include domination of industry by the state. We are trying a voluntary system. It's a middle-of-the-road policy, of course. We think it is an American one. We think there is all the difference in the world between it and the systems of Italy and Russia. It is the difference between running business and supervising self-government. We are trying the latter.

Q. Won't even the wisest-planned economy force individuals to serve the state instead of themselves?

A. Not under private enterprise. It won't happen if you keep away from rigid control and planning by the state.

Q. How are you going to get away from the rigid planning and control we already have?

A. I don't know where you find it. One trouble right now is that the business man lacks confidence, both in himself and in the future. The government has been trying to shift the burden of re-employment to the business man; but he keeps passing it back to us.

Q. You mean that the business man wants still more "government in business"?

A. I mean that he often is responsible for more interference of government. The time has already come when private enterprise should be moving ahead, when private bankers should be making loans, when the government should be finding it possible to reduce its activities and control. But many business men, however they may protest, are actually demanding more and more aid, more and more control.

Q. But isn't this tendency inherent in the New Deal? Don't all the new laws, codes, and regulations cause this hesitance?

A. I suppose you can argue that they do. We ask the confidence of the business men, however, on the definite understanding that this Administration believes in private profits for private business. I think we shall get that confidence—indeed we are getting it to an increasing extent every day—when our program is really understood. The New Deal does not, on the other hand, stand for extortionate profits, cutthroat competition, abuse of labor.

Q. What truth is there in the charge, so often made by the industrialist, that "the government won't let us make money any more"?

A. That's not true. Do you mean to imply that there are not many lines making excellent profits today? The complaint comes largely from the so-called "heavy industries." There are also men who say there is no use investing their money because of surtaxes which cut profits. But what else do they plan to do with their money? The trouble with many men is that they confuse fear and impotence with ordinary caution.

Q. So you make the return charge that the American industrialist has lost his nerve?

A. Please don't think I am making sweeping charges of any kind. I do say that some industrialists have grown flabby. They want the government to guarantee that business shall be "safe and profitable." I don't think that was so in the old days. I don't think business stagnates unless it is safe. On the contrary, I think it was the element of risk and adventure which caused business to flourish. It will do so again.

Q. That was under capitalism. Isn't the New Deal undermining capitalism and the profit system?

A. Certainly not. You sound like a campaign orator of the Old Guard.

Q. But how do you reconcile all this with the vast hydroelectric projects now under way?

A. It's true that these will compete, to a degree, with private power companies. But that question goes back to the failure of public utility regulation. It simply did not work. Out of that failure evolved the theory that the government must show how cheaply electric power could be produced and distributed. Then the private companies would be forced to sell current at similar rates. We have been going ahead along that line.

Q. Well, what about housing?

A. Here, (*Continued on page 108*)

She said "No"

AS IT turned out, the whole matter of acquiring the house was settled when Fortuna, raising her eyes from the stretch of bad country road through which she was forcing an expensive roadster, suddenly jammed on the brake and came to a violent stop in a large mudhole.

"Great jumping Jennifer!" she cried. "There's my house at last. And I'm going in this very moment to buy it."

Cousin Emma Pendleton, steeped in the New England tradition that all acts of God and man should proceed with a slow and decently veiled decorum, felt her teeth rattling in her head—not so much from the jar of the mudhole as from the utter unexpectedness of her young relative's pronouncement. The worst of it was that after living for two years in a state of shock—or with Fortuna, the two being synonymous—she had learned that outbursts of this sort were not mere spurts of words. They were always followed by decided and often serious action.

There was the time, for example, when Fortuna decided in the morning that they would sail for Europe at midnight. They sailed. There was the time she had won the bet by having breakfast in Canada, lunch in the United States, and dinner in Mexico. There was the time . . . There had indeed been too many times. So now Cousin Emma grasped the tweed sleeve beside her and held on tightly with thin fingers.

"Fortuna," she chattered, "what can you be thinking of! With your beautiful Park Avenue apartment, and your summer house in Maine, what could you possibly—? . . . and out here in the country . . . My dear, don't give way to these sudden . . . Now, please start the car and let's be getting on."

But even as she spoke Cousin Emma knew by the beatific expression on Fortuna's face that her words were futile. That young lady gently disengaged herself and climbed out on the running board, where she could better view the long white house with sagging shutters and its entourage of small, shabby outbuildings and decrepit vehicles and implements in the rear.

TO BE fair to Fortuna there was more to the scene than this. There was an orchard in full bloom behind the house; there was a large garden at the side, enclosed by a shaggy hedge; there was the grassy hill, itself, upon which the buildings stood, commanding the entire valley, and sloping down toward the road with a sort of careless dignity, as though land were the most plentiful thing in the world and every dwelling deserved in its own right an untilled meadow for a front lawn.

Fortuna's smile grew more sweetly expansive.

"Emmy darling," she began,

They met a small old man at the head of the lane. "I should like to buy this place," Fortuna said briskly

By Agnes Sligh Turnbull

"when I buy this place I'll have that old porch torn away and run big white pillars to the roof. It will be true colonial then and simply swell. And"—with a last exquisite burst of confidence—"I'll keep this meadow just as it is and put sheep on it, with perhaps a cow or two for a relish."

Cousin Emma, out of the panic that had overtaken her, managed a tremulous question:

"B-but what about your fiancé?"

"If you mean Oswald, for Pete's sake don't call him that. I've never said for sure I would marry him. And if he doesn't like to come out here to see me, he can go take the ozone, that's all. Are you waiting in the car, Emmy?"

"I certainly am *not*," declared Cousin Emma with dignity, "if there is any possible way to get out."

They picked their way along the old stake-an'-rider fence, and turned into the locust-bordered lane. Fortuna took deep sniffs of the sweetness.

"And I didn't even ask for locust trees," she murmured.

At the head of the lane a small, grizzled old man met them.

"I should like to buy this place," Fortuna said briskly. "Would you sell it?"

The old man cocked a weather-beaten eye shrewdly. He considered for a second.

"Well, there's a young feller been after it, an' I've sold it to him. His lawyers are gettin' the deed fixed up now."

"But if you changed your mind? Could they hold you to it?"

"Well, no. The young feller and I just done it up by word of mouth, as you may say. But I told him to go ahead and get the deed fixed. He as good as thinks he owns it now. Don't seem like I ought to go back on him."

"What will he pay you?" Fortuna inquired.

"Why, I asked him twenty thousand. I've got eighteen acres here."

"I'll give you twenty-five."

"Fortuna!" Cousin Emma shrilled. "You're crazy. You haven't even *been* in the house!"

WHILE the old man didn't say so, he evidently agreed with Cousin Emma. But Fortuna merely waved objections aside.

"I'll give you twenty-five thousand if you keep quiet about it until I get my lawyer out here. He'll bring the cash with him and that will save a lot of fuss over mortgages and notes and things. We'll come back tomorrow and settle up. Is it a bargain?"

The old man scratched a puzzled head.

"Nobody ever wanted to buy the place before but this young feller. We've talked the thing all over an' he's makin' his own plans accordin'. He's a fast worker, an' I don't know what he's done on the strength of what I told him. Seems like I oughtn't to go back on him, especially when he ain't 'round just

now. He's out of town for a few weeks."

"I can't wait," said Fortuna briskly, feeling her power deliciously. "If you can't decide at once, we'll call it off. But you can have twenty-five thousand in cash tomorrow morning if you're sensible!"

"*Sensible!*" sputtered Cousin Emma, throwing up her hands.

"Well, I'll take it," said the old man at last.

"Atta boy!" Fortuna applauded, giving him a high-power glance from her blue eyes.

From that point on he was as putty in her fingers.

AS TO Cousin Emma herself, well knowing the uselessness of argument, she did the next best thing. She fell in line with the swiftly moving events as gallantly as she was able. As a matter of fact, there was something about the inside of the old white house that she liked, once they were in a measure established there. The rooms were large and square, and equipped with fireplaces. The decorators whom Fortuna at once brought out from New York were given orders to use a chaste simplicity in all their plans.

"You see, Ozzy," Fortuna announced one evening to Mr. Oswald Van Rensselaer Haskins, who had come out to see what it was all about, "I've gone bucolic. That means rustic, rural, countrified, just in case you don't know. I've ordered sheep and two Jersey cows, and I've a strong suspicion that I'm going to be happy here."

Oswald moved closer. "What about forgetting the livestock and letting me try to make you still happier?"

Fortuna didn't take the trouble to answer. They were standing on the long front porch, the spring twilight sweet about them. Delicately shrill pipings of young frogs came from beyond the garden. There was a hint of apple blossoms in the air.

Fortuna drew a long breath.

"I like this. It's real. Nothing faked. It's just grown this way. All the cocktail-hour stuff seems a million miles off. That's what I'm running away from, I guess. I'm sick of it."

"Oh, Fortuna, don't be this way. I want to marry you. What about next month? Come on, say yes. We'll have the swellest time . . . take a honeymoon trip around the world. What do you say?"

"Could you really be spared from the office that long?" Fortuna asked witheringly. "Besides, I'm making a garden all through June, thank you. Now, Ozzy, have some sense. You're a nice boy, but you'd make a rotten husband for me. You'd let me do as I please. You'd spoil me."

"Just give me the chance. Why, Fortuna, I worship you!"

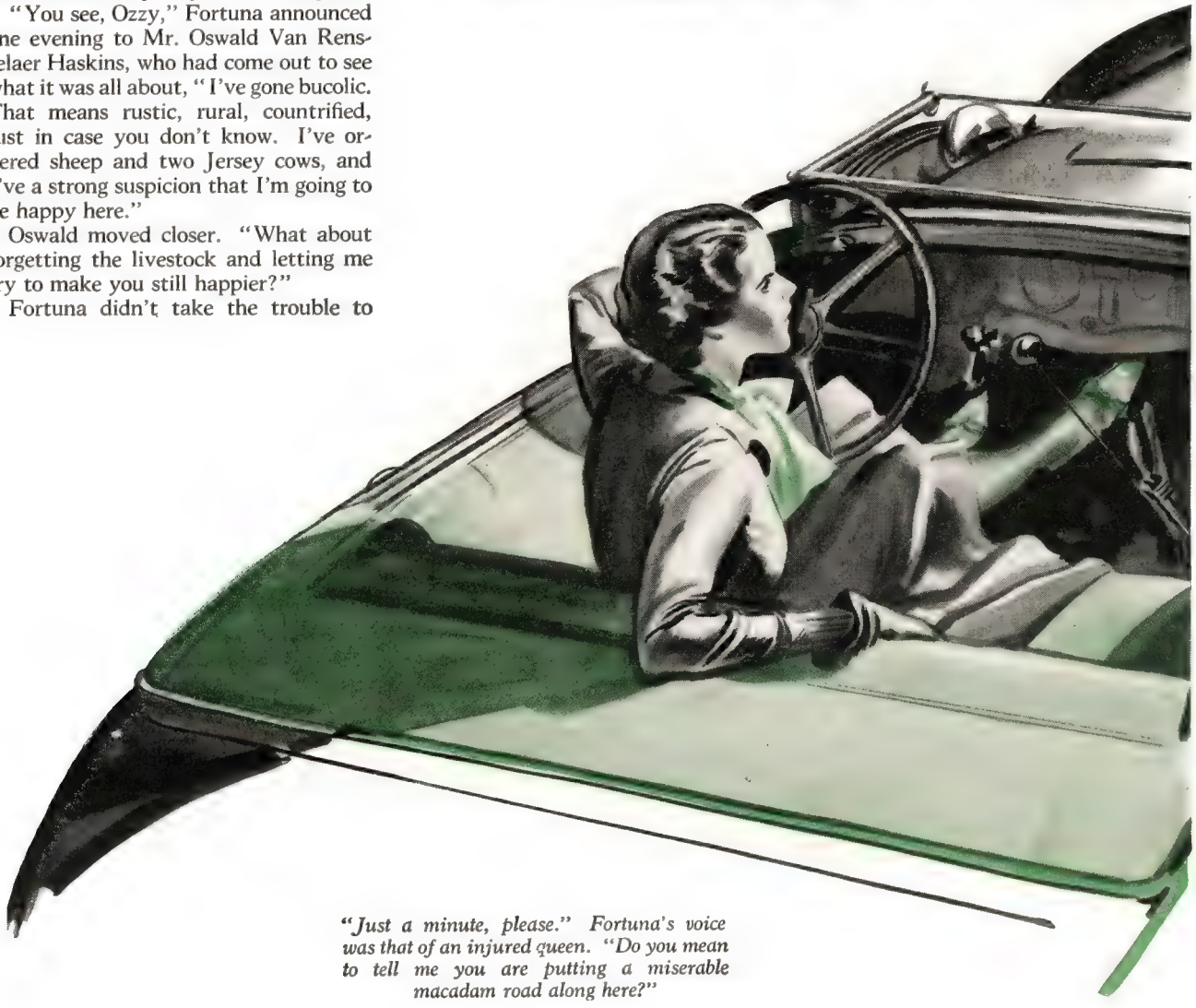
"I don't want to be worshipped. What I'm looking for is a man who will beat me once in so often."

"Well, what's wrong with my good right arm?"

"Soft as mush. You haven't a muscle to your name. Come on inside and I'll show you the layout of my garden. You can pull weeds in it later if you like!"

BETWEEN the visits of Ozzy and the rest of the crowd, who came out to squeal, "How quaint!" "How simply different!" "My dear, how divinely simple!" Fortuna and Cousin Emma lived quietly and watched the old house taking on new attributes. Cousin Emma, on the side, also watched Fortuna. Her sharp eyes saw something. Fortuna's nervous restlessness seemed to have abated. She would lie for hours in an old deck chair looking across the valley. She puttered about the freshly spaded garden, planting seeds and drawing endless plans. She would come in for meals grubby and dirty and thoroughly content. "That hard look," as Cousin Emma phrased it to herself, was gone from her eyes. . . .

One morning after they had been there for a month, Fortuna started for



"Just a minute, please." Fortuna's voice was that of an injured queen. "Do you mean to tell me you are putting a miserable macadam road along here?"

ILLUSTRATED BY JOHN R. HOLMGREN

the village. She had never felt more serenely at peace with the world than when she drove down the locust lane. At the end of it she put on her brake suddenly. Immediately in front of her at the point where the drive emerged into the dirt road, a battered car sat at ease. Beside it stood an enormous young man in a worn Norfolk coat and dusty puttees. His hat was off and the sunlight flamed on an unruly shock of rusty hair. He was talking to two smaller young men in the road who were operating a curious instrument on three legs.

To Fortuna, peering over her wheel, it seemed as though an invading army of young men and automobiles and three-legged affairs had taken possession of the road overnight. At the sound of her brakes the red-haired person sprang toward his own car with an indifferent glance in her direction.

"Sorry. Be right out of the way."

And with that he rattled into the ditch a few yards farther on and went back to his conversation. Fortuna felt decidedly nettled. Her straight little nose smelled conspiracy. Besides, though she would have died before admitting it, this was the first time in her life that a personable young man had looked at her as though she were a mere insensate point on the landscape.

She started her car and nosed it slowly into the group on the road. When it all but touched them she stopped.

"Well," she began imperiously, "please tell me what this is all about!"

The glances of the smaller young men left nothing to be desired, but the rusty giant frowned.

"These men are surveying for the new road. Watch out or you'll upset the transit," he said.

Fortuna stiffened. "What new road?"

"Why, this strip here. Don't you think it needs it? All right, fellows, go ahead."

"Just a minute, please." Fortuna's voice was that of an injured queen. "Do you mean to tell me you are putting a miserable macadam road along here? Don't you know this little strip of dirt road keeps the traffic away?"

"Now, isn't it queer you noticed that too? Well, it happens, my dear young lady, that a little traffic is just what I have to have for my new development. That's why I've pulled strings for a year to have this road put through."

"Your new development?" Fortuna gasped.

"Yes. I expect to build houses all along this lower side. I own the land here, and on the upper side too, all except the farm here."

HE STOPPED and looked her squarely in the eyes. "And I'd be owning that now too if someone hadn't played a dirty trick on me."

Fortuna drew herself up as high as she could go—which wasn't very high.

"Are you referring to the present owner?"

"No, I'm referring to the old codger who sold the place. He should have given me a chance to meet the other fellow's price if I wanted to. I had his word the place was mine. So I'm out of luck—for the present."

"What do you mean, 'for the present'?" Fortuna spat the words at him.

The rusty one suddenly smiled, and the smile was vastly becoming.

"If you'll excuse me, young lady, I think I'd rather talk business some time with your father?" he ended tentatively.

"My father is not living."

"I'm sorry. With your husband, then."

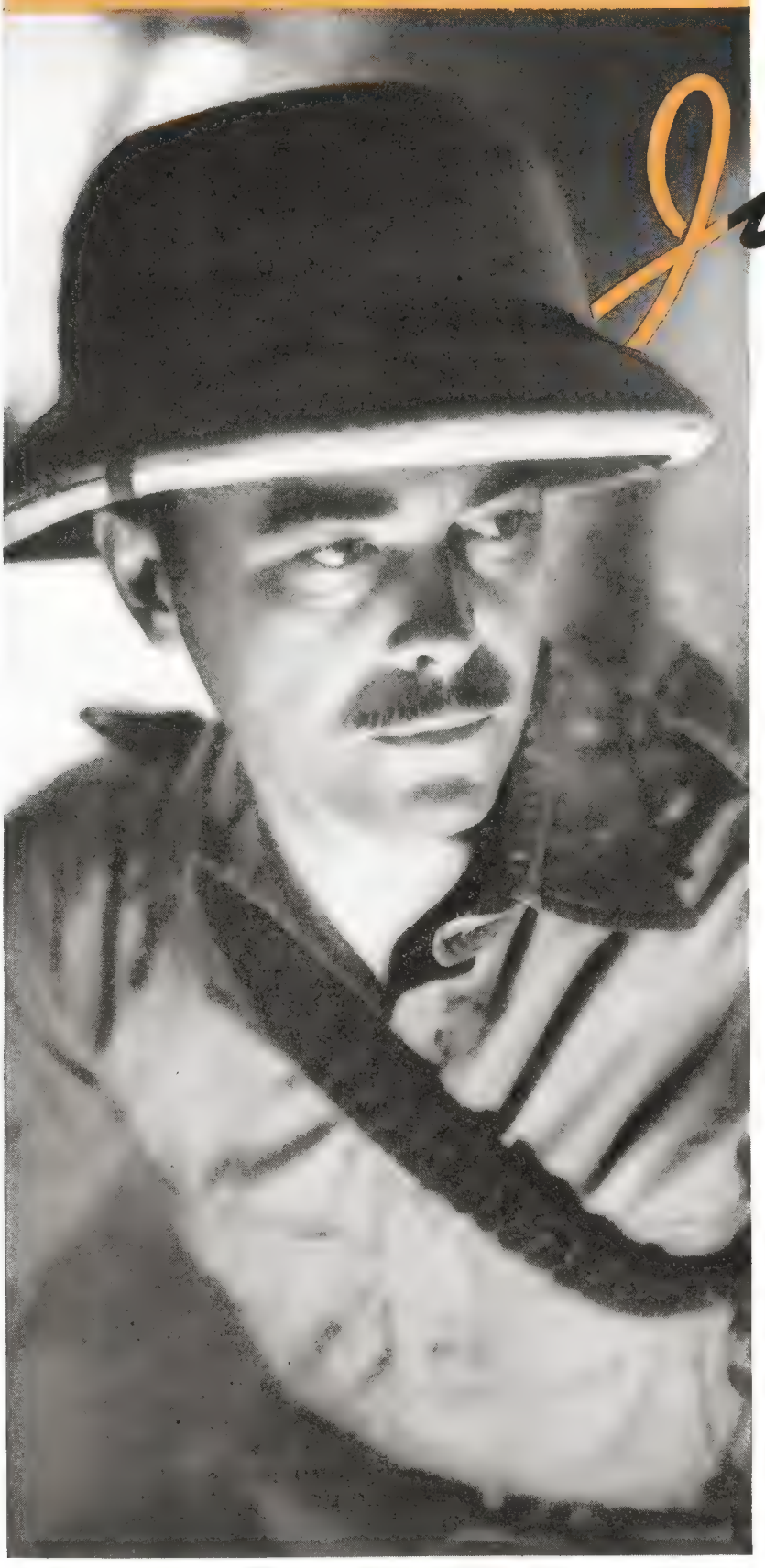
Fortuna's blue eyes shot sparks.

"I think you're the most insolent person I've ever met. I would have you know that this place is not for sale and never will be. I am the owner, myself, and I do not have a husband!"

And then the (*Continued on page 81*)

"Sell the women first." It's as good business in the wilds as in the corner store. Take it from this young trader-explorer, who tells of amazing adventures in swapping lipsticks and lingerie for gold, rubber, and diamonds

PHOTOGRAPH BY F. ALDEN WEEKS



Jungle

I HAVE been called a number of romantic names—adventurer, jungle-trader, explorer, and diamond-hunter. The fact is that I am an American business man, running a chain of department stores in the jungles of British Guiana, 350 miles from the last outpost of civilization.

Mr. Green, a grocer in Iowa, sells goods for dollars. I sell goods for gold, diamonds, balata rubber, urali poison, cashew nuts, sarsaparilla bark, and a variety of other trade commodities to be found in the jungles.

Mr. Green leased a store building on a corner in a well-to-do part of his city. I built my stores on rare little knolls of high, dry ground along the Mazaruni River and Kurupung Creek, a region rich in gold and diamonds. The stores are convenient to canoes and the lead trails of five Indian villages, and the knolls are safe from floods in the rainy season. Mr. Green established his store in the center of crowds and of money. We think much alike. My problems are not very different from those of any American business man. The setting and conditions of business are different, that is all.

When my giant canoes, laden with trade goods, went creeping up the jungle-darkened Mazaruni fifteen years ago, I thought it would be very simple to employ Indians to work for me and to buy goods from me with their production. I knew the region was rich in treasure. Diamonds and gold nuggets were sprinkled in creeks and rivers, washed down from some prehistoric volcanic deposit, which I sought. Trees were swollen with the valuable milk-sap of

balata rubber. Around my concessions were 5,000 miles of undeveloped trade territory—twenty Indian villages—thousands of dusky consumers. What could be simpler from a business point of view? And then I made the unhappy discovery that I was the only one in the jungle who had a business point of view—the only one, as a matter of fact, who wanted anything. Everything was there except a business system and a consumer's demand. If I had thought of one simple principle of American business at the outset—something Mr. Green and every advertising man knows—I would have been saved some heartbreaking days of discouragement.

When we established temporary headquarters on a high, dry plot of ground, I set out with Evan Wong, my linguistic Chinese clerk, and a boatload of trade goods, on what a traveling man would call a pioneering trip. I had chosen a Chinese for a clerk because Chinese know how to be pleasant to customers, even if the customers are ignorant and primitive. Americans tend to boss the primitives, even when they are buyers. Turks and Armenians are good merchants, but I have not always found them good servants.

I WANTED to find an Indian village full of consumers and start business humming. Our Negro boatmen, whom I had employed with difficulty at Georgetown on the coast, bent their backs to heavy paddles for two days before we saw smoke-streams rising from the jungle roof. Our men set up a loud blowing on conchs—the trumpets of LaVarre—and 500 Indians, whom I mistook for consumers, came crashing through the brush to the riverbank.

While Evan Wong excitedly slipped into a bright blue shirt with white buttons, I counted consumers' noses and made lightning plans. In a few moments we had lowered a gangplank into the crowd of customers and they were coming aboard, giggling. I thought they were giggling with delight, but now I know they thought we were fools. From my hands the chief impassively accepted a shining hunting knife. Evan Wong and the blacks passed around cigarettes and opened chests of calico for the ecstatic inspection of giggling girls who had never worn anything but girdles of shells in their lives.

When the housewarming was well advanced I invited the chief and ten of his best men into the jungle to demonstrate the modern method of tapping rubber trees. The chief sat enthroned in my best canvas chair. I think he paid no attention to what we were doing. He kept wiggling around to make the chair creak, then looking under it for the birdie.

When we had a pail full of white sap, we started back to the village.

"Now," said I, "we shall show you more."

The old chief made a wry face.

"It is nothing," he said. "I have seen trees bleed before. I have seen them bleed *black!*"

We cooked the sap on a stick over a smoking fire and before long had a small ball of balata.

"Is it good to eat?" asked the chief.

"No," I cried dramatically. "It is borracha—rubber! It will make you rich. Send your people into the forest every day to bleed the trees as you have seen me do. Big boats will come up every month to collect it. For rubber we will give you many nice things."

The old chief conferred with his men for a few moments and returned.

"The women," said he, "already have all the work they can do."

"But I'm not talking about the women," I replied. "I'm talking about you men. In exchange for the rubber, you shall have guns, tobacco, sweet food in cans, magic torches that light to the pressure of the finger."

"We need nothing," he said. "Come, I will show you what the women do."

He led me slowly through the whole village. Huts were filled with working women—grating cassava roots into meal, baking cakes, drying chunks of fresh meat, carrying burdens of wood and food, weaving baskets.

I SENT Evan Wong to the boats for a case of whisky. With considerable ceremony, we sat down with the tribe and poured a drink for the chief. He sniffed it dubiously, then tossed it down, never batting an eye.

"It is for women," he said. "Let us drink."

He called in a loud voice, and a woman brought him a big gourd full of crystal fluid. I thought it was cane juice, and drank readily. In another moment, I exploded. My mouth and throat were on fire. The Indians giggled. We had come conquering. We departed whipped.

Evan Wong and I had come into the jungle to make our fortune. All of my cash was invested in the venture. Failure had seemed impossible. And now failure was staring us in the face. We wouldn't look up to meet its eyes.

"Maybe," said Evan Wong, after two more days of paddling, "next village better, huh?"

The next village was just as indifferent. We turned down the river to our headquarters to talk the matter over and think. Evan (*Continued on page 130*)

Day in

A FLEETING and fragmentary dream woke Freddie Deverau to a room filled with sunlight. The sunlight made the dream ridiculous, vanished it to a mere teasing remnant of illusion. In the dream Graham was sorry that he loved her, and he remained stern and aloof in spite of her distress, as people often do in dreams. The sunlight continued to absorb the dream like a fast-working sponge, leaving no blot. Graham did love her. He had told her so last night, or rather early this morning:

"What do you say we get married, sweetheart?"

Maybe poets could say it new ways, but that had been good enough for Freddie. Clear eyes open to the sun, she daydreamed wondrously with practical touches. A lovely house something like her sister Mary's, loads and loads of company, two little cars, one for each of them, and trips, of course. They would go away on good boats or motor between good hotels. Mr. and Mrs. Graham Horton. . . .

Downstairs her mother and father had breakfast together. There were daffodils outside the dining-room window, hundreds of daffodils in childishly wavering lines in front of the shrubbery, catching the pleasantly warmed sunlight in their own golden cups. They were very cunning if you like daffodils. John Deverau left that kind of thing to his wife. He was reading about spring in the paper, one of those whimsical stories. He was not a whimsical man, but he liked spring because it quickened the suburban real estate market. That was his business.

"It's such a lovely day for your birthday, dear," said his wife in her leisurely, ladylike voice. It was almost the same voice she had brought home from boarding school, with conciliatory notes added.

Silence meant that he didn't hear her, or that he agreed. He was not a man to disagree in silence. He didn't want to talk about his birthday particularly. Along with the daffodils, he was leaving that to Ella. She would have a family dinner tonight, he supposed. She always did on his birthday. It was, as usual, to be a surprise, since she had not mentioned it. He would come home from the office, to be surprised by the presence of Aunt Sophie, Mary and Stephen—Mary, anyway. Stephen didn't always show up. Business, probably. Mary always said business had kept Stephen in town. Well, Stephen was a likable fellow, a good architect, sound. He had no grievance against Stephen.

HE WAS turning the pages of his paper. Strikes. The gold business. Japan. The air mail. Theaters. Books. Frying chickens featured by chain-store group. Sports. Golf. He read that page. Sarazen's sixty-six had set a new mark

ILLUSTRATED BY C. C. BEALL

Spring

By Clara Wallace Overton

for a Puerto Rico course. He read the final Augusta scores in detail. An advertisement for the new 1934 golf balls, light and nobby.

Why didn't they give him golf balls for his birthday? Who wanted handkerchiefs in the spring? Those two new detective novels from Freddie were all right, except that she had no doubt charged them at the bookstore and he would have to pay for them himself on the first of the month.

He frowned over Freddie's inability to live on her allowance. That bill for shoes due three months ago which he found on his desk yesterday. Well, if he paid that she would have to do better in the future. He was going to tell Ella to tell her.

"What time did Freddie get in last night?" he asked his wife suddenly.

HE HAD never gotten over the idea that he ought to know that. He had always known what time Mary came in. If she was much later than midnight he had been annoyed. Now Freddie sometimes went out almost at midnight. No one ever went anywhere before then, she assured him with conviction. He fumed and fussed at his wife about it after Freddie was gone, and he always expected her to know what time the girl came home.

Mrs. Deverau was busy making a mental list which, reading from top to bottom, was something like this: Try to get shad roe as a surprise for John on his birthday—broiled chicken, anyway—Stephen likes those—call Mary and see if she will arrange some flowers—try to get the ten-fifty-three to the city, get hair done and maybe a facial—should get curtains for Freddie's bedroom—Freddie.

Mary hadn't been nearly as much of a problem as Freddie. She had come out at a nice tea, married Stephen the next spring, the bridesmaids wore peach-colored frocks. It had been a sweet wedding. . . .

"Well, did you hear Freddie come home?" John was asking again, with signs of irritation.

"It wasn't so late," said his wife then. "They got something to eat after they

came in. Scrambled eggs and coffee."

"They? Who was with her?"

"Graham, of course. She went with him."

"Well, can't she ever go anywhere with anyone else? 'Graham, of course.' Is he the only man she knows? It's ridiculous. Always with the same one. Can't you do something about it?"

He was being unreasonable and he almost knew it. Naturally, he didn't take on this way at the office. He was firm, quiet, judicial. But Ella ought to be able to cope with family matters.

THE truth was that he couldn't cope with Freddie at all. This child of their middle years, with her silky auburn hair, her creamy skin, her gay, confident, unapologetic behavior, was beyond him. She couldn't understand why coming home at two o'clock was any better than four. In fact, four was almost daylight, which made it even better. So she had said. . . .

"Graham is a very nice young man, John. He has a good family background even if the Hortons have lost a lot of money. His aunt, Miss Horton, used to arrange the club programs, and they were very nice and very interesting."

"Well, leaving out the club programs," said her husband, "how much do you think he gets a week in that importing firm? Not much, I can tell you, and I happen to know. Thirty dollars a week. Thirty dollars."

"Isn't that pretty good for a college man?" suggested Mrs. Deverau placatingly. "It isn't as if he were a ball player or someone like that who gets a big salary. And Mrs. Page was a friend of his mother's. I imagine that's why he went with Page & Page, and I really feel that Freddie is safe when she is out with him."

"Do you think *your* daughter could live on thirty dollars a week? She can't dress on fifty a month. Suppose they should fall in love over all these scrambled eggs."

She thought, "Suppose they fall in love." She hadn't been asleep when they came in. She had gotten up to close the door at the top of the kitchen stairs so they wouldn't disturb Annie, who was very cranky these days about her sleep. She had come to the top of the stairs in her soft slippers.

"Cream, Graham?"

"Please, sweetheart."

"Graham, we'll never be old, will we? I mean like my father and mother. My mother is so pretty sometimes, when she gets her hair just done; she's lovely."

"You're lovely. You'll always be lovely."

She had closed the door softly and crept back to bed. It brought back a conversation with someone she had known a long time ago, didn't it? It was a little strange to remember after a while that person was John.

Annie came in after he had gone away to his real estate office. Ella Deverau, laying aside the paper, saw that difficulty was just ahead. Annie was in one of her spells. She had learned to recognize them in the years of their familiarity without intimacy.

"Mis' Deverau. I got something to say. I can't work no place where the kitchen is full of dirty dishes every morning. First thing I have to get the coffeepot straight, and there were grounds all down the tube, and the cream left standing out the ice box so it's turned, and crumbs all over. I can't stand such goings-on in the middle of the night and worse. I need my sleep, too, and I can't sleep with people laughing and running the water in the kitchen, and extra people for dinner tonight as you said." Annie paused.

"I won't be in for lunch, and Miss Freddie won't be in for lunch," said Ella Deverau.

It seemed like a very small cork for the bottle of Annie's displeasure, but it served to stop the flow somewhat. Annie went off to the kitchen still looking cranky and noncommittal about strawberry mousse for dinner.

"We have stewed rhubarb left," she said flatly, and the mistress of the house did not press the matter.

She had the usual solace that she could always get ice cream from the drug store at the last minute, only John didn't like it. She went upstairs to dress for town.

Freddie was up and about, her lovely green eyes bright and wide awake as they had no right to be. She came swinging into her mother's room in blue-green Chinese pajamas, her small white feet in and out of red mules. Her coppery hair glistened with every movement of her head.

"Hello, Mother. Where are you going?"

"I'm going to town. I think I'll get my hair done, and your father wants some new golf balls."

"He could get those downtown here," said the girl. "Why do you have to run around to get them in the city?"

"I don't know, dear," said her mother patiently. She put sables around her shoulders over the blue suit.

"JOHN is certainly used to service," said his daughter, sliding down over the arm of a wing chair with her feet up in the air. "I was in his office the other day and he was ringing for two people at once. Home, when he rings two bells you're on both of them."

"Darling, that isn't a nice way to talk about Papa. He's a very busy man and very distinguished-looking. When we went on our cruise I know a lot of people thought so."

"Mother, will you get some of those imported cheese biscuits that Graham loves—we ate the last one—and, Mother, darling, would you do one little heavenly thing for me? It's terribly important. Terribly, terribly important or I wouldn't ask you; I just have to have it."

Her mother's eyes focused on her a little worriedly. "What are you talking about, Freddie?"

"A new green evening dress. They have one at Finley's. It's net and, Mother, it's darling. Absolutely darling. It just clings all the way to your knees and then it springs into the loveliest fullness, and the back is sweet. It's cut in a big U right down to here." She jumped up, whirled around, and indicated a spot a foot and some inches down her spine. Her vivid hair blazed in the sunlight that streamed over her young throat. "Mother, darling, I've used all my allowance for this month and part of my next, (*Continued on page 104*)

Next Month

Longfellow Deeds was a poet and a tuba player. Otherwise he was a pretty normal fellow. In perfect contentment, he was settled down to live a quiet life in Mandrake Falls. And he would, undoubtedly, have done so if Victor Semple, the great philanthropist, hadn't driven off the road in Milan, Italy, and left Longfellow his giant fortune and a stable of opera stars. Mr. Semple had been president of the Continental Opera Company.

"The musical world will expect you to carry on," Semple's lawyers told Longfellow.

"I can only read in the bass clef," replied the stunned Mr. Deeds.

Clarence Budington Kelland

begins in the April issue the hilarious story of the man who rose from a brass-band background and a wool-hides-and-fertilizer business education to the highest social position in New York. And where there's society there's girls. In Mandrake Falls he had been shy, but you should see him in his . . .

OPERA HAT

Democracy goes to School

By Hubert Kelley

DRAWING BY LEWIS DANIELS

JUST before the last election, a plump and florid politician, hoarse from weeks of campaigning for Congress, sat in a crowded hall in Des Moines, Iowa, patiently waiting to be called upon for a "few words." He was only vaguely aware of where he was, because crowds had been swimming before his eyes for days, but he was acutely conscious of being in the audience, not on the platform. A friend had invited him there . . . something about government study . . . big crowd . . . opportunity to say something.

Why didn't the chairman call upon him? A tall university professor—Dr. Pro-and-con, probably—was on the rostrum, dryly discoursing upon the cancellation of foreign debts. What a bore to inflict upon an emotional American crowd! They wanted a thrill, those people. This professor didn't stand for anything, was talking on both sides of his subject. The politician was incensed. Why didn't that befuddled professor sit down?

Presently there was applause. The professor had concluded.

"Any questions?" he asked mildly.

It was the politician's opportunity to give his campaign speech. He leaped to his feet. Yes, sir. He had a question: What were the responsibilities of an American citizen in this hour of need?

"Don't answer," he roared. "It is merely a rhetorical question. I will tell you, ladies and gentlemen: We should be true to the Constitution, the Democracy, and that great-hearted man who sits in the White House today."

Then, for thirty minutes, the candidate for Congress sent Old Glory flapping through the azure like an eagle, and finally asked to be elected to the New Deal Congress.

When he sat down, he mopped his red face, modestly awaiting the applause which always followed his orations. The hall was very still. When he looked up to discover just what had happened, he saw that many persons were craning their necks to get a better view of him. There was no awe in their faces. Many expressions were wry, some curious, some strained with dutiful tolerance. For the first time in his political life the orator was conscious of humiliating failure.

After the meeting he hastened to the friend who had invited him there.

"Listen, George," he said desperately. "What was wrong? Did I pull a boner? Tell me, for heaven's sake, what happened."

George smiled appreciatively.

"Nothing happened," he said. "That's just it. You didn't say anything, and Des Moines is wise. The people want information, not fireworks. You have the misfortune to be in one of the most literate cities, politically and economically, in the United States. And this is one of the meetings that made it literate."

That is how one politician discovered what many politicians in Iowa are attempting to ignore—the Des Moines civic forum, one of the nation's first experiments in the political education of the entire electorate. If the Des Moines experiment proves successful, its sponsors may urge the federal government to finance similar systems in every city of the United States.

Most cities have at least one civic forum, conducted by a liberal church, a school, or club, for the discussion of political, social, and economic questions. But Des Moines has a forum in every neighborhood—twenty-eight in all. Since the education of the electorate was undertaken in January, 1933, about 1,000 meetings have been held and more than 135,000 persons have attended them.

Civic education is being offered free of charge, irrespective of race, creed, or politics.

WHEN I arrived in Des Moines not long ago, I stepped into a barber shop for a shave and haircut. I received, in addition, a mental shampoo, free of charge. The barber, a portly, bald man in his fifties, ran his fingers through my hair and asked me what I thought of tariffs. High or low? I took the middle ground, which is always safe. Moderate tariffs would do, said I.

"But, on the other hand," said he—and forthwith contended for low tariffs or none at all. "But, still, on the other hand," said he, and began to regale me with reasons for high tariffs.

"You're pretty well informed," I said, looking at the back of my neck in a hand mirror.

"I go to the civic forums," he said. "Is your hair short enough?"

That night I attended four meetings of the forum in various parts of the city. In one crowd of six hundred persons a friend pointed out a wealthy merchant and his wife, a Negro workingman who attends a meeting every night, two state librarians, a group of dentists who attend the (*Continued on page 168*)

By Edwin Dial Torgerson

Dorothy came to me, almost in tears. I couldn't make her understand the reason for Ray's going away

Uneasy Money

UNCLE EGBERT SUGGS, in the dingy and quiet rear office of his real estate firm, gazed steadily at his caller. This was a displeased and ruddy gentleman of middle age, who bore all the marks of a successful business man, but who today had been saying things full of resentment to Uncle Egbert.

"So they turned you down, eh?" said the old man slowly. "The Fidelity Trust didn't think your proposition was bankable?"

"No, and it's a dirty way to treat an old friend, I've got that much to say. Rufe Gallitan has changed—he isn't the man I used to know. Just because I've been away five years—"

"Rufe Gallitan has changed, that's right," Uncle Egbert interrupted. "By the way, his daughter Dorothy dropped me a card from London—said she met you there, when she and her new husband were on their honeymoon."

"Oh, yes, I met them," the other man replied shortly. "But you haven't answered my question. I asked you—what's got into Rufe Gallitan? I heard he and his brother were in trouble while I was away—some sort of government investigation. Is that what changed him—sorehead or something? Is that what has made him so frigidly conservative?"

Uncle Egbert gazed stolidly at his feet, perched on the roll-top desk before him.

"It's a long story, Joe, but if you've got time to listen I'll tell it to you. It's one of my favorite stories."

"Something to do with the Bank Holiday, wasn't it?"

Uncle Egbert lit a cigar, and took measured puffs from it. . . .

THERE was more at the bottom of it, Joe [said Uncle Egbert], than anybody's Bank Holiday. At the bottom of it was a lesson, and it wasn't the same old saw about "Honesty is the best policy." Honesty is, all right, but these men, Rufus and Bob Gallitan, were never dishonest. It was a lesson with a proverb something like this: "All easy money is uneasy money." Bob and Rufe Gallitan never broke a law—never robbed anybody of a cent. All their operations were strictly legitimate. But they were the victims of uneasy money.

They just got a "rotten break," as their friends said, when the government closed their bank and wouldn't let them reopen it. But it was the rotten break that comes sooner or later—if my powers of observation aren't at fault—to everybody who chases after easy money.

I never said "I told you so" to Rufe

ILLUSTRATED BY AUGUST BLESER, JR.

and Bob Gallitan. But I'll say it to you, Joe, because maybe it will have some bearing on this proposition which the bank has just told you isn't bankable.

I told them so in 1923, when they were coining money hand over fist with their building and loan business. They had found a way to make money whether their business made money or not.

NICE fellows, Rufe and Bob, and very generous. They wanted to count me in on it.

Fine, soldierly chap, that Rufus, with his granite jaw and his six feet of stature. Came back from the war a major, with a splendid record. Too bad Rufe had to go in for easy money.

Streak of genius in Rufe, all right. He had a way of nosing and ferreting around in a financial proposition like a detective looking for clues. And he found a way, by doctoring the charter of this building and loan company, to make money out of the company even if *it* didn't make any.

I won't go into that, because it has no direct bearing on the story I'm telling. Rufe and Bob simply found that, as directors and holders of most of the common stock of the company, they could guarantee the preferred stock sold to the public. And as guarantors, it was legal for them to be paid a premium—a premium of three per cent on every loan that was made by the company. All they had to do, in other words, was to make a lot of loans. Every time a loan was made—or refinanced—Rufe and Bob drew down their three per cent of it. If the company made money, they made money. If it didn't, they made it anyway. But it happened that the company did make money.

Rufe hired smart lawyers to check the statutes carefully in other states, to find out just how far they could legally extend their operations. The first thing I knew they had a chain of building and loan companies, or associations, and they were coining money in a dozen different states. The companies all made money, as it happened. But Bob and Rufe would have got rich even if they hadn't.

They thought it was just too good not to share with an old friend like me. But I said, "No, Rufus—not for me. It's lawful, but it isn't sound. It's too easy. It's like selling real estate to a millionaire baby when the nurse isn't looking."

And Rufe says, "What! You're turning it down because the returns are so certain? You just won't accept a gift? I don't get you."

"You'll get me, Rufus," I told him, "sooner or later. You'll get me, perhaps, after you've been in business, as I have, for forty years and learned the simple, salty truth about six per cent and sanity."

They didn't get me, in fact, until they went into the commercial banking business—and got oil on their hands.

THEY had made so much money that their three per cent sure-thing began to look like a piker's rake-off. They said they were tired of small-town building-and-loaning and they were going to branch out into wider fields. They took over a city bank—the Fidelity Trust.

Those were magical, incredible years—'23 to '29. The main problem for most banks seemed to be how to get money—more and more money—to lend to speculators. They were willing to pay dearly for it. With call money at ten, fifteen, even twenty per cent, a bank could afford to pay as high as six per cent interest on a big deposit—a million-dollar deposit, say—left there at in-

terest for a year or more. I remember Rufe making that remark to me.

I said: "Listen, Rufe—I'm no banker; I'm a real estate man. But I know that the fundamental, primary excuse for a bank's existence is that it may supply the needs of its own community, its own people. It has the legal right, but I think not the moral right, to take money which it has on deposit and invest it in New York on call."

Rufe laughed at me and said I talked like a parson, or a copybook, or something. "Do you think the stockholders of my bank would stand for us passing up easy money like that?" he wanted to know.

So the Brothers Gallitan kept on piling pyramid on top of pyramid of wealth.

THEN along came a young fellow named Ray Bancroft, who started courting Rufe's daughter Dorothy—and that was where the trouble motif began piping up in this easy-money opera. No, I don't mean that Dorothy had anything to do with it. She never caused her father a bit of grief in her life, that I know anything about, and that despite the fact that she was an only child and a spoiled child, and had had so much money lavished on her that nobody would have been surprised if she had turned out to be a problem instead of a comfort. But she was just a sweet, simple, unaffected, sincere sort of girl, although she had been off to finishing schools at home and abroad, had been introduced with the notable hens and chickens at the Court of St. James's, and had had Lord knows how many other "advantages."

I remember the first time I realized she was a grown-up young lady—she had been away for a long time, you know—was that day she dropped in at the bank when I was talking to her father about this oil business. Rufe had called me over to offer me a chance to get in on another gilt-edge proposition—and possibly to ask my advice about it. The girl came in looking for Ray Bancroft.

"Well, he said he was going to be here, Dad, for a conference with you," she told her father, "so I thought this would be an elegant time and place to pick him up."

"Well, you wait out in that car, then, and pick him up," Rufe growled at her—but a grinning sort of a growl. "I don't care to have a lot of sweet nothings mixed in with this conference."

Young Bancroft happened to be the fatal party who had interested Rufe in the subject of oil. He was a geologist, not long out of college, who had had some experience with one of the oil companies down in the Southwest, Louisiana and Texas. I had known him since he was a kid, and I knew any proposal he would make would be bona fide and on the level. But I didn't like the idea Rufe had of taking a simple drilling operation and turning it into a big-scale promotion scheme.

This, in brief, was the layout: Ray Bancroft had spotted a locality in the Louisiana marshes, the Calmette Dome, he called it, where he was sure there was oil to be had, and he wanted somebody to finance a drilling operation. The big companies weren't interested. They had investigated and were satisfied there was nothing but salt there. At 660 feet in one operation the bit had picked up traces of sulphur, and at 871 feet the bit plunged into salt. That was the end of the cap rock—I believe they call it—and no oil. So the prospectors had moved on.

But Ray had reason to be convinced there was oil to be had on the flanks of that salt dome, if he could just get capitalists with sufficient faith and money to back him up. He was so sold on the proposition, himself, that he had interviewed owners of a 25,000-acre tract in that vicinity, and had secured options from them. He hadn't paid anything for the options, but the agreement provided that he was obligated to drill at least one actual well on the property within twelve months. The owners were glad enough to take a chance on oil coming in, in which case they were to be paid a substantial price for their acreage. If no oil were found, they wouldn't have lost anything. But to put down even one exploratory well would cost in the neighborhood of $2,500, and Ray Bancroft didn't have the twenty-five hundred.

He didn't want to go to Rufe Gallitan at all, for fear it would look as though he were presuming on friendship. But Dorothy had heard him talk so much about oil exploration, herself, and had asked him so many questions, that she had pumped him dry of all information on the subject of Calmette Dome. And she slipped up on her father's blind side one evening and told him all about Ray's proposition. And after thinking it over next day and talking it over with his brother Bob, Rufe sent for young Bancroft.

RUFE had ideas, himself, and he thought, as usual, two jumps ahead of the proposition that was being presented to him.

Rufe's scheme was to go into the oil business, and to make money whether the company made it or not. He was all aglow with the proposition when he talked to me, and I could see that he had made up his mind fully and anything I said against it would be wasted words.

He had able counsel, and counsel had told him it was watertight, unsinkable—absolutely legal and legitimate—and so it was.

But I warned the Gallitans. I said, "Go slow, boys. You're both rated as millionaires now. You've made enough easy money. You can afford to settle down now to a conservative banking business."

"I know—I know," Rufe told me. "But the money is lying around everywhere, just waiting for somebody to pick it up. If we don't, some crook will. And we're on the level—we don't propose to beat a single, solitary soul out of a nickel."

"Of course you don't," I said. "Your scheme is specious, perfectly feasible, as far as I can see. You're not going to cheat a single investor—but you're going to cheat yourselves if you don't call a halt in this merry chase after dollars and more dollars. You used to talk in thousands, then hundreds of thousands, and now you call it small-talk if it's not in terms of millions. The higher you go, the bigger the risk, boys. This scheme is legitimate, but it isn't sound. It's unsound because it's easy."

But they couldn't see it that way. They kept defying me to point out a single flaw, a single weak point, in their plan. I couldn't. I couldn't see where the crack was coming. But I knew it was coming—the instinct of a conservative old mossback plodder told me so. I thanked Rufe for his offer, but I didn't "want in" on this. I had always steered clear of the temptation of easy riches.

I TRIED to reach Rufe on the human side. "There's your girl, Rufe," I said. "Dorothy's a sweet, lovely girl, and you've done everything in the world for her—you've given her wealth, position, security, everything a woman could desire—"

"And she wants to marry this young chap Bancroft, who hasn't got a nickel," Rufe chimed in proudly. "That's the kind of stuff my girl is made of. She's had a chance to grab off an English earl, but she wouldn't have him. She'd rather marry a poor man because she loves him. And it's all right with me—I've told her so—I admire her for it."

"But what if you crash, Rufe?" said I. "You've got to consider the happiness of both of them. What if you crash?"

He laughed at that. "Don't worry about me crashing, Uncle Egbert. There's no such word in my dictionary. You howled calamity when we put over that three-per-cent-velvet building and loan idea. Well, it's still three-per-centing us. And, with this plan, it'll be nearer twenty per cent."

Well, nothing would sway him, and he said they were going ahead. The plan, in brief, was this:

They were going to take over young Bancroft's options, which cost them nothing but the obligation to put down one well in the Calmette field within twelve months. If they struck oil, all right—but they never hoped or expected to find oil. They didn't propose to guarantee or promise a living soul that there was oil there. They didn't need oil. Just (*Continued on page 118*)

Budgets for the bewildered

Do the experts make you dizzy with their charts, percentages, and systems of saving? Well, here's the answer geared to present conditions

By Jerome Beatty

AMERICAN families are divided into three classes. Unless you are a rare exception, yours fits into one of these groups:

Those who believe they ought to operate on a budget but who never got around to it.

Those who tried a budget and gave it up.

Those comparatively few noble souls who started a budget, stuck to it, and made it work.

The pages of abandoned budget books in this country, if gathered in one pile, would make a fire big enough to warm the cold feet of all who have tried and failed to use an effective system of home accounting. If you looked closely into the flames perhaps you could read there the perishing percentages that never worked out: "25 per cent for housing, 25 per cent for food, 15 for clothing, 12½ for savings, 10 for operating, and 12½ to pay for everything else."

As a member in good standing of the army of ex-budgeteers I have been spending a good deal of time trying to find out what's the matter. The interest in scientific spending is especially keen right now, with the cost of living on the upturn, the prospect of higher taxes ahead, and the general wonder as to how soon the boss is going to pump some life into the anemic pay envelope.

I went to Washington, where the Department of Labor and the economics division of the Department of Agriculture have gone deep into the cost of living and the family income. I talked with experts in Washington, New York, and Chicago. I read books and pamphlets and surveys by acknowledged authorities on family finances.

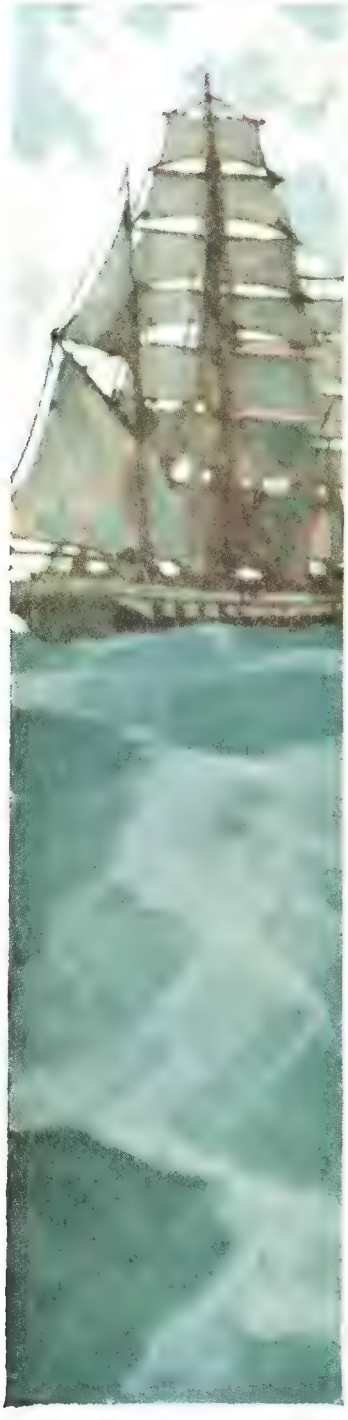
These experts have gathered facts about the cost of potatoes and cod-liver oil and molasses and milk. They have figured out how much protein, calcium, phosphorus, iron, and vitamins A and C are necessary to keep a family properly nourished. They have been of real assistance in furnishing welfare workers with information to help the very poor feed their families adequately at a minimum cost. They have conducted exhaustive investigations, and distributed an immense amount of scientifically prepared information which should give any family the facts it needs for the proper operation of a successful budget. But the hundreds of thousands of bewildered families are evidence that it doesn't.

I have talked with hundreds of husbands and wives who live in villages and cities, on incomes ranging from $50 a week to $25,000 a year. And, adding up all I have learned from them, I have come to this conclusion:

Budgeting is not so much a mathematical problem as it is a psychological problem. That is what the experts overlooked.

I am concerned particularly with the ordinary husband and wife, with a child or two or three, and a car and a radio, who very much want to save enough to send the children to college and retire comfortably when the husband's earning power is gone.

A man in Chicago told me recently: "I was fifty years old last month, and just for fun I figured out how much money I have made since I started work as a young man. I was astounded. It was more than (*Continued on page 124*)



Blessed Isle

By Albert Richard Wetjen

OTHE incredible fact was that Captain Ames had picked him up at sea. Not from a drifting canoe nor a lost ship's boat. Not even from a raft or a drifting log. But from the open sea itself, and naked, and moving through the satiny green swells as unhurriedly as if he were taking only a morning swim across a placid atoll's lagoon.

"Between Christmas Island and the Maria Augustina Bank," Captain Ames would marvel. "Full between. Twelve south and a hundred and six east. Not a land for a hundred miles." The gentle old man would drop his voice to a whisper then. "Not a ship. Not a sail. Nothing. Nothing. Nothing." And his mild blue eyes would wonder, and the

FULL-COLOR ILLUSTRATION IN OIL BY MEAD SCHAEFFER

"It is good to save a man from the sea," said Captain Ames. "Mayhap he will bring us luck." Katafa only nodded and smiled

wind part his white beard, and his great veined hands would move perplexed before him. There were times when Axel, the big mate, would grow perplexed too, for there was no reason in the matter. There *had* to have been a ship.

Still, there he was.

The Fair Lady had been rolling in the tropic dawn, under a misty sky, weary as a stricken whale and with the heart gone out of her; her spars groaning with her pain, the ever creeping water washing in her holds, and the heaviness of a sea-death dark upon her decks. Down by the head and the men falling at the pumps. And the food all but gone; and a scurvy running in the fo'c's'le; and the patient sharks waiting alongside; and Axel, the big mate, muttering despairing Norse oaths; and Captain Ames dazed for lack of sleep, and praying gently to himself as the water crept higher through the leaking seams; and the little bark shuddering to her very keel as the rain squalls walked across the sea and wrapped about her.

THEY had found him between the squalls. First one had come like a curtain, pitting the swells and misting all the sight. And then that one had passed and Captain Ames had brushed the water from his eyes and the water from his beard.

"There is something there," he said uncertainly. "There is something swimming."

"Why not?" said Axel, the big mate, who was very tired. "This is the sea. Things swim in the sea."

"But a man?" asked Captain Ames. "A man is swimming there."

And he took the glasses and wiped them with his white silk scarf; and he looked; and he saw an arm lift out there in the sea and glint wet in the light and a dark head roll and drop across the barrel of the swell.

"What matter?" said Axel, the big mate, his yellow hair plastered with the

rain. "One mouth the more to feed. And we have little for ourselves. Let him be."

"Such talk," said Captain Ames, inexpressibly shocked. "Take four men and the boat. Have we sailed for fifty years to let a man die in open water with the sharks?"

"Eh, the sharks," agreed Axel. "They will have him before we do."

But he went midships and called men from the pumps. They were very tired, and sick with the scurvy, and sick with the pumps. Should they pull a boat across a mile of sea to save a swimmer, when the lean fins were already cutting from the Fair Lady's side to surround him?

"Such talk," chided Axel. "Such talk. Pull hearty. There's never a chance, but it will please the old man."

SO THEY took the boat across the sea and they found the swimmer. The lean fins were before him and behind him and to each side of him, but he did not seem to know. He swam unhurried, and they could see he was smiling.

"Eh," said Axel, astonished. "They cannot be hungry. Such sharks. But pull him in quick before they change their minds."

So they pulled the swimmer into the boat, and they went back to the ship without questions, because they were tired. And neither did he ask questions of them, his breathing steady; he was not tired at all. As they came to the ship the second squall drifted like a curtain upon them, pitting the swells and misting the sight, and the swimmer turned his head upwards so the water streamed upon his lips and his eyes, and he laughed queerly and softly and deep in his throat.

"So crazy," said Axel, and he was sour to have rescued such a man. "Not even the sharks would have him."

"Crazy he should be, swimming in open water," chided Captain Ames. "He has seen terrible things. And perhaps he is hungry."

"He doesn't speak," said Axel, and he stood beside Captain Ames and looked hard at the swimmer.

A small man and brown he was. Very broad across the shoulders, with strong, knotty arms and legs. His hair was dark and bristly, drawn to a peak on his forehead, and his eyes were liquid brown and smiling, always smiling. And, as Axel had said, he did not speak. He only stood looking at them, smiling and making soft noises that seemed like no language at all.

"But what ship? From where?" said Captain Ames. He brushed the rain from his beard and questioned in all the island dialects he knew. But there were only the soft sounds in the throat for answer, and at last he shook his head. "I do not understand him. And yet," he grew puzzled, "it seems I have heard such talk. Perhaps he is from some island that I have seen only once. Natives travel far sometimes."

"He cannot have been long in the water," insisted Axel, the big mate. "He is not tired. It is all a madness. His ship must have foundered behind the squalls."

"What ship? From where?" asked Captain Ames, and he laid a gentle hand on the swimmer's shoulder.

But the swimmer only smiled and nodded his head, and fluttered long, delicate hands, and made the soft sounds again. So they asked him no more.

"He must have clothes," said Captain Ames. "Such nakedness, and a white man's ship we are. Some time there will be someone who may speak with him and understand. Mayhap he brings luck. It is luck to save a man from the sea." He shook his head and pondered then for the space of breaths. "But it is strange that a ship should founder so he could swim from her and not be tired, and we never to see her."

"It is very strange," agreed Axel, the big mate. "It is strange the sharks were not hungry So we shall call him what?"

"Ah," said Captain Ames. "We shall call him what?"

He drew a frown across his sea-tanned forehead beneath his white hair. He looked at the sodden canvas of the Fair Lady; along her decks, where the pumps went *clank, clank-clank;* at the horizon, where the mists joined together the water and the sky. And far out from across the sea came a glossy-plumed bird, arching above the little bark's trucks and swift upon passage. Captain Ames moved his great hands and smiled.

"Katafa," he said tranquilly. "So they talk in the islands. Katafa, the frigate bird. We shall call him Katafa and he will bring luck."

There was no reason in that, nor any sense. And Captain Ames was old, and a simple man, and he needed sleep. Such talk.

"For why should things change?" grumbled Axel, the big mate. "Is a naked brown man to save us when fifteen white men fail?"

BUT it was that day when the water ceased to climb within the Fair Lady, and the strained seams drew tight again, and the patient pumps seemed no longer thick and weary but light and joyous with accomplished things. And the heaviness of a sea-death lifted from the eager bark's decks.

"There is little to eat," grumbled Axel then. "And the scurvy runs fast. Can any luck change that?"

"It is good to save a man from the sea," said Captain Ames. "And the wind may come. A hundred miles only to land." He patted his big mate's arm. "Mayhap we shall meet a ship, besides."

"What ship comes here?" groaned Axel. "Too far from the lanes." And he looked at Katafa and jeered. "Can you bring us a ship, little man?"

But Katafa only nodded and smiled, strange in his borrowed clothes, his liquid eyes friendly and the soft noises shaping past his lips. As if he understood.

"It is all one madness," said the big mate then. "I am mad. He is mad. Sometimes I think we are all mad. That I should ask Katafa for a ship as a boy asks for candy."

Yet the next dawn brought amber smoke along the horizon, and a great steamer came across the swells towards them. Four-funneled above her white tiered decks. And with lean men in white upon her bridge where the polished brass flashed in the sun. An Atlantic greyhound on a world cruise.

"I will go to her and buy things," said Captain Ames without haste, without surprise, and he stroked his beard and laid a gentle hand upon Katafa's head. "I said he would bring luck."

"Such a ship," Axel marveled. "I have heard that the liners make such a passage sometimes. Why else should she be where steamers never come?"

But no one answered him and he looked queerly at Katafa, and he remembered strange tales of the ancients in the ports of his own land. The sea was wide, and very strange. And a naked man swimming among the sharks was strange, too.

BUT all that passed. After certain days the Fair Lady reached Christmas Island, and after certain other days the island of Bali; and so to Macassar, and Batavia, and Singapore; and to many other ports that sat beneath the tropic suns. Men came to speak with Captain Ames and to speak with Katafa, but, though they knew a hundred islands and the speech of a hundred peoples, none of them could tell from where Katafa came. Some shook their heads. Some touched their heads and murmured inaudible things. Two or three, and these were natives of the outer islands, made quick, furtive signs with their hands and departed in haste. And through it all Katafa smiled and nodded and made only the soft noises in his throat. Nor did he ever learn the speech of white men. But the Fair Lady prospered and the record of her passages sent talk along the waterfronts, such as had not been heard since the days the tea clippers raced from Foochow.

"He is luck," agreed Axel unwillingly at last. "I do not understand, but he is luck." And deep within him he was afraid, for he remembered many things.

Once, not long after he had pulled Katafa into the longboat that misty morning, he had struck the little man. It had been during a hasty ten minutes, with a black squall threatening to take the canvas out of the ship, and the watches staggering to maintain a footing on the reeling decks. Quick work and hard. And Axel had gone among them with his heavy hands, roaring and all but throwing them aloft. He had not thought it amiss (*Continued on page 136*)

INTERESTING PEOPLE

Roughrider

Photograph by Raphael G. Wolff for The American Magazine

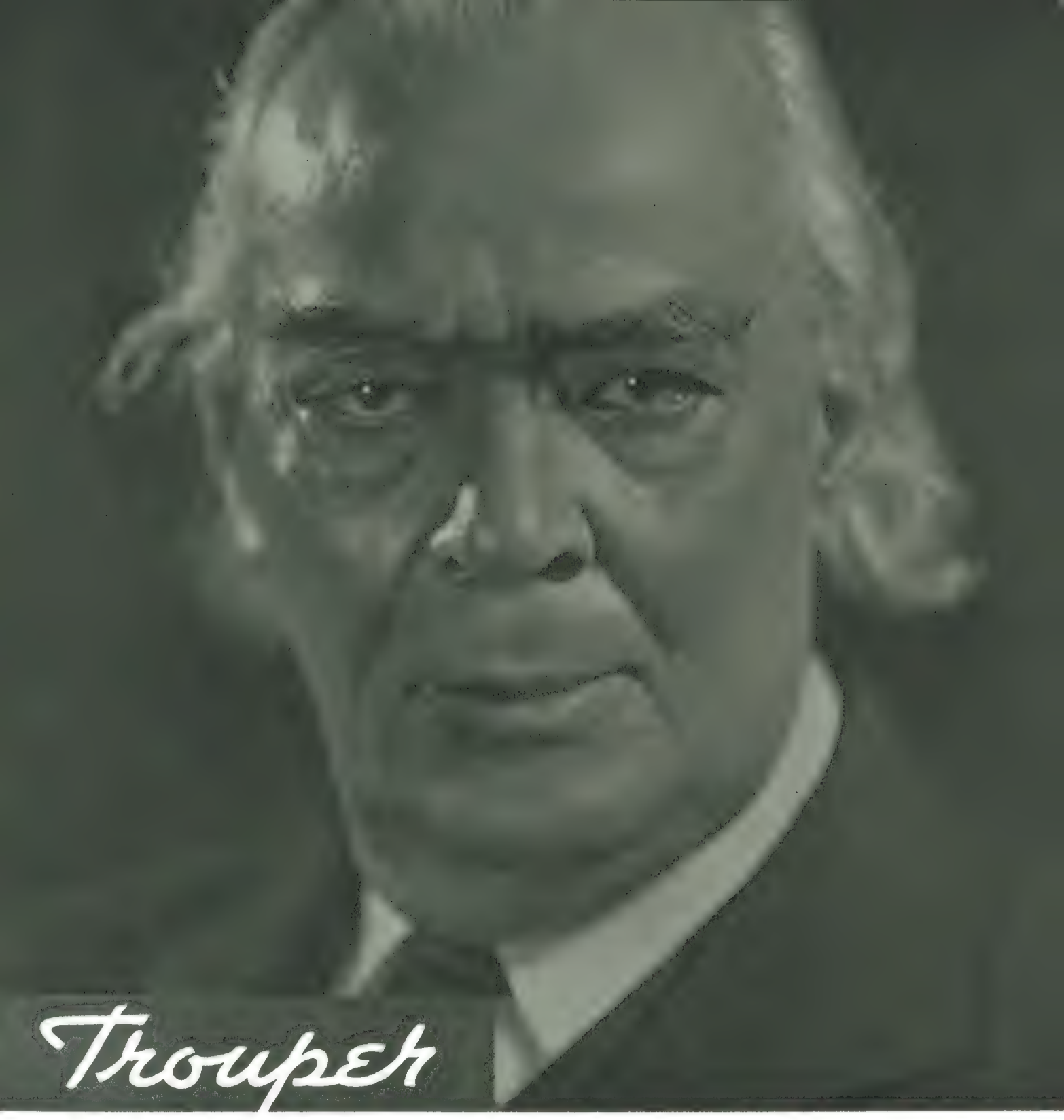
AT 9, this young lady has won more horsemanship prizes than anyone of her age in the U. S. Hope Landis never entered a show without carrying off an award. For two years straight she's won a blue ribbon in every class for boys and girls under 17 at the Chicago International Horse Show. Then she skipped age boundaries and ran away with first place in the adult bridle-path class. No one has ever topped her record at her age. Born in Chicago. Daughter of John Landis, Chicago banker. At 3, was hoisted onto a mountain of a horse. At 6, began practicing jumps; can now clear the bar at 4½ feet. When her friends are in for tea, she makes the cakes herself. Her cakes are almost as well known as her blue ribbons. Likes kickball, hopscotch, jacks when she can't round up enough boys to play baseball. Pitches a wicked out-curve. Has a Belgian police dog named Horatio because he's so brave, and a doll called Patsy. Neither is as exciting as Peggy, the fine bay mare with a Landis-won blue ribbon in her halter.

Photograph by George W. Vassar for The American Magazine

HE SLOPS the pigs, milks the cow, plows the land, and writes poetry which makes sophisticated city critics of literature thumb their thesauri for words of worthy praise. W. W. Christman, 70, farmer-poet, winner of John Burroughs medal for the most distinguished book of American nature poetry (*Wild Pasture Pine*), never wrote a line of verse until he was 58. Has published three volumes since. They're called genuine contributions to U. S. letters. Shy, when asked to receive the medal, he sent a son—one of his nine children—to speak for him. Born in Delanson, N. Y. Has always lived there. "I'm like an old tree," he says; "my roots have grown deeply into the soil." Read all of Shakespeare before he was 13. As a barefoot boy, he carried with him a book of John Burroughs, the naturalist, or poetry by Walt Whitman. Began writing because he wanted to put down the things he saw, smelt, felt during the daily toil, slopping the pigs, milking the cow, plowing the land of his 120-acre farm.

Photograph by Wynn Richards for The American Magazine

DR. LILLIAN MOLLER GILBRETH does a man's job in woman's sphere—the home. She has put more U. S. kitchens on an efficiency basis than French cooks have fried potatoes. Mother of eleven, she has almost as many major degrees as she has children. Lecturer, author, teacher, she talks in terms of time and motion. Recently, for the National Organization of Better Homes in America, she stopped 4,000 busy housewives shelling peas, baking cake, stirring little Willie's cereal, so that she could measure the distance from their elbows to the floor—Dr. Gilbreth's step No. 1 to get the dope on the shape and height of stove and sink. Divides the house like a factory—into work centers, work surfaces, work motions. Results: Housewives of the country have more time for bridge. Born in Oakland, Calif. Lives now in Montclair, N. J., in a rambling house, run with charts and follow-up systems. There she works out methods which allow her more time to work out methods to help others save time.



Photograph by Alfredo Valente for The American Magazine

AS "DE LAWD" in that modern miracle play, *Green Pastures*, Richard B. Harrison is marching on in the rôle which elevated him from obscurity to world fame. After a record-breaking tour into almost every state in the Union, he's returning to Broadway to celebrate the play's Fifth Anniversary—his 2,000th performance. With some trepidation the producers sent the play into Southern states. Result: A sympathetic and enthusiastic reception for Harrison and the show. Born in London, Ont. Sold newspapers, bell-hopped, Pullman-portered. Took up dramatic training. Became head of the drama department in a North Carolina college. Won the Spingarn medal presented annually to the Negro making the highest achievement for his race. At 65, he became "de Lawd." Home's in Chicago. Married—two children. Serious, dignified, his simple, reverent portrayal of the Deity has put him high on the list of great actors, deep in the hearts of the thousands who have seen him.

Photograph by George W. Vassar for The American Magazine

PHILIP WYLIE, author, once wrote a 100,000-word book in nine days while crossing the Atlantic. At 32, he's published 12 novels, hundreds of short stories. Sold his first piece at 11, has been professional ever since. Dictates all his work while striding up and down in his long studio. In the picture, he's explaining to daughter Karen, almost 3, how he did it. An enthusiastic fisherman. His experiences harpooning sharks off the Florida Keys form a part of the exciting background for his novelette, *The Mystery of Galleon Key*, published in this number. Born in Beverly, Mass. Son of a minister, he wandered through half a dozen states before he was 15. Went to Princeton University. Lives part of the time in Madison, Conn., on a minor, modernized farm, with a fine trout stream at his back door. Built there, with his own hands, from uncleared ground up, two studios, one stone fireplace. Ardent piano-accordion player. At golf, breaks 90 one day, breaks his heart the next.

Photograph by George P. Higgins for The American Magazine

HERBERT PUTNAM built the greatest library in the world. Given, in the administration of President McKinley, a few musty, dusty volumes, he has developed in the Library of Congress a model institution with 4,000,000 books. Started life as a lawyer. Appointed to the library in 1899 by the President and confirmed by a vote of the Senate, he's been at it ever since. Today is acknowledged leader of his profession. Believes the library should stand foremost as an example in assisting to forward the work of the scholar in the United States and should contain any book for anyone at any time. Refused Roosevelt Memorial award for supplying World War soldiers with books. Said the 1,000 workers under him deserved the credit. Presides over Library Round Table of Washington, famed meeting place of literati. Walks to work. Always carries green bag containing three or four books, mostly biography. A sailor by avocation, he spends his vacation in a small boat off the Maine coast.

Photograph by Maxwell Frederic Coplan for The American Magazine

JANE WYATT, 24, society's newest scintillating sell-out to the stage, was bounced out of the *Social Register* when she bounced into the theater. Considered by cautious critics to be the most promising young American actress. Zips back and forth between Hollywood and Broadway. Makes the round trip several times a year, by plane, by train, by car. Always reads two books both ways; one to talk about, the other for the fun of it. However, promises now to settle down as a steady star in the movies. Born in New York. Took the leads in campus plays; preferred acting to débutante parties—even her own. Went West—from Park Avenue to Broadway—looking for a job. Ran smack into a big bit. Notices in the newspapers stirred the interest of other producers. In Hollywood, lives in a little white house on Tul-Ucca Lake, not far from the studios. Between shots she plays high-brow phonograph records and drinks buttermilk. Swims fairly well and is good enough at tennis to beat Jean Harlow every once in a while.

Photograph by George P. Higgins for The American Magazine

AS CHAIRMAN of the Reconstruction Finance Corporation, Jesse Holman Jones, of Houston, Texas, lends as much as $100,000,000 in one day, but he seldom has a nickel in his pocket for a bag of popcorn. In his long, narrow office, in the dingy RFC building in the capital, he talks in millions to thousands of bankers, senators, governors, big and little business men who want to borrow money. His job is twofold: to lend government funds to crippled businesses and to see that Uncle Sam gets paid back—with interest. Born, 1874, on a tobacco farm in Robertson County, Tenn., a pig's jump from the Kentucky line. At 15, his father gave him a pig. By shrewd bargaining, Trader Jones changed the pig into a thoroughbred horse. Since then he's been changing trees into lumber, land into buildings, buildings into one of the largest individual fortunes in the U.S. In the article on the opposite page, J. B. Griswold tells about Jesse Jones, one of the most amazing men in our amazing capital.

Trader Jones

By J. B. Griswold

JESSE H. JONES, of Houston, Texas, has two recreations—the game of double solitaire, which he plays with his wife one hour a day, and the game of business, which, if necessary, he plays the other twenty-three. And sometimes it is necessary, because the Reconstruction Finance Corporation, whose tremendous business he directs, is merely one of many enterprises of which he is the guiding genius. When he finishes a hard day of lending and collecting government millions at the RFC pawnshop in Washington, he must still do his home work of preserving and increasing the Jones estate. Every night before he goes to bed, if he goes, he must play a game of chess with his skyscrapers, sawmills, and hotels.

I think it is safe to say that Jesse Jones of Houston transacts more business daily than any other one man in the United States. And I am certain that he transacts business with more ease. He moves through a turbulent day of frenzied finance as smoothly as a streamlined canoe through a lake of oil. In all the days I spent at RFC headquarters, I never heard his voice rise above its natural level. He never shouts. He speaks in the same high, even tone, quite audible but as unsubstantial as a whisper. (Before the depression his personal fortune was estimated at $100,000,000.)

When I called upon him in Washington, I was interested in knowing how he stood the strain. I had seen little men, doing a gross business of $10,000 a year, break under the pressure. I had seen them go through the day at top speed and at the top of their voices—to end up in a sanatorium.

It was a little after four o'clock one afternoon that he called me in—"fo' o'clock in the evenin'," as they say in Texas. He had been away since noon at conferences. His desk was awash with a white billow of letters, reports, and memos, and his waiting-room was filled with millionaires, ex-millionaires, and men of state.

The new Texas Titan, six-feet-two, pale for want of sun, made his broad desk seem diminutive and the mass of correspondence upon it of no consequence. He sat there, looking at me with calm, water-colored eyes, as he fingered a rabbit's foot on his watch chain. His white hair was unruffled; he is not the kind of man to run his fingers through it. His face was young, almost lineless, for a man of sixty, but that is understandable. He takes no exercise, except to walk from his apartment to his office—a matter of six blocks—and he absolutely refuses to worry.

"If you don't mind," he said, as he hung up his hat and coat, "I'll go right ahead with my work while we talk."

He nodded to an assistant and said, "Go right ahead." The assistant made his exit, and within ten seconds, *bang!* They were off! It was as if somebody had thrown a switch setting an entire industry in operation.

OUTSIDE at a telephone an assistant began to let important calls through to his chief. Assistants with papers for O. K., documents to be signed, and messages from Senator So-and-So, Admiral This-and-That, and Secretary Whooziss began to file in.

Jones never hesitated about decisions, never wasted words. He seemed to know all about everything that was going on. He was almost constantly on the telephone, which he holds in his left hand, with the receiver to his right ear. He leans back in his chair and lets his arm rest on his chest, an excellent way to keep your left arm from tiring during long telephone calls.

Now he was telling bankers thousands of miles away that they would have to get along with $21,000,000. A moment later he was talking to a hospital, getting a report on a friend who was ill and asking if there wasn't something he could do to help. There was a call asking for advice, and I heard him say, "Take care of the little fellow. He's the one who needs your help most. Usually the big fellow has friends and can work his way out."

Now and then I was able to ask a question. Five minutes later he would have time for an answer.

I suggested that I should return when he wasn't so busy.

"I don't mind," he smiled, "if you don't. It's always this way."

"I should think it would drive you crazy," I said.

He reached for the telephone, spoke for several minutes, signed four documents, then said, "I like it. If I didn't enjoy work like this, I'd be a wreck in two weeks. I'd rather do it than play golf or poker or contract."

I left him at 7:30 P. M. I was worn out, just from wa.ching him work. His telephone was buzzing as I closed the door behind me. In the anteroom were four assistants waiting their turn to get in.

JESSE JONES *is* the RFC—and don't let anybody tell you otherwise. If it fails or if it succeeds, Jesse Jones has done it.

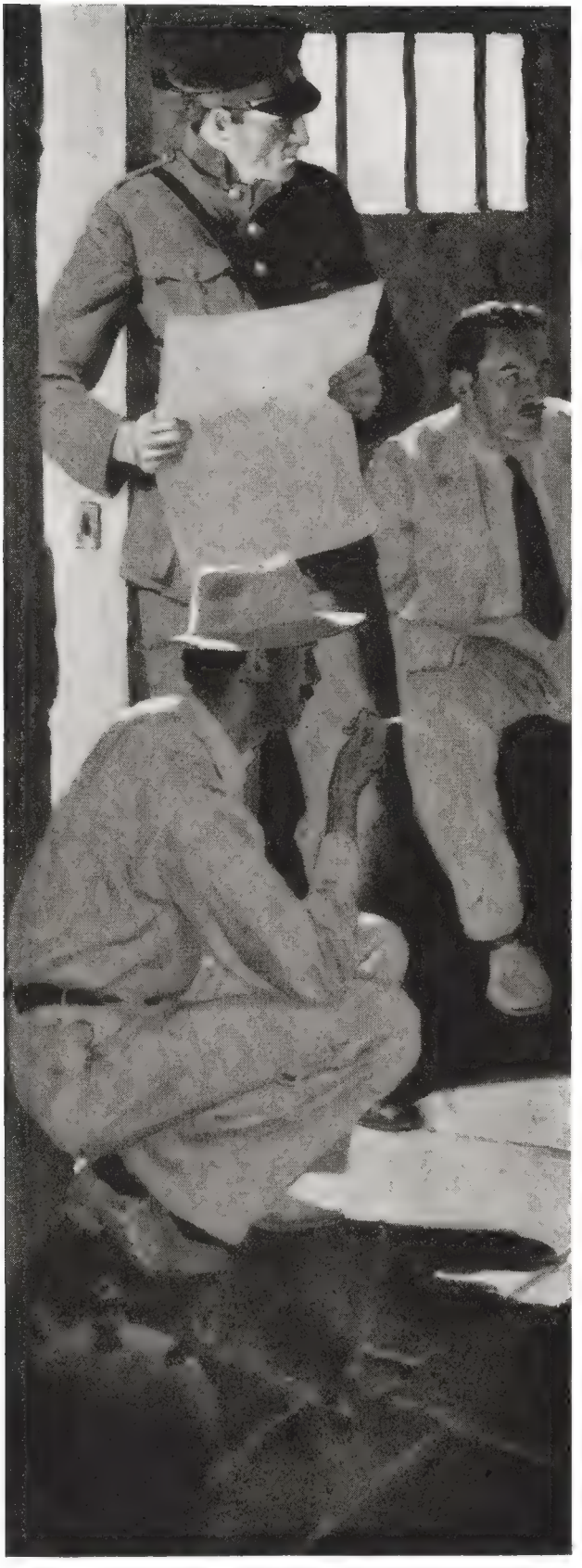
When the RFC was first organized, President Hoover asked John N. Garner, then Democratic leader in the House, for a list of Democrats from which to select a director of the RFC. Garner presented a sheet of paper on which was written:

Jesse H. Jones, Houston, Texas.

"But I want a *list* of names," Mr. Hoover said.

"That, Mr. President, is the list," said Garner.

Mr. Garner wasn't being facetious nor even cleverly rhetorical. Jesse Jones was a list. He was all kinds of things. As owner of pine forests, sawmills, and means of transporting and storing lumber, he was one of the biggest lumbermen in the United States. As owner of trust companies, he was a banker. He owned skyscrapers which he had built himself. He was a builder and realtor. He owned one of the largest newspapers in Houston. He was a newspaperman. He owned farms, theaters, what have you. And on top of all of that he was one of the (*Continued on page 88*)



Never mind the Lady

By David Garth

What has happened so far:

Terry Willett came down the river to Propionoire, looking for trouble. And the chances were it wouldn't take long to find it in Propionoire—that South American port, boiling with revolution.

Terry had left behind him an engineering camp up the river Palva. His father, Lawrence Willett, was carrying on the job and fighting fever alone, while Terry, with blood in his eye, tracked down equipment long delayed by his shipping agent, Hildez.

Getting no satisfaction in Propionoire, Terry headed for the capital, with the avowed intention of seeing Hildez and "pulling him apart." And in the garden of the Legation Club at the capital, he met lovely Allaire West, down from the States with the international polo party. Allaire, whose parents had separate fortunes, separate homes, separate interests; whose life had consisted of doing more or less as she pleased—which included crashing in an airplane. She had to take up another plane the next day, and she was afraid. So she was hunting trouble, too.

Terry, at the Legation that night, was looking for George Fox, American attaché. And he found Fox in the garden with Allaire. The young attaché tried to prevent Terry from going to the dock, Rosina B, and pulling Hildez apart. But Terry left. And Allaire, intrigued by this red-headed engineer, and loving a good fight, followed. At Rosina B, Hildez was discovered to be gun-running in preparation for the revolution. Terry, angered to find that his shipment was being held up to get the guns through, openly accused Hildez of aiding the revolutionaries. There was a fight, and, to save Terry from being knifed, Allaire shot Hildez. The couple escaped, and Terry promised to see that Allaire was protected. But he was also determined to sail for Propionoire the next day, with his equipment. The revolution was breaking and the job had to be done.

In the morning, on the way to the airfield, Fox told Allaire that the engineer had sailed; and she was bitterly disappointed. For the first time in her life she had met a man whom she thoroughly respected—and he deliberately resigned his chance.

"I'm going to find that little tramp steamer," she said, "if I have to fly all over the ocean. And I'm going to do a loop right over it."

The story continues. . . .

THERE was a disturbance in the street, Calle San Luis, that morning. The police went to work on a muttering crowd who were blocking traffic before a newspaper office, and after the mêlée had been quelled three panting members of the city's *policia* found themselves clinging to the arms and legs of tough-jawed Bucky Corrigan.

Corrigan felt the injustice of it keenly. All he'd tried to do was pass through the milling mob, that was all. He conveniently forgot that he'd been three blocks away from the battle when it started and had busted into action like a fire horse answering a third alarm. Corrigan could smell any kind of pitched battle a mile off, and his vigor and enthusiasm about getting into the thick of things made him an immediate object of attention.

So he went along to the Cárcel Municipal, with the mental reservation that hereafter these foreigners could try to stage a decent brawl without any help from him. He had made a score of such resolutions previously, and the times he had been incarcerated were about equal in number.

Several others were awaiting their turn before the police judge when Bucky was firmly ushered in. He started to look philosophically about him, and suddenly uttered a joyous whoop of greeting:

"Willett!"

The young man leaning against the wall raised his head with a jerk. Bucky wrung his hand heartily. He hadn't seen Terry since they had been fellow engineers on the Pontecilles-Juarez road job.

"What did they nab you for?" he beamed.

Terry smiled shortly.

"Questioning. There's been a shooting."

"Yeah?" said Corrigan. "I hope it was a Spig you knocked off."

"It was, all right. Hildez, the shipping agent."

"Don't know the louse. Why didn't you duck?"

Willett ran fingers through his hair.

"Duck?" he repeated. "Bucky, I'm just a plain fool. I was aboard the Parajaibo at Rosina B. All I had to do was stay there and head for Propionoire. And—I couldn't."

Corrigan's eyes narrowed.

"What d'ye mean—you couldn't?"

"I told you I was a fool." He looked very tired, this rangy, bronzed young man. "That's all there is to it. I couldn't. I walked right off that lousy boat and was picked up by the police at my hotel. And Dad waiting—oh, gosh!"

THERE was more than a mere steam valve in that exclamation. There was genuine despair, the echo of a night of indecision and doubt. Corrigan, of course, didn't know that. He only knew that Terry Willett had never been like this before.

"How'd the police tail you, son?"

Willett shrugged.

"I'd done plenty of prowling around Rosina B, trying to get action out of Hildez. Some of the dock hands who saw the shooting recognized me."

Corrigan scratched his jaw and wondered if his usually care-free brother-in-arms was drunk at this time of the day. It puzzled Bucky. He forgot his own woes to trail along with Terry and hover within earshot when Willett underwent examination.

The police judge regarded him critically. Then he began to speak in the rapid-fire Spanish of the police examiner. Señor Willett on government contract, *no es verdad?* Ah, yes, there was no real necessity for his detention. They knew he hadn't done the shooting. It had been a woman, was it not so? A woman whom the stevedores could not identify satisfactorily.

Terry listened to him impassively and said nothing at all. He just stood there and reflected viciously that he ought to

ILLUSTRATED BY DONALD TEAGUE

The lash snapped and seared and flicked around his ribs. The man must have a wrist of steel, Terry thought

be jailed for being such a fool if for nothing else. Jumping off the Parajaibo with the thought that she might need help if a pinch should arise . . . fool—

The official began to frown. He had no particular use for Americans, anyhow. He demanded the name. He intimated, after due thought, that Terry's release might be obtained as soon as the police could bring the woman before witnesses. Yeah, a lot of greasy stevedores inspecting Allaire, jabbering guttural Spig, nodding lousy heads—Willett almost laughed.

"*No se nada,*" he stated definitely.

The examiner caressed his chin with thin, nervous brown fingers.

"You will be confined for further questioning. Indefinitely. You know that—"

Willett let out a deep breath.

"Yes, I know."

It was over. He was committed for hearing on a contempt-of-court charge, and a police guard took each arm.

Corrigan pushed his Irish mug into the picture as they started to lead him off.

"Say, you mean to say you didn't knock off the Spig? Listen, you dumb tramp, you can still make the Parajaibo. Say, I'll bet they'd even hold her another hour—"

Willett surveyed him gravely. Good old Bucky. Maybe he'd never seen a young girl face death, heard her sigh quiveringly—

"Never hold a boat," he advised. "Has a wet bottom."

Corrigan stared after him in amazement.

"If I get the next cell," he muttered, "I'll be as batty as he is." . . .

STANDING on the flat-topped roof of the Jockey Club near the Delermo flying field, Fox and Major Herrera trained field glasses on a silver plane, its wings tipped with the sun, as it circled higher and higher above the harbor channel.

A small steamer with thin black smoke filtering from her single funnel was waddling along on her way to open sea.

Higher that silver plane mounted. It seemed to hang motionless for a moment, and then began a long downward swoop.

Fox drew a breath. The major chattered expressively:

"*Por Dios,* she would fly alone. I insist politely. She is intent. *Qué hacer ahora,* Señor Fox . . . *Por Dios!*"

"Great Scott!" breathed Fox.

The plane swept down toward that scrubby little steamer like some attacking bird. Watchers saw it swing so close that for a breathless moment it appeared as though ship and plane were one. Fox could almost feel the rush of wind and hear the terrific roar of the motor as it flashed right over the wireless in a hair-raising swoop that must have scared the poor devils on the deck into fits.

Then it rose lazily in a long, graceful arc, circled briefly, and started back toward land, the sun glinting on its polished body.

Major Herrera was almost stuttering in his agitation.

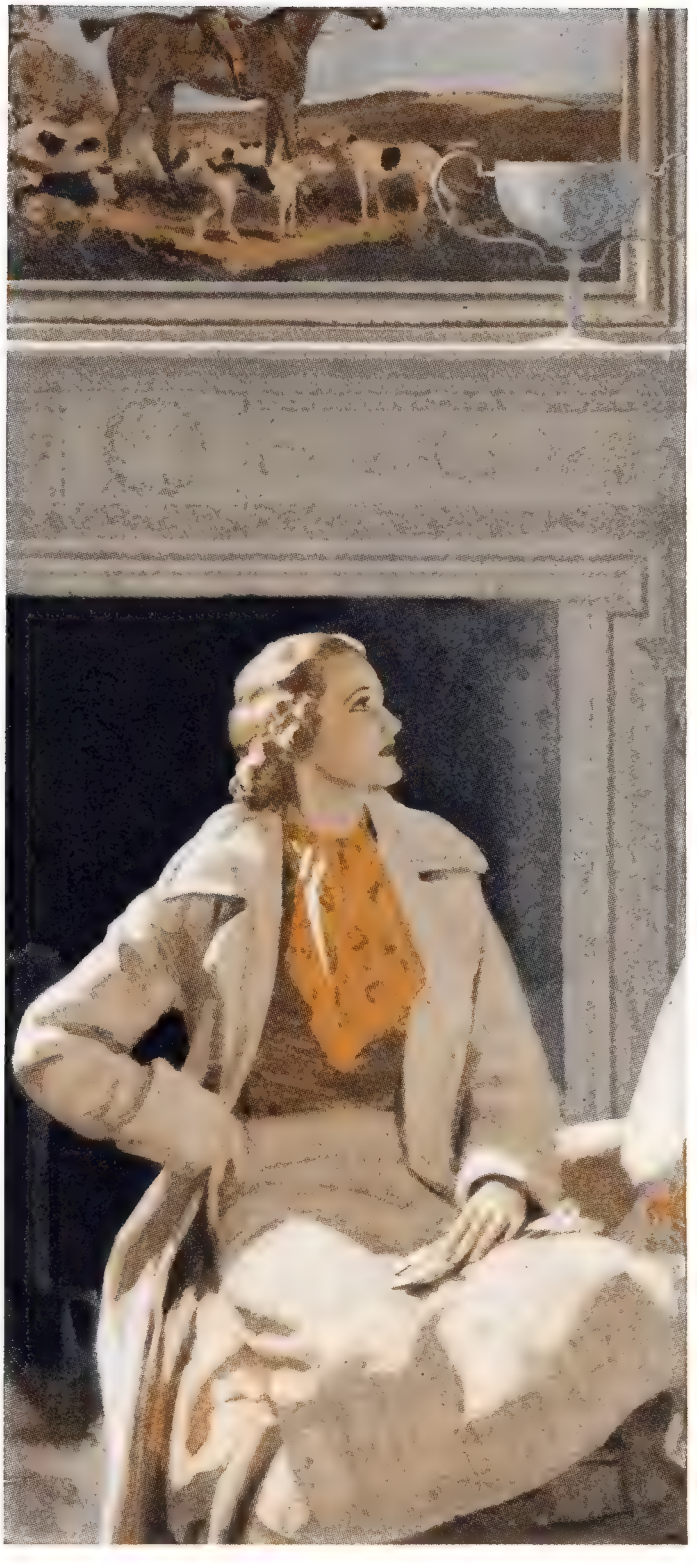
"Magnificent flying," he gasped. "But crazy—the police—*por Dios, esta prohibido,* Señor Fox. *Caramba!*"

Fox took the glasses from his eyes and stared into that wide, blue South American sky flecked by a speeding silver plane.

Crazy flying. *Si,* Señor Major. Back at the controls with a gesture of supreme challenge.

Action! The city was charged with it, and so were the legations.

Back at his legation, Fox learned that Ray West had accepted the Old Man's advice, and the American internationalists would sail immediately for New York via Vera Cruz.



All night long he worked. The President and his Cabinet were conferring behind locked doors at the Palace. Everybody was looking toward Propionoire. The atmosphere was lovely for a rest cure.

And the next day the streets and parks were thronged with people. Not concerted mobs, but a shuffling, restless tide of persons, yielding to police regulations with slow, putty-like resistance—a stream of molasses being pushed back by a broom.

Fox prayed for the hours to pass. The Vera Cruz ship was to sail at ten that night. And night, he thought, would never

Allaire's father watched her, somewhat perplexed. "What's come over you?" he demanded. "Something's got under your skin, that's sure"

come. At nine o'clock he called for Allaire at her hotel.

In the taxi he lit a cigarette and smoked furiously.

"I'm going to ask to be transferred. Or resign or something. Anyway, I'm going back to the States as soon as I see this rotten mess through."

"You wax emphatic," Allaire drawled lazily. "And your brow is somewhat fevered," she added, passing a hand over his forehead. "Mr. Fox, are you in love, perchance?"

"Mr. Fox," he admitted grimly, "is plenty in love."

"And what is Mr. Fox in love with, pray? His art?"

He said it quite calmly: "With you, sainted wench."

She tilted her head back and regarded him in mock estimation. "Very acceptable. Harvard man, athlete, extraordinarily good-looking, rising in the diplomatic service, with enough money to be an ambassador some day—truly a catch."

"Yes," he commented, "and what I'm catching now is nobody's business. Still," he added, considering, "I haven't been let down so easy since the time I was lowered into a cradle at the age of thirty days."

"Don't, George," she said, swiftly contrite. "I didn't mean it quite like that. But, oh, can't you see?—I don't want to talk about those things now. Not here, in this place. I've just found out I don't know what it's all about. I have to learn to stop crying for the moon."

"Well," he said, "that's settled, and I'll just have to hope you're still in circulation by the time I get back to the States. Gosh, that's a lot to expect."

The girl rested white chin on fist and stared at the top of an idly swinging satin slipper.

"I promise you," she said gently, "I will be." . . .

THE little window was seven feet above the floor and had two thick iron bars. A guinea pig would have had to pull in its stomach—

"Not a thing you can do, Bucky," Willett said. "They've turned you loose, but if you keep hanging around they might think better of it."

"Listen," interrupted Corrigan; "this talk is costing me money. What the hell is the matter with you? Come to, Terry; you've got a job to do."

"Did you find out what I asked you?"

"Yeah," said Corrigan. "The Americans have checked out on the Vera Cruz packet." He grunted. "I hope you know what you're doing."

It was raining outside, but the sickly gray light that came through the little window was enough to trace the grim line of unshaven jaw.

"Soft," muttered Willett. "Soft as dough."

"That guy at the Legation could have gotten you out of this lousy hole."

"I told you once," Willett said patiently, "the police would have tailed anybody I contacted, and I didn't want the Legation mixed up in this. The *policia* would have tailed you, too, except that they'd get sick of hanging around the Redmonte Bar."

"Well, all right," Corrigan agreed. "Now what?"

Willett sat down on his cot and twisted his hands together.

"They've given me a choice of three months or twenty lashes," he said flatly. "Hildez is going to pull through, so they've decided to wash me up on a contempt-of-court charge."

"Three months!" gasped Corrigan.

"No," Terry Willett said quietly. "Twenty lashes."

Bucky stared at him, flabbergasted. "You're a fool!"

"Maybe. But I can't stay here (*Continued on page 100*)

A nickels' worth of Love

By Matt Taylor

TOWARD the end of a sticky summer day in 1909, I was walking Broadway looking for Tyler McDonough. I remember the sun was hot, and my wide-brimmed straw was tight on my head and my high, stiff collar kept my chin in the air. I didn't like what I had to do, but I was working for Pete Latimer, and it was Pete's idea. He was making one-reel films in a refitted barn at Fort Lee, N. J., and he wanted Tyler McDonough to pose before the camera with Birdie Maxfield, the Cinescope Girl.

You won't remember Birdie unless you happened to be a kid in those days—a kid from the wrong side of the tracks with spare nickels in your pockets now and then to buy your way into an upstairs nickelodeon. Sometimes you got an ice cream soda, with Birdie on the side, for your nickel. You sat at a table in the back of a Greek confectionery shop and watched Birdie move jerkily across the screen in a dim half-light that was hard on the eyes.

If you remember Birdie at all, you remember her dimples. They were two distinct, startling points on either side of her pretty mouth, and they showed whenever she smiled, started to smile, or got ready for a smile. And that was pretty near all the time. Birdie smiled at the hero, at little children, and at birds and pets of all kinds. The rest of the time she registered fear, horror, repulsion. Then you noticed her eyes. They widened till you thought they'd burst. If you ever saw Birdie when she spied a Fort Lee Indian crawling through the grass you'd never forget her eyes.

But it was her smile—with dimples, of course—that won Birdie her start. Pete Latimer was sitting at a white-topped table one lunchtime when an arm came over his shoulder to put the wheat cakes and sirup in front of him It was a nice arm, and Pete let his glance travel upwards. Birdie smiled at him as she punched the check. Pete folded up his paper. "How'd you like to work in moving pictures?" he asked.

Birdie thought about it a while. "I got a good job here," she said.

"What do you make?"

"Two dollars—some days."

"I'll pay four," Pete said.

And that was how Birdie Maxfield got to be the Cinescope Girl back in 1909.

NOW this, I thought to myself as I walked Broadway looking for Tyler McDonough, was as it should be. But McDonough was different. He was an actor—a leading man with a future ahead of him on the stage. Real actors didn't work in the movies those days. They left that for tramps and ex-circus clowns.

I hoped that McDonough wouldn't get sore when he heard what Latimer wanted He was Scotch-Irish and quick-tempered, and he had a build like Jim Corbett.

I tried his hotel first, and then a few theatrical offices I didn't leave word; I just looked in. McDonough wouldn't want people to know about this. I waited for the crowd to come out of Hammerstein's; I stopped at Churchill's, at Rector's, and at the Green Room Club I loafed half an hour at the Knickerbocker Bar McDonough wasn't anywhere

My hopes began to rise. I decided to make still another try at the hotel before I went back and reported to Pete Latimer

Maybe Pete had come to his senses by this time, I thought. Maybe he had realized McDonough would never stoop to moving pictures I had tried to tell Pete this, but he wouldn't listen.

"He's stony," he said. "You hear it all along the line It's that Wymond girl. McDonough's been playing the society circuit—and that takes jack."

Of course, I'd heard the story. It was all over town that McDonough was making a fool of himself over this Isabelle Wymond. He could turn the heads of ten thousand matinée girls, he got mash notes galore when he was working—but he had to go head over heels about Miss Wymond. She was society, and out of his class, and he should have known it. She was the daughter of Tom Wymond, who had made a few millions in copper out West. But the report was that McDonough had passed up a season of summer stock to be near her, and was pretty near broke trying to keep up the pace.

He had to keep up, they said. If he didn't there were a lot of others ready to take his place. Brooks Ladd, for one. Young Ladd was around town quite a lot. He had a big home in New Jersey, and a fancy runabout, and he was one of the big spenders at Saratoga. He was stiff competition for a young leading man. Especially in the lean months between seasons.

I knew all this, but I knew, too, that Tyler McDonough was an actor, and an actor has more pride than is good for him.

"He'd never work in moving pictures," I told Pete. "He'd shovel dirt first."

"Get him over here," Pete growled. "Or tell him I'll see him at the Clarendon tonight."

I had another argument left. "What do you want actors for?" I asked. "I

Isabelle Wymond came in with Tyler McDonough. Her face was flushed, her dark eyes flashed

FULL-COLOR ILLUSTRATION IN WATER COLOR BY FLOYD DAVIS

can find you a good-looking youngster in Union Square."

"Nix!" he snapped. "No more tramps."

"At the nickelodeons they don't care. We can pick 'em off park benches. When they made *The Great Train Robbery*—"

"You're dumb, kiddo! There's dough to be made in this game. More dough than you ever saw at the track. Look at these nickelodeons and store shows! They want films, don't they? And pretty soon they'll want films with real actors!"

I gave in then. But I smiled to myself. So I was dumb! Why, Pete was so dumb he didn't know enough to cash in on a fad and get out. The wise ones were giving Mr. Edison's invention a year or so to live. Mr. Edison, with his peep-show Kinetoscope, had started something that was just about ready to die. But Pete couldn't see it. He talked about the Eden Musée, and the crowds that came to watch the moving pictures they were showing there. You couldn't tell him the wax works would be packing 'em in at the Eden Musée after moving pictures were forgotten.

I gave a sigh as I went into McDonough's hotel. I hoped I wouldn't find him. But there he was—right in front of me.

He was dressed for the evening. In his swallowtails and silk topper he was a giant of a man. A handsome giant. His face was broad, his dark eyes deep-

set, and his lips full and quick to smile. His hair was a little long. It curled out from beneath his hat. Sauntering through the lobby with his gold-topped cane under his arm, he caught your eye and held it. He had the swagger of a barnstorming actor, but he had a lot more besides. Stability. Confidence. He'd be a star, with the right run of luck.

But I had to go through with it. I stepped up and said good evening.

He turned and nodded. "And how are things at the track, Jed?" he asked.

"I'm not at the track any more. I'm with Pete Latimer. At Fort Lee, you know. He makes moving pictures."

He gave a laugh. "If I were you," he said, "I'd keep that dark."

I TOUCHED his arm as he turned away. "Pete Latimer wants to see you, Mr. McDonough. Tonight, at the Clarendon. He—"

"See me? What does Latimer want of me?"

I forced a smile. "He wants you to work in pictures. With Birdie Maxfield. He said—"

For just a moment I was afraid he was going to reach out and grab me. But suddenly he laughed, and looked around the lobby.

"Joe! Eddie!" he called. "Come over here."

They crowded around. They knew McDonough was good for a laugh when he wanted to be. He looked them all over, and turned pompous.

"Big news!" he announced loudly. "Tyler McDonough has been offered a part. A big part in support of that great actress, Birdie Maxfield! Tyler McDonough will positively appear at every nickelodeon on the Bowery!"

They laughed. They shouted. "Birdie Maxfield!" someone sang out. "The restaurant tragedienne!" They slapped me on the shoulder. "Belasco'll turn green, Jed," they told me.

I squirmed. "It ain't my fault," I said weakly. "Pete Latimer—"

McDonough laughed again. "Skidoo!" he said. "Go tell Pete Latimer to go to hell."

So I went and gave Pete the whole story. He was down for a minute, but not much longer. Pete was born for the moving picture business—he was that optimistic. He had a new financial backer in tow, anyway, he said. It didn't take much to make those early one-reelers, but you had to have money to fight the patent infringement lawsuits. Pete was going to dinner with his prospective bank roll, and I was to trail along.

"Look wise and say nothing," Pete warned me. "Maybe we can land him."

Pete must have thought the chances were pretty good, because we went to Delmonete's. Pete talked a lot of nonsense about the future of the moving picture, and how some day they'd be making three-reel films, and maybe even five-reelers. I sat back and looked the place over. And all of a sudden I saw Tyler McDonough marching across the floor with Isabelle Wymond on his arm.

Seeing her like this, I didn't blame McDonough much. With bared shoulders white as ivory above a low black gown, and a haughty tilt to her finely molded chin, she stood out in that roomful of beauties. Her face was flushed, her dark eyes flashed, her smile lingered here and there at the important tables. Under the great hanging chandeliers the diamonds on her fingers and wrists, and those in the great brooch at her breast, gave off sparks you could see across the room.

ONE look at McDonough told the story. He leaned across the table as eager as a kid. She smiled and touched her hair lightly with her hand. It was rich brown hair and it rose in a rounded pompadour from her brow, smooth and soft and thick.

Pete Latimer asked me a few questions and I had to say yes a couple of times for the prospect's benefit. And when I turned to look back, McDonough was standing stiffly, and young Brooks Ladd was bending over Isabelle. He was pointing to a large, noisy table in the corner. I saw McDonough smile and shake his head and signal to a waiter. The three of them sat down, and the waiter brought champagne. McDonough seemed alert, on guard. Ladd talked rapidly, with broad gestures.

They were still there when we left. McDonough was still frowning; Ladd was still talking. Isabelle sat between them like a queen. Half the room was stealing glances at her. She seemed to love it.

We put Pete's prospect in a cab, and he shook hands and said he would give

McDonough quit when Pete asked him to help paint some scenery. "I am an actor!" he thundered

our proposition his consideration. Pete and I looked at each other and sighed. We both knew it was just a fancy way of saying no.

But you couldn't keep Pete down. On the way back to the hotel he got an idea for a scenario, and I had to go up to his room and help him write it. I had to come back the next afternoon, so that we could finish it. Pete was foolish that way—he'd waste two whole days writing a scenario.

IT MUST have been five o'clock that afternoon when there was a knock at the door. Pete yelled, "Who is it?" and in walked Tyler McDonough.

He was as handsome as ever. His shoulders were padded a little, and his double-breasted coat hung straight to his hips. He tipped back a straw that had a striped band, twirled a walking stick up under his arm, and nodded at both of us.

"You wanted to see me?" he said with a smile.

Pete tried to frown. But you could see he was pleased as Punch. "You ran Jed out of the hotel yesterday," he grumbled.

McDonough laughed and shrugged. He was being honest about it. "I haven't changed," he said. "But circumstances have." He gave a dry smile. "Fireboy, in the fourth at Saratoga, was a lemon."

"Fireboy?" I said sharply. "You should have known better. He was a long shot."

"That's why I played him," he answered. "I was trying to turn two hundred into two thousand. I need money to tide me over the summer."

I watched him closely. Pete had been right, after all. He had gambled his roll for a place in Isabelle Wymond's world, and now he had come to us.

"What's your price, Tyler?" Pete asked quietly.

He named a figure that made me gasp and Pete whistle. But instead of telling him to go sleep it off, Pete only said, "That's pretty steep, isn't it?"

"I'm only doing this for money. And I quit before Labor Day. I've got to get to Saratoga for the close of the season."

Pete grinned. "I can make plenty film before Labor Day," he said.

McDonough raised his hand. "Another thing," he said. "I won't work under my right name. I want this kept quiet."

"I want you, not your name," Pete said. He stood up and thrust his hands deep in his pockets. A cigarette drooped in his lips and his eyes were half closed. He looked Tyler McDonough over and smiled. "You and Birdie Maxfield!" he said softly. "What a pair! The great lovers of the screen!"

"A nickel's worth of love, eh?" McDonough smiled when he said it. But I knew what this meant to him. If it got out, he was licked. He couldn't expect a girl like Isabelle Wymond to look at a hoodlum moving-picture actor. A popular leading man of the theater was different. Neither could he expect the managers to be eager to cast him if they found out.

Pete stepped forward and put out his hand. "Is it a deal?" he asked.

Their hands met and clasped. "It's a deal," McDonough said. "But mum's the word."

I walked with him down the hall to the elevator. He still swaggered. "Maybe you won't mind it, Mr. McDonough," I said.

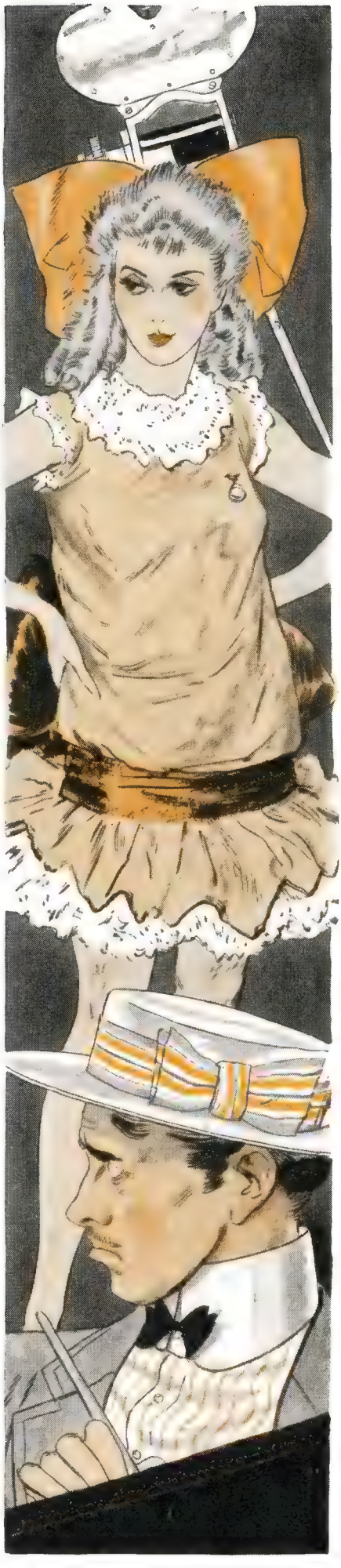
He grinned. "If you want something bad enough," he said, "you don't mind anything." He gave a little laugh. "Not even Birdie Maxfield," he said. . . .

YOU took the ferry to Fort Lee and you walked or rode a trolley up the long hill. A crowd of youngsters saw you coming, and they ran to meet you, crowded 'round, and trailed you. They weren't hero worshipers in those days. They jeered and laughed and yelled, "Handsome Harry!" and "Oh, you kid!" Even grown-ups stopped to smile pityingly at you.

This was what I rescued McDonough from that first morning. The kids scattered when they saw me, and I took his arm and led him inside. He slammed the door behind him.

"Young scalawags," I said, smiling at him.

He nodded darkly and looked around. I suppose his first look was a sort of surprise. The place wasn't much bigger than a good-sized drawing-room. There was hammering and shouting going on, and in the center of the floor a comedy company was working. A (*Continued on page 94*)



"Just fancy!" chirped Birdie. Then she turned to me. "An easy-chair for Mr. Edwin Booth," she called

We've Got

ROTOFOTOS

The new jazz . . . simple, understandable . . . tickles the feet . . . touches the heart

FORTY millions of us, more or less—young, old, bedridden, blind, the gay in crowded night clubs, the lonely in mountain cabins, sailors at sea, motorists on the road, millionaires, paupers, preachers, gangsters—listen or dance nightly to the tantalizing tunes of jazz.

It is not, however, the jazz of war days and of pre-Repeal. The new music in the air is a jazz de luxe—romance with a golden glitter and the zip of a motorcar age.

Astute business men with ears attuned to the popular taste are wielding the batons. Under their leadership jazz has emerged from the depression as an industry of dignity and influence, worthy of being ranked with the biggest of our industrial giants.

Probably 150,000 professional musicians and 15,000 orchestras and bands, scattered the nation over, are employed in the manufacture of its product. Radio, hotels, restaurants, night clubs, society, the phonograph companies, the movies, the theater, all contribute to the growing income and magnitude of the new industry. Earnings of the twenty leading bands in 1934 probably exceeded $7,000,000. Waring's, alone, grossed $1,000,000—a record figure.

Today there are nineteen bands that are paid $1,000 or more—mostly more—every time they appear before a microphone, usually for a half-hour performance. Wayne King, famous for his waltz music, makes five broadcasts weekly at $1,500 each. Waring's Pennsylvanians receive $5,000, or $166.66 per minute. Paul Whiteman, King of Jazz, is paid $4,000; Ben Bernie, under a five-year contract, gets $4,000; Guy Lombardo and his Royal Canadians get $3,500. And the trend in price is up.

Business agents whose specialty is orchestra management number several hundred in New York alone. One of them, Meyer Davis, controls upward of 100 bands in busy seasons, with an annual payroll approximating $4,000,000. The Music Corporation of America operates on an equal scale—its bands

By William S. Dutton

range from coast to coast. In music publishing today it is the Big Name bands and not the stars of the stage that make most of the outstanding song hits.

Take, for example, a recent tour by Waring's Pennsylvanians. During six days in Boston they received 8,562 telephone calls. In Philadelphia 15,000 people jammed Convention Hall, while 3,500 others struggled vainly to get in. In Milwaukee 8,000 paid 75 cents each to attend a dance, and so packed the hall that the floor broke in three places. A truckmen's strike was on in Minneapolis, the city was under martial law, its food supply was threatened, but after 5,000 people had been turned away at Waring's opening night show his name held first place in the newspaper headlines next morning.

In six weeks nearly 600,000 persons attended the orchestra's performances, setting new theater records in Boston, Buffalo, Minneapolis, Chicago, and Detroit.

IN THE past, great conductors have had their followings, composers and musicians have been wildly acclaimed, but the acclaim has been largely that of a class. The new jazz and its gods know no class, no age, no boundary lines. The music of the new and very businesslike Jazzland is alike the music of Park Avenue and of Main Street.

And it is a simple, an understandable, a "sweet" music, something that not only tickles the feet but also touches the heart. Melody ripples once more through the rhythm of our dance music. The "hot stuff" is growing less hot and the "hot bands" less popular.

A few leaders with courage, talent, and an ability to combine music with business are responsible in great part for the change—they and the voice of Main Street. It is poetic justice, perhaps, that the principal two of these leaders, Paul Whiteman and Rudy Vallee, were practically outcasts of the old-type jazz order.

To understand the new de luxe variety of jazz it is necessary first to understand the old.

One night in 1916 five ebony-hued musicians from New Orleans took their places on the orchestra platform of Reisenweber's Café, in New York, and with infectious white-toothed grins proceeded to unleash a style of music that made the wildest ragtime seem tame. The music had no melody of which to speak, the players had no scores, and they never played the same number twice in the same manner. Through the noisy blares of the trombone and the panting moans of the saxophone there beat an irresistible rhythm, savage, junglelike. It made people want to dance. It took them out of themselves. It intoxicated, made it hard to sit still.

Boldly lettered on the booming gut of the bass drum was the name, "Original Dixieland Jazz Band."

Jazz had come to New York. By the war's end in 1918 it was to take the city and nation by storm.

Where jazz started is uncertain—probably in the African jungle centuries ago. Of the origin of its name, the least said the better. As soon as it was heard, musical purists disowned it, reformers denounced it, but not even the broad Atlantic was broad enough to halt its course. It swept into Europe, on to Singapore and Shanghai, to Sydney and Melbourne.

Negro jazz bands sprang up like mushrooms. In high schools and colleges white boys took up the saxophone, symbol instrument of jazz, and organized jazz orchestras. One of the first big talking-picture successes was Al Jolson in *The Jazz Singer*.

BUT everybody did not like jazz, even apart from the classicists and reformers—for one, an obscure musician in Denver, where he was known chiefly for his bulk. He weighed over 300 pounds, and his name was Paul Whiteman.

Whiteman had been with the Denver Symphony Orchestra but he aspired to something more lively. He sought and was given a trial by one of the hot jazz bands, his object being a job. He didn't get the job. Bluntly and finally he was told that he "couldn't jazz" and that his idea of jazz was all wrong. In disgust he packed up and went to New York.

Broadway was not even aware of his coming. However, here and there he found musicians who reflected his own views. Jazz was rhythm, yes, but rhythm without melody. It appealed only to the feet; to the ear it was pandemonium. Whiteman assembled an orchestra made up of musicians who, like himself, could not jazz.

He applied to jazz the methods of symphony, to his orchestra the discipline of a drillmaster, to his programs all the wiles of a showman. And he gambled every dime he owned that he was right.

In the height of the winter season of 1924 he hired Aeolian Hall, one of Manhattan's palaces of music. Invitations were sent to every person of prominence in music, literature, and the theater, and, fearful that his distinguished guests would not come, he sent out twice as many invitations (*Cont'd on page 126*)

Land of

In Mexico, brilliant with colors of a vanished civilization, our young world traveler finds the new and old woven into fantastic pattern. Life is for a day and heaven is close

FOR a long time I could see nothing but the haloed flames of the candles and the glint of the gold reredos, ricocheting off the stained-glass windows. Then the pupils of my eyes widened and the long row of pews welled up, building shadows against the columns of dust that whirled in the light from the far-away door. On the altar steps figures were kneeling, heads down. Near me a woman in black was reciting an old prayer, so familiar that even in Spanish I caught the words:

"Hail, holy queen, mother of mercy, our life, our sweetness, and our hope, to thee we cry, poor, banished children of Eve . . . to thee we send up our sighs, mourning and weeping in this valley of tears. . . ."

Above me the vaulted ceiling changed shades of darkness in preparation for night. A nun came from the sacristy and looked at the light before the Blessed Sacrament. Faintly, as if on tiptoe, the smell of incense crept into my nostrils. Beside me the woman continued to pray:

"St. Michael, the archangel, defend us in battle . . . be our protection against the malice and snares of the devil. . . ."

Down the long aisle a gust of wind swept, scattering the dust columns. People began to come in for the vesper service.

I looked at them enviously, coveting their peace. They walked quietly, gracefully; they knelt forward, heads down. They did not seem aware that they were praying in the largest cathedral on the North American continent, in the heart of Mexico City, on the spot where the Aztecs found an eagle sitting on a cactus plant with a rattlesnake in his claws. Beneath them, somewhere in the mud of gone centuries, the first Aztec temple lay, mute and forgotten. Behind them, kneeling back with his chin in his hands, was a troubled-looking young American who had come into the Church of Asunción de Maria Santisima to collect his thoughts.

And the thoughts were, that afternoon, hard to collect. So far as I could ascertain, they had been scattered in a fog even the second day out from Havana, when I turned blithely from the ship rail and walked aft to look at the setting sun. Before I had taken half a dozen steps everything in my legs ran out through my shoes and a great heat entered my head.

Since that moment, I had walked and talked and eaten and slept and traveled, yet now I remembered the passing events only vaguely, somewhat as a dream is remembered. There was the customs shed at Vera Cruz, Mexico, with the porters shouting and running and the heat rolling in from the jungle like a wave, and my typewriter lost and my bags opened and pulled apart by large brown hands. There was the city of Vera Cruz, with its white buildings steaming in the sun and its natives laughing tolerantly at the tourists and offering fruit for sale. There were the two old men playing cards on the platform while people climbed over and about them, and there was the railroad agent who wiped his brow and said that everyone would get a seat on the train if everyone would shut up and let him think for just one minute.

There was the train, quietly waiting to begin its 400-mile trek to Mexico City, ready to climb 8,000 feet through gorges and ravines and over mountains and dead volcanoes. There were the tourists who had come with me on the boat, sitting on their baggage, laughing and chewing mangoes. There was my head, bursting; and there were my legs, rattling.

It was the kind of heat that blasts

Tomorrow

By Thomas Sugrue

ILLUSTRATED BY LEO RACKOW

everything into silence and torpor, sending snakes slithering from their rocks in quest of shade. I could feel every atom of my skin seething with liquid fire. Movement was the only remedy, and the rhythm of the train against the rails, when we started, was like a shower of rain.

"Hot," the old man sitting next to me said.

He was a nice old man, but I wanted very much to kill him and dismember his body and cast it to the four winds that were not blowing. All the way he talked, for twelve and three-quarters hours.

YET, for all that, it was a beautiful journey, probably the equal of any 400 miles in the world for variety, drama, and natural artistry. Every sort of geography which God, in His infinite wisdom, saw fit to create for the edification of man, was contained in it somewhere. First there was the jungle, with the heat creeping from it ominously and the matted vegetation dreaming quietly. Then came the slopes, and Paso del Macho, where the real climb begins. We changed engines there, getting an electric locomotive that had no terror of grades. The inhabitants came to the station in a body to observe the operation, and while it was going on offered everything they had for sale, including fruit, baskets, serapes, cigars, totem-pole walking sticks, sandals, belts, sombreros, tamales, tortillas, tequila, guitars, and raw sugar cane.

"Wonder if they're Aztecs," the old man wondered.

I didn't care. I wanted only to move, to feel rhythm. Pretty soon we began to climb, and finally we roared over the San Alejo bridge, 318 feet long, and swept into the mountains. Sometimes I could see the locomotive ahead, twisting like a caterpillar on a leaf; sometimes there was nothing but a gorge, leaping downward thousands of feet. The train skirted waterfalls, passed through tunnels, swept by tobacco and pineapple plantations and mango and banana groves. In less than 50 miles we climbed 5,000 feet, and the old man was breathless with wonder.

At Orizaba we stopped again, and everyone, exclusive of me, got off and exercised. In the background Mount Orizaba, snow-capped, took no notice.

"Second highest peak on the continent," the old man said when he returned to his seat. "Second only to McKinley."

"So was Teddy Roosevelt," I thought, but I was too sick to say it.

Evening had come with the clarity of dusk. That I remembered, for the air was like a cold towel around my head. In the distance Popocatepetl and Ixtacihuatl, the great volcanic peaks, pulled in their clouds for the night and showed white summits. The old man told me that Popocatepetl was pronounced with the accent on the "te."

"They call the other one 'Sleeping Woman,'" he said. "It means that."

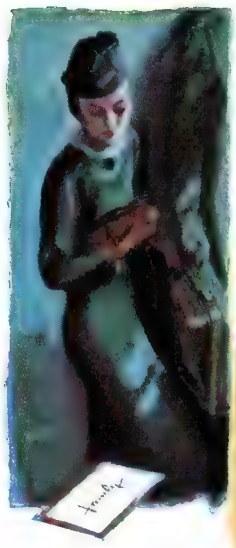
A long pause.

"Looks like it, too, doesn't it?"

A chill crept into the car and people put on coats. We swept down on Mexico City in ulsters and panama hats. The last hour was the longest. Everyone was quiet. Then a sickening lurch and we were in the station. It was bedlam, and I was lost. I pulled a card from my wallet which the librarian of the ship had given me. I could, she had said, get a room at the address. A man dragged me to a car with a sign, "Libre," on the windshield and I told him the address, in English. He smiled and shook his head. Wearily I translated: *Avenido Obregon, noventa y ocho.*

It was a nice (*Continued on page 151*)

Not Interested



Dusty

Penny

THE only one in the family who didn't act horrified about Rhoda's elopement was Penny. Perhaps that was because Penny was seventeen. Perhaps it was because she was tously-copper-haired and blue-eyed, and slim and taut and as eager about life as a honeybee. Perhaps it was just because she was Penny. Anyway, she insisted that to her the elopement was no shock

Trying to be helpful to her stunned elders, she explained with great simplicity that she had hunched it all along. And then Penny said, facing them all at the breakfast table, "I don't think we ought to think so much about Rhoda. I think we ought to think about Charlie. He's the one that's taking it on the chin."

Her reference to Charlie was ignored.

"If you knew about it," wailed Penny's mother, "then why on earth didn't you tell us?"

Penny couldn't answer that one; she couldn't even try. If the rest of them hadn't seen, they wouldn't see now.

Naturally she wouldn't have told on Rhoda, even if she had known; and she certainly hadn't known a thing. It was just that she had watched Rhoda, whom she adored—because Rhoda, who was twenty-one, was the loveliest thing on earth, and just gorgeous and a dear and sweeter than pie—it was simply that Penny had watched Rhoda going quietly and privately insane.

Penny didn't need a blueprint. All she needed was eyes and ears.

First, the wedding was three weeks away, and then it was two weeks away, and then it was a week away. And all the time Rhoda was looking more and more strained and making the funniest answers to the simplest questions—or else, which was worse, not hearing the questions at all. She was making much too much fuss over Charlie, too; not like the fuss you make over somebody you're crazy to marry, but more like the fuss you make over somebody in the hospital who doesn't know he's going to die, but you do. And whenever Eric appeared, which was only once in a while, Rhoda would ignore him completely, much too completely—except in little split-seconds of hurried time, when their eyes would catch and hold imperceptibly, and then rip themselves painfully apart.

THE wedding presents kept coming in. The caterers were engaged. The flowers were ordered. The bridesmaids' dresses—all alike but in different pastels—were delivered and fitted and raved over. The hats followed them, just loves of hats, perfectly cockeyed and perfectly ravishing. Rhoda opened the presents and goofed the requisite amount of goof over them; then very methodically she pasted numbers on them and catalogued them in her present-book and acknowledged them, one by one. But it really wasn't Rhoda who was doing that, Penny knew. It was Rhoda's ghost.

Then it was four days before the wedding, and then three days.

Now it was two days before the wedding—only, there wasn't going to be any wedding. A frenzied telephone call had brought Penny's older brother George and Lou, his wife, from the other side of town. The dining-room, ordinarily quiet and cosy in the early morning sunlight, fairly seethed with Parkers, all of whom, Penny now discovered, were peering at her as if she were a conspirator or something. Everywhere she looked there were eyes boring into hers: her grandmother's eyes, her father's, her mother's, George's, Lou's—even the eyes of Martha, the maid.

Penny wolfed a forkful of scrambled

FULL-COLOR ILLUSTRATION IN OIL BY CARL MUELLER

By Gerald Mygatt

eggs. Then, the eggs properly disposed of, she said slowly and carefully, "I didn't know a thing about it—honest, Moms. What I said—I just *hunched* it. But if Dusty's happy—"

"I wish you wouldn't call her 'Dusty,'" Penny's mother said unhappily, obviously for want of anything else to say.

"Why not?" said Penny. "Everybody does. I think it's cute. Anyway, if she's happy, what else do we have to worry about—except Charlie?"

"How about letting Charlie do his own worrying?" George suggested snappishly. "If he wasn't man enough to hold her, that's his funeral—not ours."

"I still don't see," said Penny, "what we're all arguing about. It's done, isn't it? Anyway, I read in a magazine that you should never eat eggs when you're upset. They curdle or something—inside you, I mean."

With avidity she wolfed another forkful of Martha's excellent scrambled eggs.

Penny's mother was saying that it wasn't Charlie's fault. Nor Rhoda's, really.

"How was it anybody's fault?" inquired Penny. "If Dusty and Eric were in love with each other—"

"How could they be," demanded her father, "when she was engaged to Charlie?" He accompanied his question with a glare.

Penny devoured a crisp, thin slice of toast, realizing that a reply would be futile. Over a long period of years, or what seemed to her a long period of years, she had learned that grown people were funny when it came to simple facts. Apparently grown people didn't like facts. As if Rhoda would have eloped with Eric without being so desperately in love with him that nothing else mattered!

"Two days before the wedding!" murmured Penny's mother. "That's what I can't forgive."

George said to his father, "We'll have to draft a statement for the newspapers."

"And send the presents back," said Lou. "We'll have to send every last present back."

"Two days before the wedding!" repeated Penny's mother.

"That's certainly better than two days after the wedding," said Penny.

"Penelope, you're being impertinent," stated her father, glowering.

"I'm not, Dad—truly. I mean, I don't mean to be. Only, you see—well, I think Dusty did the right thing. I mean, it must have been terrible for her—"

The dining-room fairly seethed with Parkers, all of whom were peering at Penny as if she were a conspirator

"I hope so," put in Penny's grandmother dourly.

"Well, it must have been," persisted Penny. "I mean, she was crazy about Charlie and didn't want to hurt him, but she was in love with Eric. If she had the guts to do it—"

"Penelope!" All the eyes were focused upon Penny now; each individual eye, two to a person.

"It was romantic," blared Penny defiantly.

"Romantic! So that's it!" said Penny's father. He made noises in his throat. "That's all you get out of a busted-up wedding—it's romantic."

Penny had read somewhere—she couldn't remember where—that in any crisis, where people were angry, there had to be a visible and tangible goat; something or somebody the people could lay their tongues and hands on, something or somebody the people could be mad at and bawl out. Well, she was being the goat for Rhoda—or for Rhoda and Eric, or for Eric, if Eric really was to blame. So Penny said demurely to Martha, the maid, "Martha, please, some more eggs and some more toast, and another cup of coffee, please. And, George, will you push the marmalade this way so I can reach it?" She busied herself with the marmalade, but what she was thinking was that it really was romantic and that the others were wrong and she was right.

COMING down first to breakfast, the way Penny had, and finding the sealed letter on the table, the envelope inscribed mysteriously in Rhoda's familiar handwriting—that in itself had been romantic. And it was queer, the minute Penny saw the letter her heart jumped, and she knew what it was going to say. It was addressed, succinctly and inclusively, "Family." Naturally, Penny had ripped it open, gulped its contents.

They were as brief, comparatively, as the inscription on the envelope:

Sorry, people, but I can't think of any other way. I've been so afraid of hurting Charlie and everybody else that I'm frantic. But I know I'm doing the right thing. By the time you get this, Eric and I will be married. Somebody please tell Charlie, which I couldn't possibly. I'll telegraph where we are when we know where we're going to be. Please be a nice family and forgive me for gumming things, and cheer hooray. Love—

RHODA

First, Penny had gawped at the letter, her eyes wide, her mouth open. Then, reading it again, she had begun to catch the import of it: Dusty and Eric fleeing out into the night; the pain in Dusty's heart, and the desperate happiness; Charlie left holding the bag. And then the other angles had come tumbling helter-skelter into her consciousness:

The shock to her family. The scandal. The whisperings. The newspapers. The wedding presents. The engraved invitations. The bridesmaids' dresses and the flowers and the champagne and the food. Everything all balled up and gone haywire! . . . Parker girl leaves groom at altar! Society beauty, recent débutante, kicks conventions over the moon! Rhoda Parker, popular daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Melod T. Parker, of Eastmeadow Heights. . . .

Oh, it was just going to be terrible!

But through it all Penny felt a sweet feeling of triumph, of pride in Rhoda's nerve. For what Rhoda had done had taken nerve, and plenty; nerve and a surety of the worth-whileness of love. Even if nobody was particularly keen about Eric, it didn't matter as long as Rhoda was sure of him and of the way she felt about him. That was all that counted—one's sureness about love.

Poor Charlie! Always, ever since she

Penny darted across the street and caught Charlie's arm. "Dad wants to see you"

was thirteen, Penny had been rooting for Charlie with Rhoda. Since time immemorial Charlie had been—but now he wouldn't be one, would he? Now he wouldn't be a brother. It was only when she thought of that that Penny became conscious of a smarting and a moisture in her eyes.

Martha, the maid, stalked into the dining-room, bearing the breakfast plates.

"When," said Penny severely, "when did you find this letter, Martha?"

"It was lying on the table when I come down."

Penny marched upstairs with the letter. First she went to Rhoda's room, finding it vacant, unslept-in, a little more disorderly, perhaps, than usual. Hm-m—yes, Dusty's suitcase and week-end bag were gone! Wait a minute—yes, her tweed suit and her gray coat were gone—yes, and her blue taffeta and her black crêpe and her knit sports suit! All gone. And Dusty herself was gone. Gone!

In a sort of panic Penny raced to her father's and mother's room, banged at the door, burst in, showed them the letter. First they blinked at it, then they peered at it, then they clutched at it, rattling it. Then they began to talk, to each other, to themselves, to Penny, to nobody at all. Then they began running around. Grandmother, who ordinarily had breakfast in bed, was hustled downstairs. George and Lou were summoned.

And now, here at the breakfast table, all the Parkers sat and scowled, and made threats and grumbled and made cracks—and totally ignored the most excellent scrambled eggs and toast and marmalade that Martha was passing around. All except Penny, who was demanding seconds.

PENNY'S father now called for attention. He whipped a notebook from his pocket, ripped pages out of it, began writing on them. "Wait!" he said, and lifted his hand. Then presently he handed a page to Penny's mother. "That's yours, Em. Cancel minister, church, flowers, music, caterer. Got it?"

"Y-yes," said Penny's mother, studying the memorandum.

He wrote again, tossed a page to Lou. "You take care of the invitations, Lou. Use the telephone. That's what it's for." He turned to Penny's grandmother and said, "Mother, you work with Lou. Divide the list. You use this phone and she'll use hers. Don't give anybody any information. Just tell 'em the wedding's postponed, and then hang up. They'll find out soon enough."

Penny was thinking that her father, when he got human, was really pretty darned good. She felt a little warm toward him. He was efficient.

"George?"

"Yes, sir."

"You and I, George, will handle the newspapers. Drive down to the office with me and we'll dope out a statement. Then you can take it around."

"Yes, sir."

"Anything else that anybody can think of?" Penny's father now inquired.

"Charlie," said Penny. "Who's going to tell Charlie?"

Penny's father scribbled, flipped a bit of paper toward her. On the paper it said: "Penelope: Notify Charlie."

"But, Dad, I'm supposed to be at school. I'm over an hour late now."

"You've ducked school before. Duck it today. I'll cover you with an excuse, or your mother will. You notify Charlie."

"But, Dad, honestly—"

"Lou," said Penny's father, "you notify Charlie."

"No," said Penny hotly; "I will."

"I think I'd better," suggested Penny's mother.

"No," said Penny, becoming grim; "I will."

"But, Penelope!" gasped her mother.

"I'll do it," Penny insisted.

PENNY had dressed for school, naturally, in a sweater-and-skirt outfit, but now she went upstairs and changed her dress. She put on a tweed, which matched her tweed coat, and the hat that went with it. Her final glance at the mirror pleased her, and she felt almost equal to her task. Then she took a street-car and dropped off at Charlie's office.

Her heart was in her throat, because she was terribly fond of Charlie. Since little-girlhood she had looked up to him, first as a sort of tawny-haired god and then as Dusty's nicest and steadiest and most persistent suitor, and then at long length as Dusty's honest-to-goodness fiancé. It was going to be such fun having Charlie in the family, genuinely and permanently in the family; a real brother, not a grumpy, self-important brother like George. Why, Charlie's being in the family was just going to make all the difference in the world! It wasn't simply that Charlie was tall and manhandsome in his own half-homely way; it wasn't simply that he possessed a slow infectious smile and a quick infectious laugh; it was mostly, Penny had decided many, many times, that he was so very gentle and easy to get along with—and even when he was mad, which Penny had seen him a couple of times, he never got blah-mad the way George did.

And then there was another thing, really a more private thing, because it only seemed to work between Penny and Charlie, and not with anybody else and Charlie, not even Dusty; Charlie never had to be explained to. Whatever you thought or did or didn't do, he knew it without your telling him, practically. If you tried to explain to him, his eyes would twinkle, or he would scowl or whatever the set-up called for, and he would tell you back almost before you started.

Penny well recollected the day when she had tried to confess to Charlie—it was not more than six or seven months past—about the time she had let Red Hedden pet her on the way home from

that country club dance. Penny had had to spill her soul to somebody, to rationalize a performance that had disturbed and upset her vastly, and naturally Charlie was elected.

Penny remembered saying humbly to Charlie, "There's—there's something I want to tell you about—I mean ask you about. I mean you're a man and everything. I rode home from the dance with Red." She hesitated.

Charlie grinned. "Pet?" he inquired uncannily.

"How did you know?"

"I'm psychic," said Charlie, still grinning. Then: "Sort of felt gummy afterwards, Pen?"

"Y-yes, sort of. I mean—"

"How many glasses of punch?" Charlie inquired.

"All evening? Two or three. Maybe four. I don't know."

"Forget it," said Charlie kindly. "Try next time without any punch at all, and see what doesn't happen. Red won't even make a pass."

THE dickens of it was that, obeying Charlie, Penny had tried the experiment—and Red hadn't. . . . Things like that, all sorts of things, years of them. No wonder she thought a lot of Charlie; no wonder she was disappointed that he wasn't going to be in the family! It didn't have anything to do, Penny was sure, with her feeling that Rhoda had done the right thing. Rhoda's life was Rhoda's, and where Rhoda's happiness was concerned nothing else mattered, not even Charlie. Because, after all, Rhoda was her sister, and a darling. But Charlie—well, he had just been a part of Penny's life for so long that his being anything else was impossible.

A modernistic steel-and-glass elevator snapped Penny six stories into the air. She had never been to Charlie's office before, though she knew the firm name by heart, because it always had seemed so funny: Tappett, Hard & Smith. They were lawyers. Charlie was a lawyer. A good lawyer, Penny's father said.

A little uncertainly Penny pushed open a heavy plate-glass door: Tappett, Hard & Smith. She stepped hesitantly into a brilliantly sunny reception-room—and found herself looking into the smiling eyes of the most beautiful girl in the world.

The girl sat at a desk behind a railing. She was an ash-blonde with gray-green eyes and an honest-to-goodness sunny smile that showed perfect white teeth. Her lashes were long and dark; not faked, either, Penny knew. Her complexion was just gorgeous—and that too was real and not faked, except for the requisite lipstick and rouge and powder that are part of every girl's armor. She was dressed in a perfect dream of a dress, the softest possible dark, sheer wool, topped off with a rolled white linen collar and finished at the wrists with little white linen cuffs.

Penny, whose knowledge of business offices was confined to her father's, where the lanky and elderly Miss Gregg presided with fervor, was completely startled by this ash-blond perfection now confronting her. Instinctively and immediately, for some unknown reason, she wanted to hate the girl, but she couldn't, because the girl was really nice and quite clearly so. Now the girl smiled anew, and she must have asked a question because Penny heard herself giving Charlie's name and her own. And then the girl was saying something softly into her desk telephone. And the girl was standing up—tall, beautifully built—and telling Penny to follow her.

Leading the way down a long hall, the girl said over her shoulder, "You're Miss Parker's sister, of course."

Penny said she was.

"You look like her," said the girl, "only—only more something. Of course, the whole office is crazy about her—she's the loveliest thing!" The girl's smile twisted a little as she added, "I don't mind saying we'd all like to scalp her, too, because Mr. Blake is our pet."

Penny didn't know what to say. Fortunately they were at the end of the hall, where a glass door had lettered on it MR. BLAKE. The tall girl threw the door open. "Go right in," she said.

Penny went in. She saw Charlie behind his desk and she said, "Hello, Charlie," because that was the only thing she could think of to say.

But Charlie only waved his hand violently. "Take a chair," he said impersonally. "Dictating. Through in a minute."

Penny seated herself in the nearest chair, which was a stiff chair by the wall. She became aware then that alongside of Charlie's desk another girl was sitting, sitting with her knees crossed and with a notebook flopped open on her upper knee. The girl was watching Charlie's eyes, waiting. Like—like a slave, Penny decided instantly.

SWIFTLY Penny appraised this new girl, who was ignoring her presence. Dark. Dark and compact. Feminine. Too feminine. All curves, points, curves. And aware of herself, of her very obvious femininity. Black hair, slicked back to a bun at the nape. Black lashes—ha, faked! Mascara and plenty of it! Black eyes—no good. Black satin dress, sleek and shiny and too tight. Bad taste to wear a dress like that—practically a black satin bathing suit, only longer and less honest. Then Penny gasped—because the girl uncrossed and leisurely recrossed her legs, and a long, viciously planned slit in the black satin skirt fell open to reveal a swinging plump calf, a neat ankle, a tiny, very high-heeled black satin pump.

Penny hated the girl on sight. She was looking up into Charlie's eyes with a dying-fish expression.

Charlie resumed dictating.

"New paragraph. Er—oh, yes—er—Since I am to be married tomorrow and will then be away for three weeks on my honeymoon, I have asked the court for a postponement, which has been granted. Upon my return I will take the matter up immediately. Hoping that this will prove satisfactory, I am, Yours sincerely. . . . That will be all, Miss Dennis."

The girl stared at Charlie. "What about the Ginsberg letter?" she inquired in a voice that Penny didn't like. It was a possessive voice.

"Hugh? Oh, yes! Give it to you later. That will be all for now."

The girl stood up reluctantly. While she folded her notebook she looked absently in Penny's direction, looked straight through Penny. Then, swinging her hips just enough, she marched from the room. The door closed.

AFTER a long moment, Penny, rigid, said, "Who is she?"

"Who is who?"

"That black girl. I don't like her."

"Miss Dennis?" Charlie laughed uproariously. "She's the smartest stenographer in this office, just about."

"She could have known I was here," said Penny.

"Oh, gosh! My fault!" Charlie said. "I should have introduced you two. No wonder she acted a little funny. Maybe I'd better get her back."

"Not for me," said Penny crisply. Then: "I like the one outside," she announced. "I mean the pretty one. The tall one with almost Harlow hair. She's nice. Her hair's real—did you know that?"

"You mean Edna?" asked Charlie.

"I don't know her name. She's tall. Dark dress with a white nun's collar. She sits where you come in, by the front door. She's nice."

"Edna's a peach," said Charlie warmly. "Everybody's crazy about Edna. We picked her for her looks and we found she had a brain."

"Oh!" said Penny. "Is—is she married?"

"Heavens, no!" said Charlie good-humoredly. "Should she be?"

"A girl like that, yes," said Penny.

Charlie grinned. He said, "Now come over here and tell me why the visit. I detect certain symptons of soul-pouring. Let's skip the preliminaries and just pour—hey?" He stood, caught hold of a chair, swung it around close to his own.

"Not that chair," said Penny fiercely.

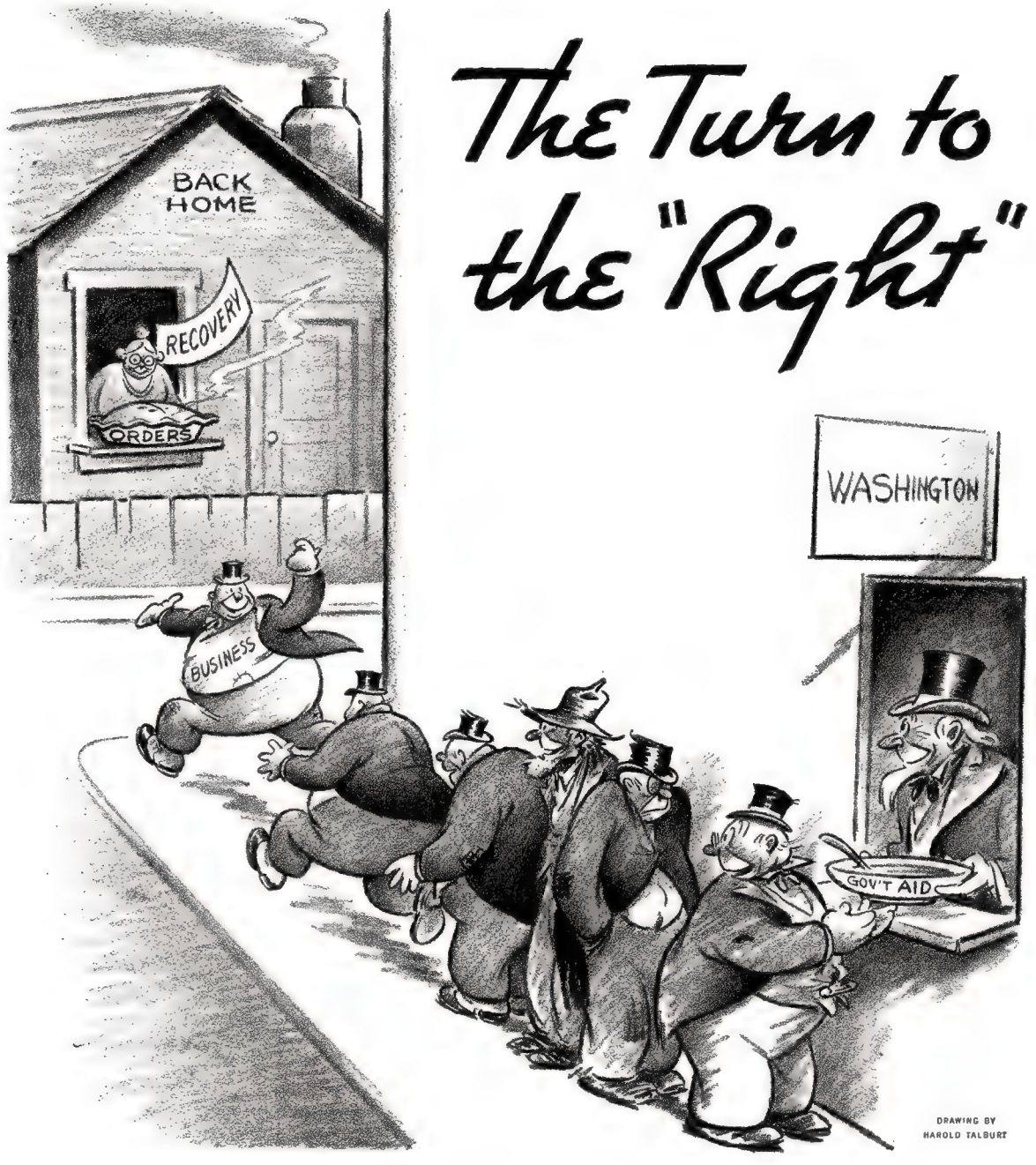
"What's the matter with it?"

"She sat in it. I wouldn't sit in that chair for anything."

Charlie blinked at her. "You're going to be something of a trial as a sister-in-law," he said.

It was only then, really, that Penny remembered what she had come for. She stood and faced Charlie, who was tall and dear and who was going to be smacked down (*Continued on page 134*)

The Turn to the "Right"



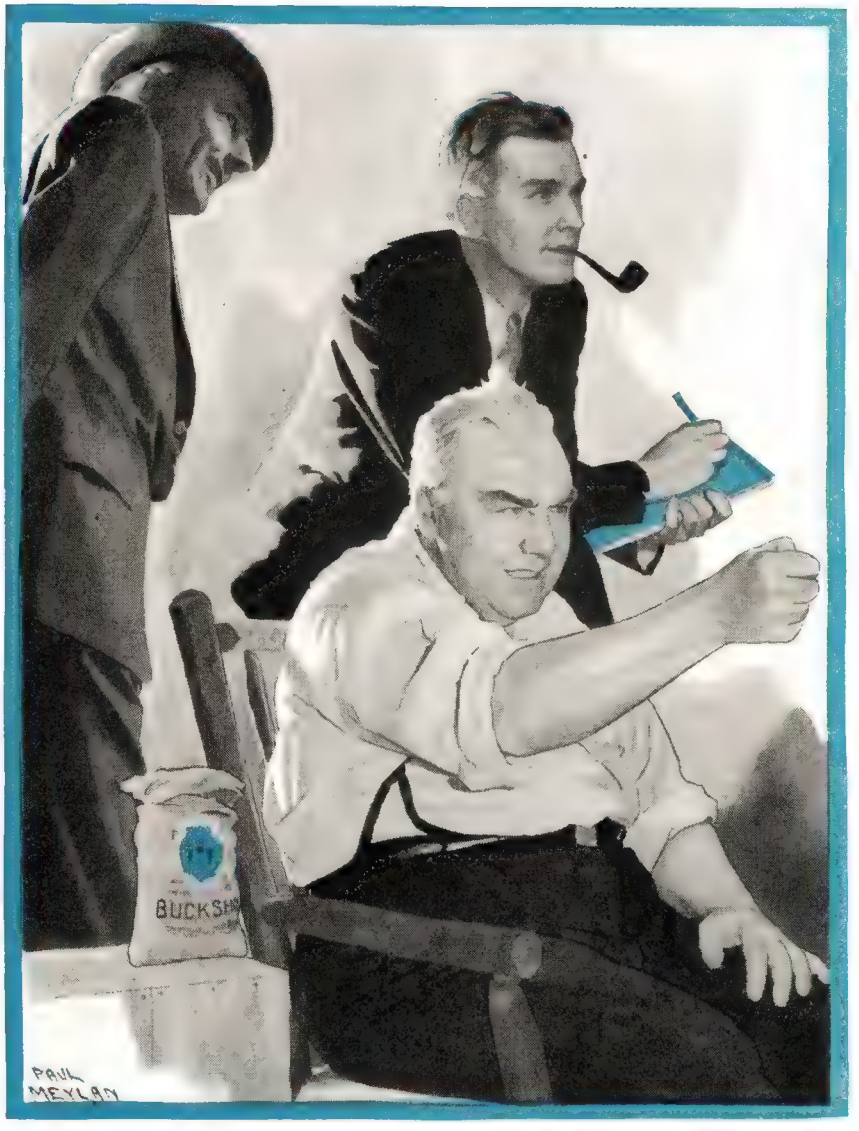
By Walter Lippmann

YOU may remember that just about a year ago Congress investigated a great plot which was supposed to have been hatched by the Brains Trust. We were told that somebody—many thought it was Mr. Tugwell—was out to overthrow Mr. Roosevelt, as Lenin had overthrown Kerenski, and in place of a capitalist system based on private property and the incentive of profit we were to have communism and a planned economy. A few months later Mr. Roosevelt was making speeches saying how much he believed in the capitalist system. Soon thereafter he and the bankers appeared together and publicly kissed each other on both cheeks. Mr. Moley of the Brains Trust began to invite leading business men to dinner. Mr. Richberg went on the stump as apostle to the business men.

DOES this make any sense? Was the charge against the Brains Trust nonsense? Is the reconciliation with business mere ballyhoo? What is the explanation, if any, of these sensational changes of opinion within so short a space of time? I think there is an explanation and that it is simply that a revival is under way. How far that revival will go I would not attempt to prophesy. Or how long it will last. But of this much I feel certain: In the winter and summer of 1934 the American people were thinking the thoughts that are characteristic of a severe depression. As I write this, they are beginning to think the thoughts that are characteristic of recovery.

The causes of a great depression are by no means thoroughly understood. But what happens to individuals is very evident. They cannot sell their goods and services at a profit. The storekeeper finds that his customers do not buy. The manufacturer finds that the retailer does not buy. The maker of machinery and equipment cannot sell to the manufacturer. The banker and the investor cannot find people to hire their money. The (*Continued on page 121*)

Scattergood meets a money-player



"Kind of lucky, hain't I?" said Scattergood, as he snapped another buckshot right into the hole of the tree

SCATTERGOOD BAINES, leading citizen of Coldriver and owner of its hardware store, bank, and railroad, opened his eyes, blinked around him owlishly, yawned prodigiously, and then slid a pudgy hand into his pants pocket. It came out again with a buckshot between his thumb and finger, and he snapped it, as a boy shoots a marble, at a round hole in an old apple tree fifteen feet to the side of the piazza of the hardware store.

The shot flicked into the hole, Scattergood said, "Huh," closed his eyes again, and settled back in his specially reinforced chair.

An hour later Pliny Pickett limped up the street. Pliny's bunion was annoying him. He stopped in front of Scattergood and cleared his throat. Scattergood awakened.

"Train in? Eh?" he asked.

"How else 'ud I git here?" asked the old conductor testily.

"Mebby 'tain't you," said Scattergood mildly. "A body's got to make certain these days."

"Amongst others," said Pliny, "I fetched young Franklin Perry to taown. Yeah. Him 'n' a tall, scraggly feller he called 'Toot.' Now, I ask you, Scattergood, is 'Toot' any kind of a name fur a human bein'?"

"It could be," said Scattergood. "So could 'Gimp' or mebby 'Zink.' Depends on the feller."

"They was a-gamblin' on my train," said Pliny. "'Twa'n't cards and 'twa'n't dice, so I couldn't see any way to stop 'em." He paused and scowled. "Flies," he said acrimoniously.

"What flies? Eh? Which flies?"

"The ones they was a-bettin' on."

"Dew tell," Scattergood said with interest.

"They was settin'," said Pliny, "a-facin' each other in two seats, which give 'em a winder apiece. Fust they'd take a paper and chase off all the flies on the winder. Then they'd count up to twenty and the feller that got most flies onto his winder won. Dollar apiece for all he had more 'n tother feller."

"I swan!" exclaimed Scattergood.

"Consid'able money changed hands," said Pliny, justly outraged.

"This here Toot, now. Young feller, was he?"

"I'd call him forty to forty-five," said Pliny, "and if ever I see a perfessional shell-game man he's one."

"Frank Perry's a nice young feller," Scattergood said. "A mite spry, mebby, and kind of a leetle bit too sure he kin jump farther'n a frog, but the' hain't no harm in him exceptin' he hain't got much sense yit. And ye can't give a body sense by passin' a law. Common

sense is suthin' ye got to buy with grief."

"Frank hain't so awful rich, is he?"

"When they got through a-settlin' up his pa's estate," said Scattergood, "after Ol' Man Perry quit wrasslin' with the depression and a-tryin' to choke it to death, I don't calc'late the' was more'n enough left to fill a peck measure. The Ol' Man was stubborn. He figgered ye could lick a depression. Depressions is like rattlesnakes, Pliny. The less ye mess around and stir 'em up, the fewer times you're a-goin' to git bit."

"Things is gittin' better," said Pliny.

"The depression's gittin' older," retorted Scattergood. "Never was one of 'em died of anythin' but old age. These fellers down to Washington reminds me of the time Cato Stiddy was shot. Couldn't git no doctor, and all his brother could think of to do was to give him a dose of salts. But the bullet wa'n't in Cato's stummick; it was in his laig."

"Still in all," said Pliny judgmatically, "Cato's brother done his best."

"Pliny," said Scattergood, "the prime dee-fect of the human race is it thinks it's got to do suthin' in every emergency. It's got to stir around and kick up the dust."

"Jest the same," said Pliny, "I figger this here Toot is a perfessional gambler."

SCATTERGOOD reached in his pants pocket and fished out a buckshot; he flicked it toward the hole in the tree. "I s'pose the' has to be perfessional gamblers," he said. "If the' wa'n't at least one of everythin' life wouldn't be complete."

"I betcha he calc'lates to hornswoggle young Perry."

"G'-by, Pliny," said Scattergood, and snapped another shot at the apple tree.

"G'-by, Scattergood," replied Pliny, accepting his dismissal.

"Some folks," Scattergood said, "claims all life is a gamble."

"Hain't it?" asked Pliny.

"Not for them," said Scattergood, "that learns their business better'n folks they're goin' to deal with. G'-by."

Presently a girl in a little runabout stopped her car in front of the hardware store and got out to cross the street to Sam Kettleman's.

"Afternoon, Gracie. How be ye? Eh?" asked Scattergood.

"Very well, thank you, Mr. Baines. And you?"

"Middlin'. Um. . . . Hear Franklin Perry jest got back to taown."

"He said he was coming yesterday," said Miss Long. "But he didn't come."

"You 'n' Frank's engaged, be n't ye?"

"Yes," said Miss Long.

"Why don't ye marry and git it over with? Eh?"

She smiled, but not gayly. "It takes money to live," she said.

"Frank's alive, hain't he? You're a-lookin' spry."

"We decided to wait until we had enough to live as we want to."

"How d'ye aim to git it?" Scattergood asked.

"Frank has plans," she said.

"Yeah? Now, I was kind of mixed up in settlin' his pa's estate. I know about how Frank's fixed. And he hain't been makin'—he's been spendin'. When I got married if I had the cash money in the bank what Frank's got, I'd 'a' thought I was rich."

"He says he's going to make a strike," said Miss Long.

"In these here days, about the only strike a body makes is to hit himself on the thumb with a hammer. Huh. Gracie, if Frank was willin' would you up 'n' marry him on what he's got?"

"Like a flash," she said. "But he wants to give me everything. He says it isn't fair. And, of course, he's been used to money, and what he has left seems so pitifully little."

"Once," said Scattergood ruminatively, "I heard of a feller that went to work."

"He's trying to find a position."

"At the race track in Saratogy?" asked Scattergood.

"He says all his friends are that sort of people—the sporting crowd—and he has to be around with them. They've promised him a job."

"He fetched a friend home with him," said Scattergood. "Um. . . . Frank's got a mite more'n ten thousand left. That much don't last long if you git to bettin' high."

"That," said Miss Long, "is what I'm afraid of."

"As bad a disease as a boy kin git," said Scattergood, "is to come down with a feelin' that he's a good sport. Ye better corner Frank and marry him, Gracie."

"I wish I knew how," she said.

"G'-by, Gracie."

"Good afternoon, Mr. Baines." . . .

IT WAS on Tuesday morning when Deacon Pettibone creaked up to the hardware store and stopped. He stared at Scattergood severely, as if the old merchant had been caught at last in something pretty sinful.

"Suthin'," he said, "has got to be done."

"Dew tell," said Scattergood. "Looks to me like consid'able 's got to be done."

"Fire down to the orphan asylum in Higgins Bridge," said the deacon.

"Figger I set it?" asked Scattergood.

"Got orphans scattered all over the neighborhood," the deacon said. "Take ten thousand to repair the house. Where be we a-goin' to git it?"

"If ye wait long enough," Scattergood said, with a concealed twinkle, "them orphans'll all be growed up and you won't have to bother."

"There allus keeps on bein' more," said the deacon. "I tell ye, suthin's got to be done."

"I hain't got no orphans," Scat-

ILLUSTRATED BY PAUL MEYLAN

By Clarence Budington Kelland

tergood said, reaching for a buckshot.

"But ye got a couple of drops of the milk of human kindness, hain't ye?"

"I heard not," said Scattergood. "What was ye purposin' to do?"

"I come to you fur advice. I'm headin' the committee."

"Ten thousand, ye say. That's a sight of money. Be the women calc'latin' on givin' a bazaar?"

"Last one," said the deacon sourly, "made a profit of six dollars and forty cents."

"Ye could give a set of dances."

"We won't want no tainted money fur purposes of charity," said the deacon. "'Tain't fitten."

"I bet them orphans 'ud sleep jest as well in a bed bought with dance money. I bet ye."

"I didn't come to arguy; I come to ask," said the deacon.

"Wa-al," said Scattergood, "you done it, didn't ye?"

"I didn't git no satisfaction."

"Calc'late to?"

"I calc'lated," said the deacon, "that you, bein' a wealthy man, might up 'n' give it."

"Me give the hull ten thousand? Hain't got a fever, Deacon? Don't hear no ringin' in your ears or see bright lights flashin'?"

"Ye won't?"

"Didn't say I won't. Didn't say I would. Don't recall sayin' anythin'. G'-by, Deacon."

"IT'S easier fur a camel to pass through the eye of a needle—" the deacon commenced.

"Than fur a rollin' rich man to gather any moss," interrupted Scattergood. "Deacon, you go home and set on the stoop and complain to your wife about her cookin'. I'll kind of think this here orphan business over. G'-by, Deacon."

"Don't forgit how Dives and Lazarus ended up," admonished the deacon.

"I kind of recall, seems as though. But nobuddy ever mentioned what become of the dawgs that licked them boils. I allus figgered the dawgs was the heroes of that story, and they never got no reward to speak of. Lazarus he went to heaven because he was poor, and Dives he went to hell because he was rich. But the dawgs jest kep' on scratchin' fleas."

"I don't care nothin' about no dawgs," said the deacon.

"They jest got what allus comes to folks that does a kindness without expectin' any reward. Yeah. They don't git none. G'-by, Deacon."

"G'-by," said the old man grumpily as he tapped away on his cane.

Scattergood looked after him gravely. "I dunno about the deacon. Dunno jest where to place him. Nope. But if I was writin' the story I calc'late he'd be one of the fleas that caused the dawgs to scratch."

By evening the news was through Coldriver that Scattergood had refused to contribute to the orphan asylum, and tongues clacked. But the old hardware man was used to clacking tongues. Gossip never annoyed him. At the moment he had other fish to fry, but he had a way of frying fish and frogs in the same pan sometimes.

He made it his business to be in the post office a couple of days later because he knew Grace Long would be in for the mail. She seemed preoccupied, and nodded to him without enthusiasm.

"How be ye, Gracie?" he asked.

"All right," she answered, with a shrug.

"Ye ought to ask me how I be, and then I'd tell you, and put a question into it, and the fust thing you knew we'd be havin' a nice talk," said Scattergood. "The secret of carryin' on a conversation is to allus end up with a question."

"I don't know that I want to talk."

"Kind of testy, hain't ye? Hain't Frank pleasin' ye with the way he acts?"

"You can't tell him anything," she said.

"Ye ought to be a perfessor," said Scattergood. "These days the only folks that kin tell anybody anythin' is perfessors. What's he a-doin' to aggravate ye?"

"Playing golf with that Mr. Spring he brought home with him. Every day over on that nine-hole course Mr. Withers built on his place."

"Golf," said Scattergood, "is kind of a putterin' game, but 'tain't sinful."

"He plays for too much money. And I'm sure that man can beat him. Every day they bet more and more."

"Frank been a-winnin' his share?"

"He says he is a little ahead. He's got to the bragging stage. He says he can beat this man Spring three times out of five, and maybe five times if he puts his mind to it."

"Sounds kind of familiar," said Scattergood. "Bets been a-growin', eh?"

"Growing! I know that man just came here to take Frank's money away from him. He's that kind of a man. I know he can beat Frank whenever he wants to. He's just leading him on."

"Kind of smart, hain't ye? Mentioned it to Frank?"

"I have."

"And he got mad?"

"Furious."

"THE most wonderful wimmin in the world," said Scattergood, "never learn jest when to keep their mouths shet. And so Frank's bent and determined, and he's got his pride kind of scorched, too. Wa-al, mebby it 'ud do him good to be busted. He'd have to go to work."

"But I don't like to see him get robbed. I hate it. I hate to see him make such a fool of himself."

"Wherever the's a man and a woman together," said Scattergood, "the woman's hatin' to see the man make a fool of himself. Now, you lissen, Gracie. When it gits to a p'int where them two is playin' for real big money, you better kind of notify me. Eh? Kin ye remember?"

"I certainly can remember. But what can you do about it? It's Frank's money."

"To be sure," said Scattergood. "To be sure. Now, take this man by the name of Toot. Mr. Spring, you call him. Kind of a bettin' feller? One of them that prides himself onto it?"

"He said the other night that he would bet anybody on anything if he could see a percentage. I don't know just what he meant."

"Calc'late I do," said Scattergood.

"He's always telling stories about betting, and how he won, and how he had more nerve than somebody."

"Proba'ly he has," said Scattergood. "Proba'ly he's what they call a money-player, and money-players has to have nerve. In a heap of games that's what this here Toot would call the percentage. Yeah. I hain't got around to meet him yet. I'm kind of anxious to. G'-by, Gracie."

SCATTERGOOD ambled back to his point of vantage on the piazza of his hardware store, and just as he arrived Franklin Perry drove up with a tall, thin, hard-bitten man who, Scattergood guessed, was the gentleman referred to as Toot.

"Good morning, Mr. Baines," said the young man pleasantly. "My friend, Mr. Spring," he introduced. "Got some shells for a 12-gauge? We're going to do a little trapshooting."

"How be ye, Mr. Spring? Um. . . . Set. I kind of like to git acquainted with strangers, if ye hain't in a hurry. Enj'yin' yourself in Coldriver?"

"Very much, indeed," said Mr. Spring in a pleasant voice.

Scattergood sat down in his specially reinforced chair, and the two younger men found places on the steps.

"Jest see Gracie to the post office," said Scattergood. "Lookin' perty sweet."

"She always does," agreed Frank.

"Now, I'm afraid," said Toot regretfully, "I've done something to offend that young lady. I can't imagine what." He smiled. "Maybe she just resents my face. Lots of people do."

"Gracie's protective," Frank said tolerantly. "She thinks you're leading me into temptation."

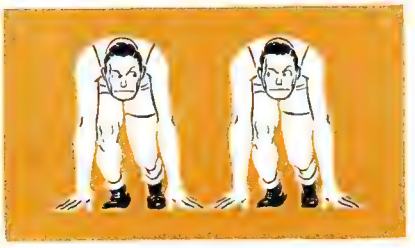
"Jest what evil be you a-draggin' him into, Mr. Spring?" asked Scattergood. "'Tain't highway robbery, is it? Eh?"

"I thought we'd been pretty harmless and righteous," Toot said. "About all we've done is play a little golf. Personally, I never take a drink. We've really been behaving beautifully."

"Every time I make a bet," said Frank, "Gracie goes into a decline."

"Wa-al," said Scattergood, "I dunno's I'm much of a bettor myself. Never could see no (*Continued on page 92*)

The Race is against Yourself



By Paul Gallico

THERE they are, lined up for the start of the mile race.

That's big Glenn Cunningham over there with the blue shirt with "KANSAS" printed across the enormous chest. There is Gene Venzke, the Penn runner. The chap with the close-cropped hair and the orange and black shirt is Bill Bonthron—"Bonnie Bill"—of Princeton. Then there's a chap from Cornell, and a runner from Holy Cross, and another from Penn State. They jog around a bit, shake hands, rub their legs.

A hush falls over the crowd. These great milers have been advertised to race against one another. Superficially they are about to do so. Actually, they are doing nothing of the kind. Each entrant is racing against himself alone.

In the 500-mile speedway automobile race at Indianapolis, each car is allotted a certain quantity of gasoline and oil. When that quota is exhausted and the car has not finished the 500 miles, it is out of the race. They start! If they drive too fast the early part of the race they will have to slow down near the finish to conserve fuel. If they drive carelessly, and heat up their engines, bearings will burn out or parts will break. The winner is usually the driver who knows the mechanical capabilities of his car.

Similarly, the milers, sprinters, vaulters, hurdlers, track athletes the country over are nothing but chauffeurs piloting the engines of their bodies. They have the same problems as the race drivers. Each has an allotted store of fuel or glycogen in his muscles, each has a delicate machine made of tender, brittle parts that will wrench or break if mistreated and put him out of the running.

No athlete living is faster than the machine he is driving around the oval track. Once the fuel is expended and the overheated, overworked muscle-bearings are burned out, human will power is at a standstill. The machine will take a few more steps due to its own inertia—and then collapse. Man races himself, and not his opponent. Physiology's stop-watch is inexorable.

How often in a mile or a half-mile race have you seen one runner break away at the gun in a quick sprint and take a lead of from ten to thirty yards. The veteran runners in the pack let him go. The laws of nature are immutable. What goes up must come down. What goes fast must go slow. If the man out in front is superhuman and can keep up the pace he will win anyway. But if he is just mortal, then somewhere along the route they will catch him. The leader of the pack keeps up his steady pace. The pack runs no faster, no slower. Gradually the lone spendthrift out front is hauled back. They gain on him. He struggles. He has borrowed from nature.

DRAWINGS BY F. G. COOPER

He must pay back. He drops back into the ruck. He has lost the race to himself.

LAST March 18, at New York's great indoor arena, Madison Square Garden, Glenn Cunningham, the magnificent Kansan, who later ran the miracle mile at Princeton in 4:06.7, won the event in the world's record time of 4:08.4—four minutes, eight and four-tenths seconds. He beat the former record-holder, Gene Venzke, by twenty yards. Cunningham was pleased. But to friends and reporters who were congratulating him, he said, "I should have been faster. *I was too full of running at the finish.*"

Too full of running at the finish! What a descriptive phrase! He was almost as fresh at the finish as he had been at the start. He had won the race from his opponents, but lost it to himself, and he knew it. He had crossed the finish line with too much fuel left in his tanks. Somewhere in the race then he could have expended more energy and run faster.

THE chemical cycle of fatigue is a simple one. The gasoline of the muscles, called glycogen, is stored up within the muscle fibers. When a nerve impulse reaches the muscles, the glycogen undergoes a reaction, some heat is liberated, the muscle contracts. The waste product is known as lactic acid. When a muscle becomes overloaded with lactic acid it stops. No oxygen is needed for this contraction process. But in the presence of oxygen, lactic acid, the poisonous waste product, is partly burned up and partly turned back to glycogen again. Once the muscle is free of it, it can function again. Respiration supplies the oxygen. The runner must develop powerful lungs and breathe correctly. In a mile race in which the runner goes "all out," the lactic acid eventually gets the upper hand. But in the desperate race against himself and against time, the runner strives to put that moment off as long as possible.

And what (*Continued on page 129*)

Starlight Pass

By Tom Gill

What has happened so far:

WHEN Corrin North arrived in Wolfshead, Wyoming, broke, he was befriended by Harry Mills, a forest ranger. Mills told him of the war being waged between the Forest Service and the North Continental Development Company, which held vast lumber rights in the surrounding country. North offered to help the rangers. A few days later he "staged" an argument with Mills in the presence of Bert Pogue, lumber company superintendent. The latter hired him, thinking he would have a trustworthy aid.

Although the people of Wolfshead could find out little about North's past, they had reason to believe that Cass Mirov, the local doctor's daughter, and he had known each other before. Cass was engaged to Pogue. The suspicion that once there had been a romance between Cass and North, combined with North's strange actions while working for the lumber company, furnished considerable neighborhood gossip. At times Pogue himself wasn't quite sure of North and would say to him, "You've got it in you to be the strongest ally I have, and you could be my worst enemy. I wish I could tell which you're going to be." And North would merely answer, "If you trust me only halfway I'm not going to be able to help you."

At last the long winter passed and the ice in Wind River began to thin. Pogue and Jean L'Abat, the woods' boss, drove the men hard getting the logs ready to be thrown into the stream when the ice went out. Overnight, the ice broke. Then occurred that which all lumber-

men fear—a jam. Dynamite was finally resorted to; the jam began to move. It had to be kept moving. Mills ran out across the logs to help, and received a blow on the chest from a falling tie. Powerless to move, he clung to a log, while the jam ground its slow, resistless way towards him. North dashed out into midstream to his aid. Cass and her friend, Nan Lakin, looked on horrified. Raising Mills's now unconscious figure over his shoulder, North headed back to the shore. Nearer and nearer he came, but suddenly, with a roar that filled the canyon, the jam crumbled into a thousand grinding, splintering timbers.

The story continues. . . .

SLOWLY the curtain of flying spray fell back.

White-faced men thronged to the river's edge, searching for some sign of life down in that swirling whirlpool, Cass among the first to reach the rim of the gorge. Between its banks the river was choked with spruce logs and with ties and poles that jostled and submerged one another or, forced on by terrific pressure, thrust themselves bolt upright, clear of the water, to whirl and fall back into the stream again. But no sign of North or Mills. Dry-eyed and staring, Cass dared not even hope. It seemed wildly improbable that life could go on down there in that cauldron of lashing waters and grinding logs. Men moved about her, jostled her, but she gave no heed until a shout roused her to see a logger pointing with a shaking finger above the gorge.

Out there beside a great spruce log something black rose for a moment, then was lost again in a swirl of foam. Breathless they gazed, hoping, doubting, despairing. Again that dark object raised, a human head emerged above the surface, and now the rapt watchers saw North throw one leg across a log, pull himself astride it, then drag the wet body of Mills up beside him.

From both banks a cheer echoed above the roar of waters, and men waded waist-deep into the stream, seeking to help that figure on the log as it circled slowly amid the maelstrom of moving timbers.

Like one in a nightmare Cass heard a logger cry, "Get a rope to him!" then louder, "A rope—quick! Good God, they're drifting to the rapids!"

North, too, saw the nearing menace of those foaming, broken waters, as, bobbing and bucking its way down the

Protected as they were by the water and by the sturdy walls of granite, wave after wave of heat and fire surged over them

narrow channel, the log gained speed. Once it collided with a half-submerged timber, and he felt a stinging pain pass through his thigh. Numb with cold, his torn fingers clung to the rough bark, his eyes scanning narrowly the nearer bank in search of aid. Yet, curiously, he felt no fear—it was as if from some viewpoint utterly detached he was watching this helpless, bedraggled figure being sucked outward toward the new dangers of the flooded canyon. Once the log turned with him, almost throwing him headlong, but he saved himself and, holding Mills free from the current, faced the white waters of the gorge.

Faster now, gathering speed. Then with a roar they were among the rapids. Spray dashed in North's face, until he could neither see nor breathe, while like a bucking horse the log plunged, whirling past the first sharp turn, missing by inches a jutting rock, scraping ties and logs in its wild passage, but never quite shaking off that clinging rider. Once the spray cleared, and as through a torn veil North saw the cliffs of the riverbank and men running along the trail. Then without warning the log struck a hidden boulder, rose half its length, and crashed back, submerging both men in the icy waters before it slowly regained the surface. Another dizzying, racing plunge, another swirl of blinding spray, and, almost before North realized, he had emerged into quiet backwaters below the canyon, and lazily, as if wearied with its mad pace, the log came gently to rest against a clump of willows.

WITH fumbling, aching fingers North grasped a low-hanging branch and pulled himself to shore. On hands and knees he climbed a little way up the bank, then wearily laid Mills down upon the earth. Water was running from his clothes, his hands were cut and bleeding, but already the man's vitality was asserting itself.

Faintly at first, he felt the blood tingling to his hands and feet, and, raising his head, he saw Mills slowly dragging himself to a sitting position. Still half-dazed, the ranger looked back toward the river, and a shiver ran through him at the memory of that crumbling jam. With a wince of pain he put both hands to his chest.

North crawled to his side. "It's all right now," he murmured. With a twinkle that not even the fury of Wind River could subdue, Mills whispered back, "Little old nurse—always on the job."

Already the first of the loggers were pouring down the slope, and at sight of the two men safe on the riverbank a great shout went up—a shout that echoed back along the upper trail and out over the river, telling the men across the canyon that North had been found

But Cass needed no telling. Stockings and dress spattered with mud and snow water, hair streaming wildly behind her, she was among the foremost to reach North's side, and, dropping to her knees, the girl whispered, "You're not hurt?"

"Not hurt—just moist."

She tried to smile, but that sudden release from fear had left her weak and powerless. For a moment she trembled throughout her whole body, then, hiding her face, gave way to sudden tears. A few minutes later Pogue led her away.

It was a triumphal march back to the Swede camp that day. In spite of North's protests, the loggers raised him to their shoulders, carrying him, soaked and bark-stained, to where dry clothes and a hot stove restored both him and Mills to the comfort of life again.

Little work was done that afternoon. Secure in the knowledge that the jam had been broken and that flood waters were rushing the ties and logs out to safety, the loggers declared a kind of impromptu holiday. Relieved of the long suspense, they gathered in the big bunkhouses to dry their wet clothes, to rest and celebrate the end of another logging year.

Even the camp cooks caught the spirit of it and by suppertime had laid before the woodsmen a memorable meal.

As Pogue talked, L'Abat's eyes took on the look of a hunting animal that at last has sighted his prey

As for North, himself, that one deed had done more to win the good will of the lumber camps than many months of association. It would be a tale long told beside many a campfire and in the cabins of forest rangers throughout the northern Rockies. The day, too, marked a visible change in his relations with Pogue's loggers, and more than ever now they looked to him for leadership.

Even Jean L'Abat, whose only gods were brute strength and brute courage, thumped North on the back. "By gar, you are one man, Corrin Nort'! Mebbe some day I let you fight wit' me again;"

and his laughter bellowed through the camp.

But one among them stood apart. Throughout that day Pogue remained at the Swede camp, silent and thoughtful, and once when North passed him the man's eyes narrowed speculatively.

Luckily for North, perhaps, Pogue and every man in camp found themselves fully occupied for the next few weeks getting out the drive. Busy days. Busy but cheerful days for the logging crews. Fed by melting snows, the head of high water held up through the week, giving the loggers ample time to haul the last of the winter's cut down to the stream banks, and even before the swollen waters began receding the "tail crews" of rivermen were following the drive beyond the gorge and out through the foothills toward Wolfshead. The fear of jams no longer hung over them. With pickaroons and peaveys they kept the last few stragglers moving, pushing out into mid-channel logs and ties that lay stranded in shallow water, washed up on the banks or caught in numberless eddies behind the rocks.

THE drive was a success. Looking out from their windows in the early morning, the people of Wolfshead could see flowing quietly and steadily past the little town that great burden of the winter's cut, urged on by tiny, active figures that followed on either bank, keeping the swift-flowing river at its yearly task.

But with the last days of the drive an unwelcome intruder cast its ominous shadow across the headwaters of Wind River. Brought to the hills by incoming tie-hacks or early spring wagon trains, or perhaps engendered by the wet and cold of those trying days, the dreaded mountain "flu" descended without warning upon the camps. It broke out first in the lower Swede camp, spread rapidly to the river crews and back among the tie-cutters' cabins, until fully a third of the workers lay in the grip of that malign adversary.

ILLUSTRATED BY SAUL TEPPER

It swept down upon Wolfshead, too, and upon the ranches of the lower country, so that for days little was done but caring for the afflicted. Day and night throughout it all Dr. Mirov and Cass fought for the lives of this stricken people. Worn out, dog-tired, needing both sleep and rest, those two were on the trail from early dawn until long after dark.

In the face of the common enemy all factions joined forces. Pogue had turned over two men as assistants to Dr. Mirov and put at his disposal the best horses in camp. Mills and Guthrie made a long horseback ride down to Lander, fighting their way through the last spring blizzard to bring serum back to the camps, while Helen Guthrie turned her home into a makeshift hospital for stricken rangers and lumbermen alike.

Meanwhile, beside dim trails back in the forest many a mound was raised, with a rough pine slab at the head, telling of one who would leave the hills no more.

Helen Guthrie and Catherine Mirov—during those desperate weeks the men of Wolfshead had reason to breathe their names with reverence and gratitude. Giving no thought to themselves, they toiled through heartbreaking hours, bringing food and medicines, nursing men back from delirium, closing the eyes of those who could no longer fight.

Then one morning in late April, Helen Guthrie lay white-faced and weary, unable to rise, but still Cass went on. Quiet, cheerful, although with eyes a little saddened, she did for those stricken camps what no man could do, bringing with her a vitality and an unfailing courage that heartened even the weariest to fight again. Mills tried to remonstrate with her:

"You'll wear yourself out, girl. You've got to leave some of these things to others. It would be a poor bargain if this gets you down, no matter how many of us old wrecks you pull through."

But the girl only smiled and went on.

WITH the attack at its height, Buffalo Lakin fell a victim and was barely able to crawl back to his cabin on the edge of the clearing. There Nan left him and ran at top speed through the pines, until she found North just below the Swede camp. Together they hurried back and lifted the old man into bed.

Delirium had seized him, and his quavering voice raved of times back in the Indian days. Once North touched his hot hands.

"Better see if Dr. Mirov's reached the Swede camp yet," he said at last to Nan. "I'll stay here and keep him in bed."

And it was so (*Continued on page 113*)

Citizen-clowns and their trick car. On the opposite page, stars of Gainesville's community circus

"THE doctor told me I was going to have typhoid fever," said Joe Pettit, postmaster of Gainesville. "'Why, doc,' I cried, 'I can't have typhoid fever this week. Don't you know I've got to clown in the circus day after tomorrow?'

"The doc thought it over a minute and said, 'Well, naturally, you couldn't very well have typhoid fever this week. I've got to be in that show myself.'"

Joe Pettit looked at me with a twinkle in his eyes. But, joking or not, he had pretty well expressed the spirit that has made the Community Circus of Gainesville, Texas, the most appealing and amusing community enterprise I have ever encountered.

The Gainesville Community Circus is a full-fledged, three-ring, big-top show, created and owned by the people of this small northern Texas city. Its amateur troupers, all citizens of Gainesville, would be mistaken anywhere for professionals.

The circus tours the road like any show, but nobody gets any pay. Everybody does his part for the fun of it. All of the profits go to buy more equipment to make the circus bigger and better.

To me the Gainesville Circus proves that a community can do almost anything, if an idea captures its imagination and the town sets its mind to carrying it out.

Several years ago Gainesville had an Art Theater, which every winter put on a program of highbrow plays. The season of 1930 ended with a serious deficit. How wipe it out?

Mort Smith, city editor of the *Gainesville Register*, suggested that the town get up a circus. The thought caught on. Miss Christina Blake, who taught arithmetic in the grades, confessed she had always hankered after the flying trapeze. Bill Wingert, railroad switchman, discovered that his job of swinging up and down boxcar ladders had developed a nimbleness that came in handy in doing aërial somersaults. Bert Bell, downtown show-card artist, admitted he could spin four lariats simultaneously—a stunt no professional could beat. The Honorable Benjamin Franklin Mitchell, county judge, gray-haired and sixty-four, realized that for years, underneath the enforced seriousness of his position, he had cherished the secret longing to be a clown.

High-school gymnasts became acrobats and tumblers. And it was easy to get plenty of boys and girls for breath-taking bareback riding, for in Texas they ride horses from the time they're out of their cradles.

WELL, the performers made their own costumes and built trapezes, flying ladders, and rings. Mort Smith and his friends borrowed a tent and put on a show at the fairgrounds which was such a local success that the townsfolk asked them to do it again. The town band was a big help, of course. Led by Harold McDaniel, history teacher in the high school, it included Frank Morris, mayor

of the town and president of the First State Bank; Shive Power, butcher at the Helpy Selfy Meat Market; Will Rike, grocer; Nick Mossman, teller at the Gainesville National Bank; Ed Penton, car inspector on the railroad; and Bill Brooks, manager of the Cozy Coffee Shop.

Two performances in the summer of 1930 wiped out the Art Theater deficit, and everybody assumed that that was that. But it wasn't.

The next summer, people asked the circus crowd to repeat their show at the county fair. They did. Then Denton, a town thirty miles away, invited the circus there—all expenses guaranteed.

Since then, the Gainesville Community Circus has swept along to Southwestern fame in a way that has frankly amazed the people of Gainesville. Other larger cities farther away begged the show to come there, too. The next year, 1932, the circus played 11 performances. In 1933 it played 16. And last year it played 26 times in cities and towns scattered all over the Southwest. This year it promises to beat that record.

It has traveled nearly 5,000 miles. It has bought a $2,000 tent and $3,000 worth of other equipment out of profits. It could be constantly on the road except for the fact that most of the performers have their regular jobs and businesses. Most of them can get away only on Saturday nights.

I REACHED Gainesville two days before a scheduled performance at Sulphur, Okla., and at once I found myself in the thick of the excitement of preparation and practice for the big show. The hectic "limbering up" scenes which I saw revealed to me more than anything else how completely the circus is a community affair.

In the back room of "Booster" Staniforth's sporting goods shop on Main Street, I found Frank Leach, who works in the telegraph office, and Bill Ritchie, soda fountain clerk, practicing double somersaults on the trampoline. Little Joe Pettit, age twelve, son of the postmaster, and skinny and brown as an Indian, was going through his stunt of somersaulting from Booster's shoulders to those of stocky Yancey Culp, news agent. Then Booster and dark, slim little Camilla Williams, eighteen-year-old dancing teacher, started practicing their parasol act on the tight-wire.

Camilla's sister, Jane Gay, sitting beside me on a bench, exclaimed, "My heart comes right up in my throat and almost chokes me every time I see Camilla do that (*Continued on page 165*)

Ring Town

This quiet Texas town sprang to life when it got the big-top idea. Now every citizen is a trouper—if he has a flip-flop in him. They troupe for the fun of it and their life is a circus

By Webb Waldron

Beauty's daughter

By Kathleen Norris

What has happened so far:

WHEN Victoria Herendeen a uentin Hardisty, eminent physic were married they intended to make ccess of their venture without any romantic illusions. Hardisty had been unhappily married before, and Victoria had lived in an atmosphere of love and intrigue since she was a child. Her mother, Magda, had divorced her first and second husbands, and finally had run off to Tahiti with an artist. After Vicky had been married several years Magda returned to California, a shabby, tawdry shadow of her former glamorous self. With this example ever before her, Vicky had determined to build her life on a firmer foundation—to make her husband, her home, and her children the axis upon which her world revolved.

For many years the Hardistys were very happy, and Vicky felt that her theory had been pretty well proved. But that was before Serena Morrison and her invalid husband took the house

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"Quentin," the sick man said, clutching at his hand, "you can do something for me, can't you?"

adjoining theirs. Serena Morrison was a more beautiful woman than Vicky could ever hope to be—a strange, mysterious, fascinating woman, who soon had Quentin involved in an affair. When Vicky could no longer bear the suffering and humiliation she told her mother that she would have to divorce Quentin. Magda tried to dissuade her, saying, "I've always thought that of all the girls I ever knew, Vic, you were the one to try the long way; to stick to your guns, and not let what anyone else does make you anything but what you are."

This conversation lived in Vicky's mind for several days and when, after a particularly trying Christmas, Quentin came to her and told her of his love for Serena, she was kind and understanding. But to herself she said, "From now on it's my will against your beauty, Serena. Quentin will never get free of me, for I'll never consent to it. You take your day, Serena. But in the end I'll win!"

The story continues. . . .

VICTORIA sat with Violet Keats on the Hardisty lawn on a hot spring afternoon, and they discussed, with limitations, their husbands and children, their lives generally. The long Saturday had been spent by Violet and her own quartette of youngsters with the Hardisty troop; now it was late afternoon, and the problem of getting Kate, Duna, Bunty, and Babs Keats amicably separated from Gwen, Kenty, Sue, Dicky, Bobs, and Madeleine Hardisty was like an uneasy undercurrent to the women's talk.

"I suppose you couldn't leave them all with us, Vi?"

"What, all four of them!" Violet ejaculated. "I couldn't leave one. I don't know why you worry about him so," she added, going back to earlier talk. "He may be just slow. Duna was terribly slow; he didn't walk until he was nineteen months old."

Vic looked down at the yearling baby on her lap.

"Marty's not slow," she said gently. "It's more than that, Vi. My own boy!"

The last was murmured to the child, who looked up at her with smiling blue eyes. Small and relaxed and secure he lay in her arms. He never fretted, he did not seem sick, but this littlest of the Hardistys had been only lent to her for a while, and his mother knew it.

"QUENTIN think so?" Mrs. Keats asked abruptly.

"Knows so." Victoria spoke mildly, but her whole body was torn with a sigh. "It's just something that isn't in him—blood or bones—something—"

Violet was silent.

"So the only thing to do," Vicky said steadily, "is to thank God we've had him at all!"

"Ah, I'm sorry," Violet said.

"I feel so badly for Quentin," Vicky presently began.

"For Quentin?" Mrs. Keats's tone was sharp and quick. She apparently reconsidered what else she might have added, and when she spoke again her tone was milder. "I feel sorry for you, my dear," she said. "I think you're a remarkable woman, Vicky."

"Oh, thank you!" Vicky answered her friend gratefully, with a little flush.

"And so does everyone else," Violet persisted. "And sometimes there is someone I'd like to talk to!" she added.

Vic's eyes laughed, but there was a glint of warning in them, too.

"Because I adore Quentin, we both do," Violet proceeded further. "We both do," she repeated, trying to open a door.

"Quent's a genius," Vic said simply, closing it once and for all.

"How'd he like Germany, Vic?" the older woman asked, abandoning her other lead.

"He had a remarkable experience. He stayed with the von Hoffmans and almost worked himself to death. But he said it was a wonderful experience."

"He got home last week, you said?"

"Last Saturday. He looks thin, older, somehow," Victoria said. "Ah, here's Quentin!" she added.

THERE was a general swarm of children toward him, accompanied by the usual deafening uproar, and Quentin came up to the women with the younger members of his family hanging on him like limpets. Violet Keats thought he looked older, indeed; there were touches of silver on his Indian-brown temples, and he seemed quieter, somehow; more like the old, remembered Quentin; she liked the expression of his face. He was genuinely happy to see her; kissed her in the old brotherly fashion; they had not seen each other since his return from a three months' visit to Germany. Violet questioned him about it, and he sat holding the delicate little Martin very gently in his big hands, and sometimes kissing the top of the baby's dark, fluffy little head.

"And if you could have seen how gentle he was," Violet told her husband later that night, "and how those children adore him, and what a lovely manner he had with the baby, you would have wanted"—she paused on a vexed note—"to shoot him!" she ended.

"D'you suppose he's crazy about that woman still?"

"I don't know. You know Vicky; you never can get a word out of her. But her mother after lunch told me that—what's-her-name—Serena—had often come over to see them while Quentin was away."

"What a nerve!"

"Well, wouldn't you think so? But of course Vicky's never given a sign, and I suppose the woman may still think she can brazen it out. Yes, she comes over to call on them, and tells

them long stories of how close her husband is, and how she wants to get to Europe, and feels that she'll lose her mind if she has to spend another summer in that house."

"Maybe she'll feel happier now that Quentin's home?"

"I don't know," Violet said reflectively. "I'm not so sure that Quentin hasn't gotten himself in for something that he can't get out of. I don't know. But if you could have seen him today you would honestly have felt sorry for him. He impresses one as so *big*, Jack. He always has, you know."

"Genius," the doctor said briefly. "How's the poor little boy? There's another heartbreak ahead for Vic there, sure enough!" . . .

AFTER the guests and Vicky went away, Quentin sat on in the clear shade of the big oaks. The world was very much at peace in this windless, cooling hour of comfortable sounds and delicious scents. There was no dew yet, but lawn-sprinklers were whirling everywhere, now that the sun had almost gone, and a wet freshness was beginning to steal into the air after the long spring day.

After a while he roused himself from a brown study, sighed. Then he got to his feet and turned toward the disorderly rabble of buildings, sheds, barns, fences, outhouses, that had been a part of the old farmstead. He turned the corner of the barn. A woman was standing there waiting for him. Serena.

She was in pale blue, the broad straw hat that dipped about her face and lent an almost too picturesque beauty to her appearance had a childish blue ribbon about it; the pale scallops of the frail blue gown swept the young spring grass. Serena's eyes were at their bluest, too, grave, loving, reproachful.

"Lover, I had to see you," she said. "Was this terribly stupid of me? I had to see you."

Quentin had involuntarily glanced back toward the garden and the house. He and she were sheltered by a dozen intervening hedges and trees and angles of fence. He looked at her unsmilingly.

"I don't quite like it," he said deliberately.

"Why, I went to see Victoria and her mother often while you were gone; why shouldn't I?" the woman said, in a sort of proud impatience. "Don't look so serious; nothing's happened! Darling, I had to see you. You know that I have to see you?"

He looked at her without speaking.

"What is it, dear?" she asked tenderly. "What have I done?"

Quentin Hardisty spoke quickly; almost with his professional manner:

"You've done nothing, of course. Don't take that tone—don't speak like that."

"Oh, but I *will* speak like that," Serena persisted lovingly. "Surely I have the right just to ask you what I've done, Quentin, how I've offended you?"

"You haven't offended me at all. I—I wrote you, months ago—before I went to Germany—"

"I know you wrote me," the woman said, as he hesitated, floundering and confused. "Why did you write me that hideous letter, Quentin? I only began it; I couldn't finish it. It's burned, and I carried the ashes up to our place in the woods, the place where the alders are, and where we had my birthday picnic in the very beginning—do you remember?—and I strewed them there. And then I knelt down and prayed, prayed that my own lover never would be angry with me, never would change to me. And I know that God heard me!"

"I tried to tell you in that letter," Quentin said, looking down into the tear-misted blue eyes raised to his own. "It's a horribly hard thing to say. I—I think we both feel it. It's all been a—it's the sort of thing that can't—"

Serena drew off a little, still looking into his eyes.

"You mean that you're going to punish me for loving you, Quentin? You're going to make me feel sorry that I loved you so generously, gave you everything I could give? You're going to make me wish that I was calculating and wise, like other women?

"AH, DARLING," she said coaxingly, close to him again. "Forget that horrible letter. Of course we've had silly quarrels, and we'll have more, but that only proves that we can't live without each other! Think of my life in this accursed place, dearest; think what you take away from me when you take the one thing that matters! I could have had other men, Quentin; I've let them all go! And while you've been away I've almost gone mad with the rain and the cold and the echoes of that horrible house, and that—that *devil* watching me, knowing I can't move without money, refusing me more than a dollar at a time, refusing me a divorce—

"He knows about you and me. He pretends he doesn't. He pretends everything is ideal. I can charge for the clothes I want, my child is at a fine school in Switzerland, what more do I want? I hate him. Now, are you—are *you* going to fail me, too?"

"It isn't a question of failing you, Sina. It's that—well, I know we're both sorry for the whole thing," Quentin persisted miserably.

"I'm not!" she put in quickly.

"We both are. We were swept off our feet. I have my children—"

"Oh, your children!" Serena interrupted him with a scornful shred of laughter. "Why don't you say Victoria, too?"

"I *do* say Victoria, too," Quentin muttered, speaking scowlingly, with a dry throat.

"You've suddenly come to love her, I suppose?"

"I've always loved her. She's always been—she's always been—you know I love her! She's—"

He stopped. Presently he added uncomfortably:

"Do you think Vic doesn't know you love me?" asked Serena . . . "That you've been following me . . . writing me letters?"

ILLUSTRATED BY ROY SPRETER

"Isn't it time for you and me to be good sports, too?"

Serena was regarding him with narrowed eyes; her breast moved visibly on constrained breath.

"You mean for me to go on quietly living with Spencer," she said, in a level voice, "and for you to go back to Vicky. You mean that you think, knowing what she might some day know, Vic will forgive you, and everything will be lovely?"

"I don't know how much Vic knows," Quentin said, with simplicity. "I know I'm—I'm damned sorry about the whole thing. I'm horribly sorry. I blame myself entirely. I don't think we thought what we were getting into, how horribly rotten the thing was!"

"We knew that we loved each other. Some of those first days," Serena said, "ah, weren't they heaven? We were brave, then, we weren't thinking all the time of what the world would say. Vicky knows something, of course," she added, "but she doesn't know everything. She doesn't know that I went twice to Los Angeles with you, lover; she hasn't seen any of your letters."

THERE was a silence, during which Quentin looked at the darkening strip of western sky up beyond the hills; his brows knit, his jaw set, his hands jammed into his pockets.

"The honest thing would be to tell her," Serena said. "And ask her to set you free. You wrote me once—I have the letter; I've been reading them all, crying over them all, since you went away—you wrote me once that you hated to ask her for a divorce. But why not, why not? Thousands of other men do. You're a rich man, Quentin; you've got your profession, and you've just come into your uncle's money. Leave her comfortable, and you and I will go away together."

"You're forgetting Spencer," Quentin observed dryly, as the eager voice paused.

Serena took instant hope from the words.

"Lover," she said, "he may not be a problem long. He's taking that sleeping stuff all the time. I told Doctor Cudworth the (*Continued on page 155*)

Country Doctor

By Don Marquis

ILLUSTRATED BY WM. MEADE PRINCE

IT WAS still raining; the water had been flung turbulently down out of the sky all day long. And now it was early dusk, an October dusk, and the world outside the Doctor's windows was a chaos of cold, wind-driven rain and lowering gloom and mud, the sticky black mud of northwestern Illinois which clings and clogs and overwhelms. Dr. Stewart peered out at the village street, or as much of it as he could see through the wind-slashed crevices in the murky wall of storm, and drew the heavy shawl tighter about his shoulders, and took another sip of his hot lemonade, and breathed a little prayer that he would not have a call, especially a call out to the Swamp.

He shuddered when he thought of what the Swamp would be like tonight. Green River, which drained the vast tract westward to Rock River and the Mississippi, would be up and roaring and tearing at its low clay banks; and the swamp roads—if you could call them roads at all when the spring and autumn floods were in spate—would be roiled and brawling creeks, themselves, in places, almost rivers. And here and there would be a melancholy twinkle of light, flickering through mists and scrub timber across the bogs and bayous, from some lonely farmhouse perched on a wooded island. For scattered over the district, forty miles or so in length and half as broad, were many farmers; and even when the freshets left them only a third or a quarter of the crops they had planted, they still could live, for the land was incredibly rich.

Dr. Stewart knew the Swamp and its people, none better; for day and night, winter, spring, and fall, sick or well, he had had a good many years of it.

"Always ague, malaria, and influenza," he murmured. And then, with grim self-irony, "I've dumped enough quinine into that hole, myself, to pave a solid road from Dante's frozen hell to Timbuctoo, and still it shakes, shivers, and shakes."

HE SHIVERED, himself, for he had the flu, and put another lump of soft coal on the grate fire. His office was in the front part of his residence on the main street, and presently he noticed a bedraggled object bogged down in a lake of mud across the way, and chuckled. A feeble glimmer from the post-office windows illumined its dejected contours.

"Young Dr. Hastings' horseless carriage," grinned Dr. Stewart to himself.

People still called them "horseless carriages" in the late nineties of the last century.

"I can see how Hastings might break his arm cranking the damned thing," he mused, "but how the deuce did he manage to break his leg? He's got no right to break his leg and leave all the work on Jones and me . . . and Jones just a kid out of college last spring, and me sick, and the whole damned country down with flu and pneumonia!" He snorted indignantly. "Horseless carriage! Hell!" he said.

Then he reflected, "They'll be all right when there are some decent roads for them to run on."

For he was not against progress, far from it. He has seen too much of it not to believe in its continuity. Born in Ohio the same year the British burned the White House in Washington, he had seen the country grow up, and opined that it had a healthy constitution. Ohio

had been "out West" when he was a lad; he was now past eighty, and Illinois had long been "an old settled country." Nearer sixty than fifty years of practice of medicine lay between his student days and this present evening.

He shook himself, as if to shake off the sense of the gloom outside and something of the dread that had settled on his spirits—the dread of a call, in his present condition.

"I haven't got time to be sick!" he said. "People need me."

For he was a country doctor, and he did not know what it was to spare himself. He had been going hard all last winter and spring—battling through prairie blizzards, battling through flooded spring swamps, to some remote house of suffering, battling all night to save a life, and reaching home again in the dawn, to gulp down a pot of boiling coffee and take up the new day's work without an hour of sleep. His hands and feet had been frozen again last winter, but no frost had reached the stout old heart within. But now, he faced a new winter—and before it was fairly begun, here he was, sick!

He hadn't time to be sick, he told himself again, rebelliously. So *many* people needed him! There were the Simpkins children, down with the measles, for instance; and nobody knew the Simpkins constitution, or how to bring out measles on the reluctant Simpkins hide, as well as he did.

AND there were the Rays, and the Tuckers, and the Prices and the Smiths—sickness in all these families, and what did the two young doctors, Hastings and Jones, know about them? Good doctors, no doubt; fine, conscientious boys—but boys. They had never fought through more than half a century of chill midnights hand to hand with death. And these were *his* people that were sick, in the village, on the prairie farms round about, out in the Swamp—*his* people, and they needed him, and what right did he have to be nursing himself here at home? It wasn't natural.

Nobody ever heard him say anything about loving these people. Nor did they talk about loving him. Nor did anybody ever hear the word "service," so popular since, from his lips. The nearest thing to an expression of affection on either side would be something like this: "Don't you love to rile Old Doc Stew-

Suddenly Dr. Stewart sat fully upright on the couch and spoke: "By heavens, boy," he said, "you're a doctor!"

art, just to hear him cuss?" But there was a pretty good understanding between the Doctor and his people. He had helped bring more than one generation of them into the world; and helped to make a little easier the way out of it for some of their fathers and grandfathers. They took him as naturally as they did sunlight and rain and the change of seasons, and, some of them, as thoughtlessly. He was the last man they paid, after settling with the grocers, the implement dealers, and for the interest on the mortgage. . . .

A MUD-SPLATTERED man on a mud-splattered horse wallowed through the mire, and came to a stop in front of his house. A second later the man hammered on the outside door.

"It's come!" groaned Dr. Stewart.

He had known it would, had "felt it in his bones." He let the man in himself, for his housekeeper was nursing a case of pneumonia in the village, and, save for her, he lived alone. He was a childless widower.

He opened the door, and one of his own Swamp Angels, as he called them, stood dripping mud and water in the entry way.

"Jason Tucker, isn't it?" said the Doctor, peering at him.

"Uh-huh," said Tucker. "Howdy, Doc?" A manner of apology, as well as mud and water, oozed from his disheveled wetness.

There was an instant's silence, while the two regarded each other by the gleam of the kerosene lamp in the narrow hallway; and the Doctor read his doom in Tucker's earnestness and anxiety.

"Is it Myra, Jase?"

"Uh-huh; her time's come," said Tucker.

"Yes; it would be about now," nodded the Doctor reflectively.

"First baby, too," said Tucker, twisting his drenched cap in his nervous fingers, till a little rivulet of water was squeezed from it and ran down to the floor. He gulped, and added, "She was an old maid when we was married. And she's got this here *la grippe* on top of everything else, Doctor. What I'm scared of is it turnin' into pneumonia, if it ain't turned already."

Then, with a quick look at the Doctor, "You're sick, yourself, Doc?"

"Not so sprightly, Jase," admitted Dr. Stewart.

There was another moment's silence. Then Tucker cleared his throat, and murmured, "Doc Hastings, he's got a busted leg. His shin bone. 'Twixt his ankle and knee. It's in a splint."

He gulped again, and added anxiously, "I seen it myself, Doc—his leg's really broke."

"Of course," murmured Dr. Stewart.

After another moment, Tucker said, "And Doc Jones, he's out on the Swamp somewheres himself, and I can't get into touch with him." He paused, and drew a long breath. "It's a turrible imposition to come to you, Doc, and you sick like you be."

The thought took shape in the Doctor's mind, though he did not utter the words: "It's more than an imposition; it's probably my death."

For he was running a temperature, and he was weak; it meant, almost certainly, pneumonia. And then there was that pain in the cardiac region, which, he had been telling himself, was only pseudo angina pectoris. Well, pseudo or the real thing, it didn't make much difference at his age; the fact was that the heart had been strained and enlarged, last winter. Oh, damn it! He didn't have time for all this self-diagnosis!

These were the thoughts that ran through his mind. But what he said was, "I'll go, Jase."

"Thanks, Doc; I knowed you would," said Tucker. "How you goin'?"

"Come in," said Dr. Stewart. He scribbled on a prescription pad. "Take that over to the drug store and get it filled. Get back home as quick as you can with it, and give her the dose that will be marked on the bottle." Then he answered the other's question. "Buggy," he said.

"Green River's up and a-rarin' tonight," said Tucker. "Don't trust the wooden bridge, Doc—take the iron one. It's a mile further, but it's safer."

"I've seen it up and a-rarin' before," said Dr. Stewart grimly.

THE men exchanged a brief glance. Neither of them said a word of the thought in their minds, but both were thinking of the same thing. Myra Tucker was, in a way, one of Dr. Stewart's artistic creations. She had been a country school-teacher, and, four or five years before, she had been kicked by a horse and fallen down, and the horse had then trodden upon her face, breaking her nose and her cheek bones and her jaws. Dr. Stewart had practically built a new face for her, feeding her through tubes until she got the use of her jaws again, and grafting skin from her arms and legs—and this in a day before skin-grafting was generally practiced. Myra had been a pug-nosed girl of no beauty; and it had pleased the Doctor, when he made her face over, to give her a bold, aquiline nose.

This was in the days before hospitals in the country regions, or district nurses; he had done it all himself, without help. Myra had some fine, thin lines, scars, on her face after it was healed. But the new nose made a different person of her. Dr. Stewart always said he was responsible for her improved profile, and, indeed, for her marriage to Jason. That made him responsible for this baby that was trying to get itself born out there in the Swamp in the midst of such difficulties.

He chuckled under his breath at the thought, and murmured to himself, "I wonder if the baby will inherit the Roman nose I gave Myra, or her natural one?"

"What say, Doc?" asked Tucker.

"Nothing—except that Green River was up and a-rarin' the night Myra was born, herself, Jase."

"Yep," said Jase; "you borned her, Doc, didn't you?" And he disappeared into the gloom.

DR. STEWART put on his overcoat and a raincoat over that, and went to the stable, lighted a lantern, and hitched up his horse.

"Two miles north to the county line," he said to himself, "and then four miles west to the iron bridge. . . . Here! Damn your hide! How'd you like to get lashed in the face yourself with a wet tail? Huh?"

This was to his horse, the latest of a long line of animals familiar with mud and dust and snow.

"If you don't get over that trick of using your tail like a windmill every time I try to put a crupper under it, I'll . . . I'll"—he paused to think up a terrifying threat—"I'll sell you to a circus, where they'll make you walk a tight rope and feed you on barbed wire."

He was always making terrible promises to his horses—that they should go to the treadmill, or be manufactured into bologna sausage, or the like; but as a matter of fact he never even carried a buggy whip. His horses perfectly understood the oratorical nature of his threats. Animals worshiped the man. Stray dogs gravitated to his office in the village with such regularity that he had a theory they must have the house marked, as tramps are said to mark houses. All about the place he had nailed up tin cans to trees and posts, which he kept filled with water for the birds in hot, dry weather.

In spite of his coats and lap robe, the Doctor was wet to the skin before he was well into the area where muddy prairie began to merge with drowned swamp, for the wind, so to speak, showed a diabolical cleverness in taking the rain in hand as if it were a weapon, and slicing and slashing with it, thrusting it like a fencer through and around and past all defenses. Half an hour of this soaking—for the Doctor moved slowly over the wretched roads—and he was sure that his temperature was rising.

He stopped, and thrust his thermometer under his tongue, and read what it registered by the light of his lantern. It was as he had suspected. But he went on; he was bound for Jason Tucker's, and he would get there, he told himself, in spite of hell and high water. He only hoped that he would arrive before the baby did . . . or, to put it that way, before the mother . . . was gone.

Thickest night came on, and his horse had difficulty in keeping to the road. Not that it (*Continued on page 110*)

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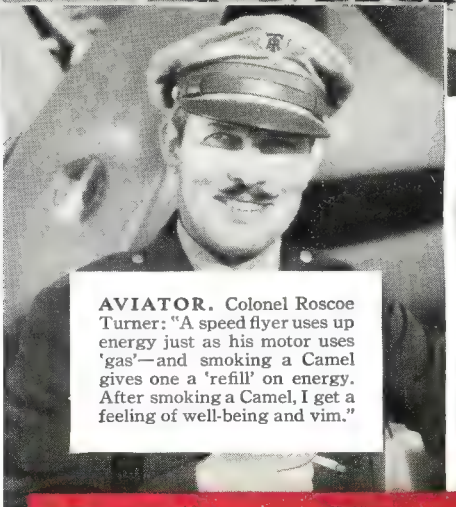

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9:00 P.M. C.S.T.	8:00 P.M. C.S.T.
8:00 P.M. M.S.T.	9:30 P.M. M.S.T.
7:00 P.M. P.S.T.	8:30 P.M. P.S.T.

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She said "No"

(*Continued from page 21*)

giant got in a mean thrust. His brown eyes twinkled wickedly.

"No?" he repeated as in great surprise. "Now, that's too bad. But of course every woman can't expect to be so fortunate."

There was simply no retort possible. Fortuna started her car, and from the tail of her eye saw the exaggerated politeness with which the red-haired one bowed a solemn farewell. She drove on in a mist of rage. Her eyes stung.

She flung herself into Cousin Emma's presence a half-hour later and poured out the tale. That astute lady listened with the greatest attention, but it was not directed to the focal points of Fortuna's recital—the loss of the dirt road and the possibility of horrid little houses in the valley below. Cousin Emma knew a thing or two about emotional emphasis in the female mind. So, when she had a chance to speak, what she said was:

"But, Fortuna, my dear, is this young man a gentleman?"

"Gentleman?" fumed Fortuna. "He's a *beast!* I'm just telling you!"

"Worse and worse," Cousin Emma muttered. "Do you know his name?"

"I don't care what his name is," Fortuna stormed. "I simply loathe him! I didn't know it was possible to hate anybody on such short notice."

When she had stamped up to her room, Cousin Emma nodded to herself.

"That settles it," she said. "I'll have to find out something about him at once."

BUT they did not need to wait longer than the next week to find out the odious one's name. Suddenly bordering the road where steam shovels and rollers were at work, there appeared huge boardings in the gaudiest yellow and black, proclaiming that "Daniel J. O'Brien, Owner and Developer, will erect Model Homes on Restricted Sites, Terms Reasonable."

Fortuna, edging her roadster at a snail's pace along the edge of the cluttered road one day, overtook a tall figure in Norfolk jacket and puttees. He turned about as soon as he heard the car and waited for her.

"Good morning, Miss Pendleton," he said cheerfully. "You see, I've learned your name. Mine is Dan O'Brien."

Fortuna made a slow, haughty scrutiny of the flaming new signs along the road.

"Really?" she drawled. "I should never have guessed it!"

She was immediately ashamed of herself. His tanned cheeks grew red under a painful embarrassment. He looked suddenly young and unsure of himself.

"They are awful—those signs," he said slowly. "I hate them, too. But they're necessary. A man has to sell himself sometimes before he can sell his work. So you see . . ."

Fortuna saw too much. She saw the amber flecks in his brown eyes. She saw the sensitive line of the nostrils and the boyish white of his forehead above the tan.

"I'm going to the village," she said curtly. "Can I give you a lift?"

"Thanks a lot," O'Brien returned. "As far as Mean's Real Estate Office."

All the way to the village—the trip was accomplished in silence—Fortuna felt his eyes upon her. Her cheeks in spite of herself grew warm. She decided to look up suddenly and surprise him. But Daniel O'Brien was too quick for her.

"You women make fussy drivers," he said on the instant. "You shift your wheel too often. Now, this is the way!"

He calmly put an arm about her, and placed one of his large brown hands over each of hers. Then he guided the car smoothly and steadily the few remaining rods to the real estate office.

WHEN he was out, he stood a moment regarding her gravely. There was a strange gentleness upon his face.

"Miss Pendleton, it was very nice of you to bring me down."

The imp within Fortuna rose at once.

"I thought *nice* was exclusively a woman's word," she sniffed.

The giant grinned.

"I won't use it again. I'll find a *nicer* one next time!"

And he vanished into the office, leaving Fortuna with a whole assortment of bottled-up feelings to overcome as she did her errands. She certainly hated the man. Whatever had possessed her to ask him to ride down with her? He was ordinary!

And then her heart gave a queer twinge as she thought of his expression as he stood looking down at her.

"Oh, *bother* Daniel J. O'Brien and all his works!" she burst out.

But the works of Mr. O'Brien proceeded apace, for all that. Even from the eminence of their hill Fortuna and Miss Emma could watch the final completion of the macadam and the new stream of traffic going by. They glimpsed, too, the skeletons of new houses all along the lower side of the road. Mr. O'Brien, it seemed, had a genius for getting things done.

In addition to all this, great black dragons of steam shovels began to tear and gash their way through the woods beyond the confines of Fortuna's property.

Fortuna had glimpsed O'Brien from a distance every day, but she had had only one real meeting with him since the drive to the village. On a hot Sunday afternoon she had dropped some books in the roadster together with a lunch basket the cook had handed her, and slipped off down the drive on a quiet jaunt of her own. She considered, as she headed the car out toward the open country, that she had rarely in all her hectic young life gone off anywhere alone. She drove slowly between sleepy-looking farm fields and finally into a bosky woods. Through the trees she could glimpse a stream. This was what she wanted. She nosed the car down a faintly outlined lumber road in the woods and got out with her books and basket.

It was cool and apparently remote from all other humans. Fortuna arranged herself comfortably against one side of a certain huge oak, where she could look upstream, and opened her book. It was heavenly. Utter peace.

She had read only a page when a nonchalant yawn from the other side of the tree made her jump violently. It was followed by a too familiar voice which said, "Do you happen to have a match? Mine are all damp."

She peered cautiously around the tree-trunk. There sat Daniel J. O'Brien in the old Norfolk jacket and fishing boots. He grinned at her in friendly fashion.

"I really don't know," she began angrily, "why out of all the trees in the woods you had to pick this one!"

"That's just one of life's little mysteries," he said calmly. "As to that, why should you? I was here first."

He lighted a pipe from the match she offered and then, shifting a little nearer, looked into her flushed face.

"Don't let's fight," he said. "For this one afternoon, wouldn't it be sort of jolly to sit here and talk together? I'm lonesome and I've had a rotten time—fished for hours and didn't catch a thing."

Fortuna hated herself, because her heart gave great thumps. She at once assumed an attitude of protective disdain.

"I came here because I particularly wanted to be alone," she began haughtily. And then, seeing the really disappointed look on his face, she laughed outright.

The laugh was a mistake, for when she laughed Fortuna was irresistible. Moreover, her laugh was one of the sweet, tinkly kind that has a way of echoing in a man's heart. Dan O'Brien rose suddenly after one strange, intent look at her.

"You're quite right, of course. I'll move at once. At least several trees away."

His voice was so deep and grave that Fortuna hardly recognized it. But she changed tactics at once. She was suddenly very gay and gracious.

"No, you'll stay. We'll have a truce. You'll forget that you hate me for doing you out of your property, and I'll forget that I loathe you for being an insolent fellow with no manners. We'll have a little picnic, and then when the sun sets we'll go back into our proper characters again and despise each other all we want. Shall we?"

"All right, it's a go. Thanks."

He moved around the tree trunk. Talk flowed easily, and it was not at all the talk of Oswald and his crowd.

"About my work," he said once. "Of course, I've made a little money, and I expect to make more if I don't get any serious setbacks. I've always had to sail pretty close to the wind. But to me there's a satisfaction in building good, honest houses that are going to weather the storms for years to come. I like to think of that. Egotism, maybe. But when you're in the building game you're at least doing something constructive. There! I didn't mean to make a pun."

AS THE afternoon went on, Fortuna grew quieter, listening. This was a new type of man, she discovered, who was on his way and knew definitely where he wanted to go.

"Where do you live?" she asked suddenly.

"Oh, I have a place where I eat and sleep, if that's what you mean. I do my real living in my office. It's a kind of study

as well. I'm there all the time when I'm not out on the job."

They ate their lunch together like two hungry children, dividing the last sandwich accurately in half. Through the trees Fortuna had seen the sunset, seen it and been ashamed of the fact that she didn't want to. All at once O'Brien saw it, too, and jumped to his feet, too quickly, she thought.

"Time's up," he said, helping her gather up the scattered books. "It will be dark before we know it. And there is one thing I want you to promise me before you go."

"What is it?" Fortuna said in a very small voice. She was certainly *not* in love with this man but she would at least hear what he had to say.

"I want you to give me your word you won't come out to these woods again alone."

"I'll do no such thing," Fortuna snapped, angered in spite of herself at the unexpected form his request had taken.

"Yes, you will," he said gravely. "I know these woods, and I've come across some queer characters in them sometimes. I want your promise."

"Well, you won't get it," Fortuna said coolly. "I shall do just as I please."

"We'll see," he said.

He strode past her to the roadster, took out the key, and put it in his pocket.

"As soon as you give me your promise, you can go. Until then you'll stay here."

Fortuna's face was white with anger. "And what makes you so sure I'd keep my promise if I did give it to you?" she said.

He looked at her quizzically.

"Well, I don't know. You're spoiled to death, you're snobbish and terribly undisciplined, but in spite of that I've an idea your word would be as good as your bond."

"How extremely flattering. Very well, I promise. Give me my car key."

He handed it to her without a word.

"And now," she said in a hard, cold little voice, "I'll tell *you* something, Dan O'Brien. Before this I merely played at being unfriendly with you. Now I thoroughly dislike you."

She saw his lips fix in a straight line.

"At least, you seem to have gotten back into character rapidly, Miss Pendleton."

When Fortuna reached home Oswald was waiting, very jaunty in white linen. He had foregone Newport for her that afternoon and he wanted her to know it.

Fortuna was surprisingly sweet to him. "If I get desperate enough, Ozzy," she said as he left, "I may really marry you."

"I've heard warmer statements of love in my time, but anything from you is something, Fortuna. Say when!"

"Oh, I don't know. Listen, Ozzy. If I made you a promise of any kind would you trust me to keep it?"

"Never," Oswald laughed.

"You wouldn't expect me to?"

"Girls as beautiful as you are don't have to keep promises. Well, so long now, sugar, but don't forget that desperate mood. I'm all for it."

FOR a week Cousin Emma watched Fortuna anxiously. The girl was obviously upset. She ate little, refused conversation, and went about muttering wrathfully.

Indeed, by the end of the week Cousin Emma was so worried that she welcomed the news that Ozzy was bringing a small party out on Saturday night. Even if she disapproved of the crowd, they were certainly young people of what she termed "standing." Oswald, himself, was of irreproachable lineage, had pleasant manners, and would inherit one of New York's many sizable fortunes.

The party was in full swing when a maid, seeking Fortuna, told her there was a young man in the library who wished to see her. The name was O'Brien.

When she went in, he was standing by her desk, hands in pockets, his brows drawn anxiously. He was immaculately dressed, she noticed, in a dark suit.

"Miss Pendleton," he began, "I'm terribly ashamed to barge in at a time like this, when you have a party on, but I had to see you at once on a matter of business. Can you spare me a few minutes?"

"What business can you possibly have with me?" Fortuna asked icily, as she motioned him to a chair.

"It's just this," he said. "I'll give you the facts straight . . . no quibbling. Something has come up that makes it necessary for me to have this place if I'm going to go on with my development. You see, my plans for streets and all that were drawn and shown to several big buyers before the . . . the hitch occurred. I still thought I could work things out on this upper side somehow, but everything has gone wrong this week."

HE STOPPED a moment for breath, and Fortuna saw the harassed lines on his forehead.

"My prospective buyers have dropped off since they've seen the new plans, and unless I can make the quick turnover I had expected I can't swing the thing. But I've been busy for the last two days getting more credit and some ready cash, and I'm now in a position to offer you much more than you paid for this place—anything in reason, really. Will you sell it?"

Fortuna smiled, but the smile was a little acrid.

"I certainly will not, Mr. O'Brien. I'm sorry for your business troubles and all that, but I don't see how they can possibly concern me. This farm is absolutely not for sale."

Daniel O'Brien leaned forward. Fortuna could see that he hadn't yet given up.

"But, Miss Pendleton . . . forgive me for saying this, but I've got a lot at stake. You bought this place on a moment's impulse just for a lark. In a few months you'll be tired of it and will sell it probably for a song. Now, I'm not asking any favors, but I am offering you a chance to make well on your investment."

"I don't care to make any more money," Fortuna said. "I have enough."

O'Brien looked at her in amazement.

"But it isn't as though this place were a family seat! You can't have the least sentiment about it! And I can find you a dozen other places, handsomer than this, the same distance from New York." His voice was anxious. "Won't you consider it?"

Fortuna rose. "Really I have nothing more to say," she said. "I don't care to sell, and that's the end of it."

And just at that moment Oswald strolled into the library. He was wearing a white linen dinner jacket that fitted him almost too perfectly. His slim, well-kept hand held a cigarette, gracefully, as though it were unaccustomed to holding anything heavier. The two men took each other's measure silently.

"Mr. O'Brien, Mr. Haskins," Fortuna murmured.

Ozzy looked at the stranger as though from a distance, and said languidly, "Oh, yes, from the valley down here, I believe. Fortuna darling, we've been waiting for you."

Daniel O'Brien turned sharply on his heel. He looked pale and tired.

"Good-by, Miss Pendleton," he said. And there was a sad finality in his voice.

And the very next week brought the change. The black dragons at work in the woods next the farm remained motionless. There was no sound of hammers, or of falling trees. And, perhaps most conspicuous change of all, no tall figure in puttees was to be seen striding about. The building operations had suddenly stopped, and Fortuna was miserable.

She sketched the situation for Cousin Emma. "There was no reason under heaven why I should sell out to him. If he weren't an overbearing, egotistical, selfish, ordinary creature, he would never have asked it."

"Of course not," Cousin Emma agreed, "though your manner of getting this place was rather . . ."

"It was nothing of the kind," Fortuna burst in. "And I hope he goes broke!"

But she stopped at Mean's Real Estate office just the same, a few days later, and after a vague pretext of discussing property values said casually:

"What's happened? The O'Brien works seem to have shut down."

"They certainly have. O'Brien got caught in a jam. He'd drawn up all these plans for a big crescent . . . with all kinds of fancy trimmings and some pretty nice houses that he'd make real money on. That end of the development was to carry the rest; see? Well, when he ran short of ground there and couldn't make all these winding drives, the folks that had planned to buy canceled their orders, and he's left holding the bag, sort of. All his own fault," the man added hastily, "but we hate to see him get washed up. He's a fine fellow."

Fortuna was silent at dinner. She roamed restlessly through the house till nine o'clock. Then she grabbed the telephone book, found an address, and jammed on the blue hat that was the color of her eyes.

"Fortuna, why on earth are you going out at this hour?" Miss Emma quavered, following her to the door. "It simply is not safe!"

"I'm going," Fortuna said between her teeth, "because I'm forty kinds of a fool. And," she added with what Cousin Emma decided was real bitterness, "I assure you I'll be *safe* enough!"

SHE got out the roadster and headed, not for the village, but for the larger town beyond. She found the address she was seeking to be that of a bank with offices apparently above it. In one of them there was a light. She climbed the none too clean stairs of the side passageway and found herself in the upper hall. On one of the doors she read: *Daniel J. O'Brien, Construction Engineer.*

She knocked smartly, and a gruff voice called, "Come in."

Fortuna opened the door.

Dan O'Brien, his coat off and his rusty

Prevent Diphtheria!

"The inoculation was perfectly simple. He didn't mind it a bit. This young man will never have diphtheria!"

THE number of deaths from diphtheria dropped, on an average, about 1,000 each year — approximately from 14,000 to 4,000—throughout the United States from 1923 until 1934. In those cities and towns where inoculation of pre-school children is the rule and not the exception, the danger from diphtheria is steadily decreasing. In fact there are many large communities where no deaths from diphtheria have occurred over a number of years.

Antitoxin, discovered years ago, was a partial victory over diphtheria. It usually relieved the severity of an attack of the disease and helped to save many lives. With the extensive development of toxin-antitoxin or toxoid inoculations, a preventive method for blotting out this disease has been found. All children should be protected against diphtheria when they have reached the age of six months. Inoculation gives the great majority complete and lasting immunity against the disease. Whether a child lives in the city or in the country, a nearby doctor can give him the inoculation.

Not all of the diphtheria tragedies are due to lack of information or to negligence on the part of parents. In some cases mothers are under the impression that their children are in no danger of contracting this disease because of the devoted care given them. They are reluctant to have their healthy children immunized. Parents should realize that the utmost care may not protect their boys and girls from this preventable disease. Successful inoculation in infancy will protect them.

Nearly two-thirds of the fatal results from diphtheria occur between the ages of six months and six years. Those who recover from an attack may even then be left with permanently damaged hearts. Inoculation is a simple matter, soon over with, and leaves no scar. If you have children of your own who have not been inoculated, protect them at once.

Metropolitan will mail, free, its booklet "Diphtheria and Your Child." Address Booklet Department 335-A.

METROPOLITAN LIFE INSURANCE COMPANY

FREDERICK H. ECKER, PRESIDENT — ONE MADISON AVE., NEW YORK, N. Y.

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It takes all kinds

By Albert Benjamin

TEN YEARS ago Mrs. S. A. Siewart, of Warsaw, Ind., made an offer of $1 to any person who could give her a picture, not including a modern invention, which did not illustrate some verse in the Bible. She has never failed, although thousands of pictures have been submitted.

PHYSICIANS recently discovered that Edward Reynolds, of Pittsburgh, Pa., has two hearts—one on each side.

IN 1896, Joe Mallett, a rancher living near Snohomish, Wash., made a vow that he would never again enter the town if William Jennings Bryan was defeated for President that year. He has kept his vow.

ERNEST McKAY, a colored youth of Richmond, Ind., can guess within two minutes of the correct time, day or night, rain or shine.

WITH the help of his family, Mr. Ellis F. Stenman, of Pigeon Cove, Mass., has built a complete house and all of the furniture in it out of approximately 100,000 Boston newspapers. The walls consist of 215 thicknesses of newspapers pasted and folded into layers. For the furniture the newspapers were made into rolls of different sizes.

SIX brothers-in-law, of Philadelphia, Pa., who married the six Carson sisters, have formed the Brothers-in-Law Association and meet every Friday night to discuss methods of getting along with their wives.

CARRIE ELIZABETH BIANCA, a few months old, rounds out the six living generations of a family residing near Indianola, Miss.

OSCAR ROGERS, 83, retired fisherman of Orleans, Mass., claims he sleeps with his eyes wide open and says they haven't been closed since he was born.

ZADA SPENCER, of Kansas City, Mo., who recently advertised for a job by describing herself as "unreliable, dishonest, lazy," received more than 100 answers; no jobs.

DR. L. M. DAVIS, of Harlingen, Texas, was the attending physician at the birth of 22 boys who played in the annual grid contest last fall between Donna (Tex.) and Weslaco (Tex.) high schools.

EDWARD L. HANNA, sponsor of the Cleveland (Ohio) Rocket Society, which is conducting experiments in the hope of eventual transportation to other planets by rocket planes, is reported to have set aside $20,000 to provide for the ultimate burial of himself and his wife on the moon if they can't make the trip while alive.

MELVIN BUTLER, a violin maker of San Jose, Calif., developed a glue for the repair of musical instruments and refused an offer of $5,000 for the formula. Two years later he decided to accept the offer, only to find that he had forgotten the formula. He's still trying to remember it.

ROSS R. WOLFE, of Texas, has built a house of petrified wood and fossils gathered from 17 states and foreign countries.

RUDY VALLEE supplies guests at his lodge near Portland, Maine, with a book, bound in birch bark, telling them what to do and what not to do while in his house. The first rule is: "Put back things where and as you find them."

CARL BERG, gatekeeper of the deadhead entrance to the American League baseball park in Cleveland, Ohio, has attended every home game for eighteen years, but has never seen a complete inning.

THE only one-armed concert pianist in the world is Paul Wittgenstein, 47, of Vienna, who is now making his first American tour.

AFTER eating a picnic lunch, Tony Di Laurentis, Hatboro, Pa., barber, ate 130 apples to win a $10 bet.

W. C. HENRY, Boston, Mass., stamp collector, has glued 18,000 postage stamps on his car in lieu of paint.

Do you know an unusual fact that will fit into this column? We will pay $1 for each acceptable item accompanied by corroborative proof. When the same information is received from more than one person, the item bearing the earliest postmark will be given credit. Address IT TAKES ALL KINDS, The American Magazine, 250 Park Ave., New York, N. Y. No entries returned.

hair tumbled, was leaning over a desk covered with blueprints. He straightened up, startled. Fortuna could see that his face was haggard and his eyes were tired.

"Miss Pendleton!" he said, scrambling into his coat. "What are you doing here at this hour? Are you alone?"

"Certainly," said Fortuna, "and I'm not afraid, if that's what you mean. I'm here on business."

"Very well. What is it?" O'Brien said quietly, without asking her to sit down.

"I have decided to sell my property."

"You *have?*" For one moment there was a flash of relief and triumph in his eyes. Then the tired look crept in again. That look he had had when he glanced from Ozzy to her and back again, and then left.

"You can see my attorney tomorrow at this address." Fortuna flipped a card upon the desk.

"I thought he would advise you to sell if he knew the circumstances," O'Brien said slowly.

"He knows nothing about it even this minute," Fortuna said angrily. "I simply decided to sell, and that's all there is to it."

"Yes," O'Brien echoed, with a peculiar lack of enthusiasm. "I guess that's all."

FOR a moment they stood looking at each other; then something in Fortuna gave way.

"And I want you to know this," she said bitterly. "You think I'm a spoiled, selfish nitwit, don't you? That I bought that house for no reason at all. Well, I want to tell you this: I never had a real home before in my life. I've lived here and there with guardians and nurses and companions since I was a baby."

She gulped a small sob and went on: "I've kept up with a fast crowd because I didn't know what else to do. But when I saw that old white house it looked like a home to me. And it's the only place I've ever been really happy in. Now, you can think of that when you're tearing it down and cutting up my meadow! Good-by."

And she turned to the door. But O'Brien was there first, with his back against it.

"If this is true," he said breathlessly, "why are you selling it now?"

Fortuna looked up, frightened. "That is my own business."

But Dan O'Brien had taken her face between his strong brown hands.

"It has suddenly become my business, too. Look at me, Fortuna."

"I will not," Fortuna whispered, slowly raising her eyes.

And then his arms were around her, and her face was buried in the old Norfolk jacket. . . .

When they finally decided they *must* go back and tell Cousin Emma all about it, Dan took one more kiss.

"I would never in the world marry a rich girl," he said, "if I didn't know she needed to be taken care of and . . ."

"Disciplined?" suggested Fortuna wickedly.

"Exactly!" He tried to make his voice stern but only succeeded in making it so tender that something inside Fortuna simply ached with happiness.

She raised her head. The blue eyes were misty and unbelievably sweet.

"And to think I should ever allow anyone to say that to me," she murmured, "*and like it!*"

✣ ✣ ✣ ✣ ✣

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Clinics, hospitals acclaim this stronger new yeast that corrects Indigestion, Skin Ills, Loss of Energy **more quickly than any yeast before!**

IF YOU suffer from constipation . . . if your stomach gets upset . . . if your complexion is poor . . . *take 60 seconds to read this—right now!*

A famous American scientist, connected with a great university, has discovered a new yeast—a wonderful new *kind* of yeast.

Already it has helped millions . . . and it can help *you, too.*

It is much stronger than any previous yeast . . . an entirely new "strain" of yeast . . . that acts far more swiftly . . . far more vigorously!

• • •

Such eminent physicians as Dr. Georges Rosenthal (in group at right), past president of an important medical society, say, "It gives the quickest results ever seen from yeast in cases of constipation, indigestion and run-down condition!"

XR Yeast speeds up the juices and muscles not only of your intestines, but also of your *stomach* . . . and that's where doctors say most constipation *starts!*

With your juices and muscles toned up, your food digests better, is kept softer, does you more good, and is more easily eliminated.

Your appetite perks up. You can eat more of the things you really like. You lose that "stuffed" feeling . . . that *distress* after meals.

Can end Cathartic Habit

Soon you should be able to stop taking the harsh cathartics that so often weaken you and make your trouble actually *worse.*

Soon your blood is purified, and your skin is cleared of blemishes, looks radiantly healthy.

Those awful headaches usually stop, because you've removed the excess poisons that cause them.

Soon your energy comes back . . . you're a much more cheerful person —more fun for others to be with!

Also, you're not so likely to feel—or *look*—older than your years . . . because XR Yeast speeds up the juices and muscles which tend to slow down as we grow older, often causing "premature aging."

Combats Colds, Too!

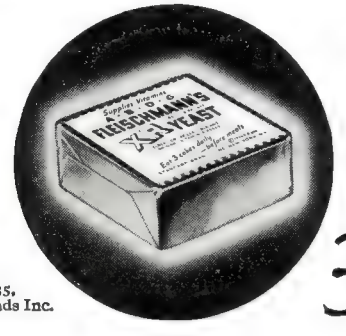
In addition, the new XR Yeast supplies Vitamin A which combats colds. It is also rich in Vitamins B, D and G . . . giving you *four* vitamins you need for health.

Don't put off feeling better another day! Don't you want to have lots of pep . . . a keen zest for food . . . a good appearance? Of course you do! Then start eating the new Fleischmann's XR Yeast *right now!* You can get it at grocers, restaurants and soda fountains.

Eat three cakes every day—plain, or in ½ glass of water—preferably a half-hour before meals. Begin to eat it *today* . . . and keep it up!

(RIGHT)

FOUR FAMOUS PHYSICIANS meet to discuss tests on the new yeast. "It acts far faster," states DR. HENRI STÉVENIN (left), glandular expert. "Astonishing results . . . it relieved 19 out of 21 cases of severe constipation," reports DR. FERNAND TRÉMOLIÈRES, stomach specialist. "My tests showed remarkable results—on run-down cases," reports DR. JOSEPH MOUCHOTTE, world-famous gynecologist. "Of great medical importance," says DR. GEORGES ROSENTHAL, noted specialist.



3 millions already eating Fleischmann's new XR Yeast

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NRA CODE

great discovery

Trader Jones

(*Continued from page 43*)

shrewdest "hoss traders" in the South.

Those who knew Jones for his big business interests were somewhat surprised to see him accept a back-breaking job like the chairmanship of the RFC for the trifling sum of $8,500 a year.

And then, when Jesse Jones had been a little while in the harness, everybody began to realize that he was trying to make a success of the RFC to make a success of Jones & Company. If the nation succeeded, Jones could still play the fascinating game of business. If the nation failed, Jones might have to take up golf, which he abhorred.

JONES was not made chairman of the RFC until the advent of President Roosevelt. The new President looked upon the new agency with little enthusiasm. And he looked upon Jesse Jones with little more. The operations of the RFC had elevated many Democratic eyebrows, because it was felt that its directors, under the Hoover administration, did not lend money as disinterestedly as they might. And, as for Jones, he had presidential aspirations of his own in 1928 and had been Democratic finance director during the John W. Davis campaign. He was a Wilson man during the war, an Al Smith booster, and a Garner man at the Chicago convention in 1932. He became an eager supporter of Roosevelt only after the nomination.

Some of the boys said that President Roosevelt really put him at the head of the rather disorganized RFC in the expectation that he would fail and thus be taken out of politics.

At any rate, President Roosevelt deliberated upon Jones two months before he appointed him.

Then, Jones took the limping RFC, bandaged its wounds, massaged its Charley horse, and started it stepping at a furious pace. No matter what the President's feelings may have been, Jones is now one of the head men in the official family. Even his enemies say he is a financial genius. But the "experts" point out warningly that he knows nothing about economic theory or financial history.

"That's right," he told me promptly, when I asked him about it. "You get so you do it all by ear. You learn the feel of things, and when you've got that, you can forget theory."

Right now in Washington it is being gossiped about that the administration's uneasiness about Jones's political uncertainty was justified. Party leaders in New York, for instance, have been discussing him as a presidential possibility for 1936.

Personally, I believe that if Jesse Jones has presidential aspirations, they are temporary and merely for business purposes. I doubt whether Jones, despite his appearance among the candidates at the Houston convention, ever seriously expected to be President. His life is business—barter—the highest order of horse trading. He makes money; the money means nothing. He buys skyscrapers. He is not particularly interested in skyscrapers. He is interested in the fun of transacting business.

As a boy, Jesse's ambition was to work in and perhaps eventually become proprietor of the hardware store down at the crossroads, but at nineteen he borrowed $60, packed a ham and some fried chickens in a "telescope" bag, and went to the World's Fair in Chicago. He was there sixteen days and had $10 left when he returned. He brought back a new knowledge of the world outside. He decided to get into that world, and went to Dallas, Tex., to work in a lumberyard.

Somewhere he had conceived the idea that the way to have a lot of fun is to borrow money, buy something, sell it at a profit, and then pay back the loan. He started to build up credit at a Dallas bank. He borrowed $100, put it away, and, when the note came due, took out the money, and paid it promptly. Then he borrowed $200. His credit at the bank was good for $500 when he heard about some timberland that could be bought for $10,000. He knew how that timber could be cut and sold at a profit. He went to his banker friend and asked for a loan of $10,000. The banker laughed at him.

Jones hung around the bank all day, popping into the banker's office every half-hour or so, until the harassed banker finally announced:

"Jesse, by thunder, you're such a nuisance that I'm going to take the four o'clock train and go down to inspect our branch at Waxahachie. I wasn't going until morning, but it seems to be the only way I can get away from you."

Next morning the banker entered his branch at Waxahachie. Standing beside the counter was Jesse Jones.

"What are you afraid of, Mr. Ferris?" Jones asked. "You know me and my folks. You'll get your money back."

"Oh, all right," said Ferris. "I'll take a chance."

And Jesse Jones, the financier, was under way.

From Dallas he went to Houston, and he began to buy real estate. Eventually he built fourteen of Houston's major buildings, one 37 stories high, and a flock of smaller ones. In 1923 he began to operate in New York, and erected three big office buildings and a swanky apartment house.

HIS friends say he is a gambler. But seldom has he gambled in the stock market. He is about the only Texan who never invested a dime in oil. A few years ago he would play contract for 25 cents a point or for a twentieth of a cent. He had as much fun winning $1 in a penny-ante poker game as $10,000 in a no-limit game.

Money really means little to him. He gives little to organized charity, but has made generous contributions to provide work for idle men and women. He pays comparatively small salaries, but he gives his executives opportunities to make money on outside deals.

A Houston man told me:

"I have heard people complain that Jesse Jones trimmed them in business, but I have found out that the fellows who said they were trimmed were trying to trim him. And that's fatal. He's one of the most lovable men I ever knew, except when he thinks somebody is trying to put something over on him. Then, look out!"

Jones goes to church frequently. A few years ago three churchmen called upon him and said they needed $10,000 to rebuild the church.

"I'll give $5,000," said Jones, "and we'll go right over now and get the other $5,000 from So-and-So," naming a man who had recently made a lot of money.

"So-and-So," however, was in a bad mood. "I like to play a little poker and to drink now and then," he informed the shocked churchmen. "You and I don't think alike. No, I won't help you."

Outside at the elevators, Jones told the churchmen, "Wait here; I'll try again." He returned to Mr. So-and-So.

"Look here," said Jones. "I'll make you a fair proposition. I'll match you to see whether you or I give the whole ten thousand."

"All right," said the man.

They matched. Mr. So-and-So lost.

Jesse Jones rejoined the churchmen. He handed them a check for $10,000.

"That's from the two of us," he said. "I changed his mind about gambling. He's not so much in favor of it now."

DURING the World War, Jones was—take a long breath—Director General of the Department of Military Relief of the American Red Cross, and spent eighteen months in France. He was a good friend of Woodrow Wilson's.

Jones was 46 years old when he married Mrs. Mary Gibbs, a widow. His marriage, his friends say, changed him considerably. He perked up in his dress, stopped saying "ain't," and began to say "going" instead of "goin'."

Mr. and Mrs. Jones live in a small apartment at a fashionable Washington hotel. He usually walks to and from his office, six blocks away. His telephone begins ringing before he is up in the morning, and he has arranged many a loan while he stood in his underwear, holding the telephone in one hand and his trousers in the other.

He works hard on his speeches and delivers them well. He is not afraid of the microphone. He speaks extemporaneously only at testimonial dinners that the home folks give for him in Houston nearly every time he comes to town. They hold these dinners at one of Jones's hotels, which makes him doubly appreciative when a big crowd shows up.

One of his greatest achievements was getting the Democratic Convention to Houston in 1928. When the Democratic National Committee was trying to make up its mind as to the location for the convention, Kansas City, Chicago, and San Francisco were the favored cities. Jones decided that Houston was the ideal spot.

"No," said the committee.

"Well, then," said Jones, "look at this." And the great trader laid down his personal check, certified, for $200,000.

Now he was talking. The Democrats hadn't been up to the feed box since the

SO THAT EXPLAINS MR. WHIFFLEBEE'S RECENT OUTBURST OF ENERGY!

$1000 CASH PRIZES

82 CHANCES FOR YOU TO WIN!

FIRST PRIZE—$500

SECOND PRIZE—$100 80 PRIZES—$5 EACH

WHAT IS WILLIE SAYING?

HERE'S great fun for the whole family . . . And a great chance to win one of the 82 cash prizes! Just tell us what you think little Willie is saying! It's so easy a child could win! For instance, a short, simple little "blurb" like this might take first prize: "It's the first lick of work the Old Man's done in years!" or: "And Boy! Does he like that Post's 40% Bran Flakes!" Just read the few simple rules given here—

Contest Rules

1. Each person may send in as many sayings for Willie as he wants, but each saying must be accompanied by your name and address, and the top from one Post's 40% Bran Flakes package. (Or reasonably accurate facsimile.)
2. Entries will be judged on interest and appropriateness. Decisions of the judges must be accepted as final. In case of ties, duplicate prizes will be awarded.
3. All entries must be postmarked on or before midnight March 31, 1935 when contest closes. Send your entries to Postum Company, Dept. A-3, Battle Creek, Michigan.

Something tells us

. . . our artist has gone a bit too far!

WE wouldn't for a minute expect you to believe that Mr. Whiffle-bee's new-found energy is due entirely to our Post's 40% Bran Flakes.

But there is something we *should* like to say, quite seriously, about this delicious cereal.

If you happen to have that "lacka-daisical" no-account feeling, perhaps you have a sluggish intestine . . . caused by lack of bulk in your diet.

In that case, why not try Post's 40% Bran Flakes? It contains bran to supply the bulk that's needed to help keep your system free of wastes . . . your elimination regular.

It also contains other parts of wheat to give it that grand, appetizing flavor . . . a crisp, nut-like flavor that we believe you'll find in no other cereal. Just try it! Millions eat it for its fine flavor alone, and *you* may find it's just what you need to bring back your old vim and vigor. Post's 40% Bran Flakes With Other Parts of Wheat is a product of General Foods. © G. F Corp., 1935

SEND FOR beautiful colored pictures of Famous Americans

Full color reproductions of portraits by great artists. Size 7⅞ x 10¾ in. Send a box top from Post's 40% Bran Flakes package for EACH picture you want. Enclose 3 cent stamp to cover mailing cost. Postum Company, Dept. A-3, Battle Creek, Michigan. Select from this list:

Theodore Roosevelt	Grover Cleveland
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Martha Washington	John Marshall
Benjamin Franklin	Sitting Bull
Thomas Jefferson	Wm. F. Cody
Alexander Hamilton	Robert E. Lee
Abraham Lincoln	Andrew Jackson
John Paul Jones	U. S. Grant

How to fix Old Floors

By Roger B. Whitman

THE floors of two of my upstairs rooms are yellow pine. When I bought the house they had been finished with dark-red varnish-stain. In doorways and wherever there is continual wear the light tone of the wood shows through soon after refinishing. The effect is not very decorative.

The complete remedy, of course, was to clean off the old finish, and to refinish in natural color so that wear might not show.

A floor job is in two parts: removing the old finish and smoothing the floor where wear may have roughened it. When the floor is smooth, the old finish can be taken off with a remover, which softens paint and varnish to the point that permits them to be wiped off with cloths or steel wool. Some removers are powders to be mixed with water. Others are liquids, to be used only with plenty of ventilation and safeguards against fire. Traces of the remover should be taken up by rinsing with water or with turpentine, according to its nature. Plenty of time should be allowed for drying before applying the new finish.

My floors needed smoothing as well. The two jobs were done at one time with a sandpapering machine, which ground the surface to even smoothness and exposed bare and clean wood.

There were several cracks in the floors where boards had shrunk. Dust in these cracks was loosened with a wire and removed with a vacuum cleaner. The cracks were then closed with a paste called a crack filler, bought at a paint store. Stains too deep for the machine to cut out were bleached with a solution of oxalic acid crystals in hot water, in the proportion of about ½ pound to 3 quarts. The solution was applied hot and allowed to stand for several hours, in some cases overnight. Traces of the bleach were then rinsed off with clear water. A floor should usually be bleached all over.

I finished the floors with wax, in a thin and oily solution. This was brushed on liberally and allowed to soak in for 10 minutes, after which any left on the surface was wiped off. After 12 hours for drying, a similar coat was applied, and a thin coat of paste wax was rubbed on after another 12-hour interval.

A properly built floor should have two layers, the under one of rough boards nailed to the floor-beams as support for the finish floor, with moisture-proof paper between. In many houses, only finish flooring is used, and trouble comes as dust works through the cracks. There is also a lack of stiffness. There can hardly be a greater improvement than to cover such floors with a layer of hardwood. The usual and least expensive form is in strips, with the ends as well as the sides cut tongue-and-groove. For floors in a new house, laid over a subfloor, the usual thickness is $\frac{13}{16}$ inch, and this thickness should be used over single-thick floors in old houses. For surfacing a double-thick floor, strips as thin as $\frac{3}{8}$ inch can be used.

After laying, a hardwood floor should be scraped to smoothness. The most usual finish is two or three coats of varnish, which can be waxed if desired. Shellac is satisfactory when properly selected, but it should not be used in its usual thick form. An equal amount of good denatured alcohol should be added, and the mixture applied in thin coats.

WAXED, varnished, and shellacked floors should be cleaned with dry cloths or brushes. They should not be washed. Dust on varnished floors can be taken up with a slightly oiled mop. Wear in a doorway or other place where traffic is heavy can be touched up with a thin coat of varnish.

A waxed floor can be kept in condition by occasional polishing and by rewaxing when wear begins to show. Soiling is only on the surface, and can be removed with liquid wax—not water wax—applied with a cloth to soften the floor wax, and followed by wiping with a clean cloth. The cleaned place should be rewaxed.

Shellac turns white from moisture. The whiteness can be removed with alcohol, although if this treatment is many times repeated the shellac will be taken off.

★ ★ ★

IN ANOTHER article next month Roger B. Whitman will give further suggestions on problems of the home owner. Meanwhile, if you'd like to have his advice direct, simply write to him in care of this magazine, stating your problem briefly, and enclosing a stamped, self-addressed envelope. Mr. Whitman cannot undertake, however, to answer any questions dealing with legal or financial matters.

Wilson administration. For $200,000 they would have held the convention in Mahatma Gandhi's shirt. The check went to the bank, and the convention to Houston.

Jesse Jones owned four hotels in Houston, a flock of office buildings, a theater or two. The arrival of a national convention could do him and his tenants a lot of good. So perhaps it wasn't all for dear old Houston. He built a $100,000 convention hall, and collected from citizens a good share of the $300,000 he had advanced.

But Houston, as luck would have it, had never been so hot. The hotels were jammed. In Jones's Rice Hotel, Democratic Headquarters, the crowds wrecked the service. And the prices around town were somewhat high.

So everybody blamed Jesse Jones. They started to call him "Jesse James," and irritated, perspiring delegates and newspapermen left Houston with bitter thoughts about the fellow.

But it's different now. In Washington, these days, newspapermen no longer call him "Jesse James." They speak of him as "The Emperor Jones."

He has roused the ire of many a banker, principally because he has tried, with incomplete success, to make them give full support to the President's Recovery Program. He asked to be allowed to speak before the American Bankers' Association, in convention in Chicago a year ago last September, and, in urging them to "go partners with the President without stint," he said to these bankers, "Be smart for once!"

"I said it with a smile," he told me. "I didn't realize how it would look in print."

BUT "be smart for once" is bitter language to give to bankers, who for generations, justifiably or not, have looked upon themselves as the counselors and wise men of their times, and it didn't help when, in private conversation, Jones advised bankers to get out and become acquainted with the people in their communities and to *offer* them loans! Imagine a banker saying, "Please come and borrow money!"

"The trouble is," Jones told me, "that bankers have forgotten about lending on character. Now all they think about is collateral. Nearly everybody wants to pay his debts and, given a chance, he will. In the old days bankers were willing to lend money without security, because they knew the character of the men who borrowed. They were willing to accept honesty, ability, and standing in a community as collateral.

"I told a banker friend of mine the other day: 'You bankers have cut yourselves off from the people around you. You don't know anything about them. Some of you have grown so big that you don't even know your own vice presidents! Send your men out to become acquainted with people. Try to help them help themselves and you'll see immediate results.'"

Many bankers think Jones is a little bit cuckoo. But Jones thinks the same about many bankers, which ties the score.

Jones is in the game because he loves it, loves to win for the sake of winning. He's a hard man to stop when they give him the ball. He knows all the tricks that the other side is likely to try. Whether or not you approve of his tactics, it might not be a bad idea to put a bet on him.

✣ ✣ ✣ ✣ ✣

1845 ★ 1935

NEW YORK LIFE THIS YEAR CELEBRATES ITS

90th Anniversary

The story of New York Life's ninety years of service is of important and personal interest to its two million policyholders, who are the owners of this mutual company, as well as to beneficiaries and millions of others. The Company's agents have been asked to give to everyone who is interested a copy of our illustrated booklet containing this dramatic and informative story. Or, a copy will gladly be mailed upon request.

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NEW YORK LIFE INSURANCE COMPANY

A MUTUAL COMPANY FOUNDED IN 1845

New York Life Emblem Since 1859

Thomas A. Buckner, *President* 51 Madison Ave., New York

Scattergood meets a money-player

(*Continued from page 64*)

sense to gamblin'. Dunno's I'd call it a sin, like the deacon does, but it's kind of heedless, seems as though, and the' hain't much sense to it."

"Probably you're right," said Toot, "but I admit I like to bet. Not for the money involved, but just to show your confidence in yourself. Now, take two men that are pretty equal at a game—say, golf. A little bet on it gives it zip. I like to back my own ability. I think a man should be willing to back his own prowess."

"I git the idee," said Scattergood. "Ye figger if ye got money onto a thing ye can make yourself do it better'n what ye kin if the' hain't no money."

"Yes," said Toot, "and I like to prove to myself that I am better under pressure."

"To be sure," said Scattergood.

"Now, I can name you twenty men," said Toot, "who can beat me at golf or shooting or half a dozen other things—if we are doing it for fun or for a nominal bet. But put $5,000 on the thing and I'll trim them nine times out of ten."

"Hey, listen!" exclaimed Frank, with some resentment. "Are you making cracks? My nerve isn't so bad."

"Of course not. No fun playing with you if it was. You're good. So far you've trimmed me four times and I've walloped you two times. But we were playing for small stakes."

"So what?" asked Frank.

SCATTERGOOD waited for the reply. He stooped and picked up a buckshot from the floor and snapped it idly at the hole in the old apple tree. It missed. He found another shot, and missed again.

"So," said Toot amiably, "I'm just cocky enough to believe that you couldn't beat me one time out of ten if there was a $10,000 bet instead of a $10 one."

"So you think you can trim me for important money?" asked Frank.

"Certain of it," said Toot placidly.

"How big is your roll?" Frank demanded.

"Well, I guess I can dig up ten thousand."

"All right, fellow. You've been making war talk. I'll just up and tell you what I'll do. I'll play you a little golf game—make it a $2,500 Nassau. That's twenty-five hundred on the first nine, the same on the second nine, and the same on game. And then, just to make it good, I'll bet you another twenty-five hundred on the side that I win. Making a grand and impressive total of ten thousand bucks, dollars, or simoleons. And how do you like that?"

"I like it grand," said Toot. "But I advise you, kid, lay off me. I'll win."

"If I was you, Frank, I dunno but what I'd keep calm," put in Scattergood. "Ten thousand 's a sight of money."

"It's a bet," said Frank stubbornly.

"Kind of foolish," said Scattergood, "but 'tain't no business of mine 's I kin see. Takes a lot of work to git together $10,000, and it's nigh sinful to resk it onto a game you're playin' fur fun."

He snapped another buckshot at the hole in the apple tree, and missed.

"Now, if ye got that much money to waste," he said, "ye might go see the deacon. He's a-tryin' to raise money fur the orphan asylum. Needs jest ten thousand to fix her up."

Scattergood snapped another buckshot at the tree, and missed.

"Havin' more nerve'n what the other feller's got don't make ye a better 'n' nobler man," he said.

"Let's call it off," said Toot with painstaking graciousness.

"Call nothing off," Frank retorted hotly. "You'll play and like it."

"Kind of set, hain't he?" asked Scattergood. "Wa-al, I swan." He snapped another shot at the tree and frowned at it ruefully. "D'ye know," he said, "I been snappin' more'n a dozen shot at that there hole and I never hit her once."

He turned to address a tall, gangling individual who came loosely up the street.

"How be ye, Dunker?" he asked of young Gilson, editor of the local paper. "I guess ye know Perry. T'other feller's name's Spring. Been discussin' bettin'."

DUNKER coiled up on the lower step. "Go on and talk about betting," he said. "Maybe I can get an editorial out of it."

"Mr. Spring," explained Scattergood, "claims he'll bet anybuddy on any kind of a game, pervidin' the's enough money up so's his nerve kin come into play. He's been a-makin' his brags he's one of these fellers the sportin' pages calls a money-player."

"Not bragging," said Toot, with amiability a bit forced. "Just stating."

"Yeah," said Scattergood. "So these here boys got together and made a bet onto a golf game; $10,000 it was."

Scattergood snapped another pellet at the tree, but his aim was wide.

"Drat it!" he said testily. "Now, I'd 'a' bet I could 'a' snapped a shot into that there hole, mebby once in ten."

Toot grinned. "I'll bet you a dollar you can't put in one in twenty," he said.

"Hain't a bettin' man," said Scattergood.

"Got another shot?" asked Toot.

Toot stood by Scattergood's chair and, as a boy shoots a marble, flicked his pellets at the hole. He missed, and snorted. "I used to be good at marbles," he said. Then he gazed down at Scattergood. "You've been talking about my bragging. I'll just bet you anything you care to name I can snap more shot into that hole than you can."

Scattergood gazed at him mildly. "I said I wa'n't a bettin' man," he replied.

"Now, what about nerve?" Toot asked. "I'm willing to bet you whatever you say on a game I never saw before—and you haven't the backbone to take me up."

"Figger that makes me what ye call yeller, hey? Wa-al, mebby so. Mebby not. Still and all, I think I kin shoot more shot into that hole 'n what you kin."

"For how much?" asked Toot, a bit unpleasantly.

"Wa-al now," said Scattergood, "I hain't a bettin' man, like I said, but, on the other hand, I hain't a good fist at lettin' the other feller make a lot of big talk. Ye got me kind of aggravated, mister. Frank, what's your feelin' about snappin' buckshot?"

"What do you mean, Mr. Baines?"

"Do you think you kin snap more of 'em straight 'n what I kin?"

"Or than I can?" asked Toot.

"It looks like an even chance for anybody," said Frank.

"To be sure. I'll try it with both of ye jest for fun."

"No interest," said Toot. "We were arguing the question of nerve. Put enough on it to bring pressure, and you've got a bet."

"How much?" asked Scattergood.

"Any sum you name," said Toot.

"You got sim'lar idees, Frank?"

"Sure."

"All right, then, mister. We'll jest try out that there nerve of yourn. I'll make ye a bettin' proposition. Each one of us'll take a hunderd buckshot, and we'll draw to see who shoots fust. Each feller will shoot his hunderd shot, and we'll bet a hunderd dollars on every shot. Makin', in all, a bet of ten thousand on the hunderd. Is your nerve stout enough fur that?"

Toot grinned. "And how!" he said.

"Dunker, bein' an editor, kin be witness and umpire," said Scattergood, "and stakeholder. If I'm a-goin' to bet I kind of like to have the money in sight. Before we commence we'll each put ten thousand in Dunker's hands jest to make sure. Got that much, Mr. Spring?"

"Have you?" Spring retorted.

"Dunker, kin ye holler to Freddie? Be you in this, Frank?"

"Yes."

"Then, when Freddie brings my money from the bank he kin fetch yourn too. Fix up three straws, Dunker. Longest snaps fust, shortest snaps last."

THEY drew. Frank was the first shooter, Toot second, and Scattergood last.

"Git a bag of buckshot out of that there bin, Dunker," Scattergood said. "Soon's the cash gits here we'll commence."

The money arrived and was duly placed in the editor's hands, Toot's in thousand-dollar bills, and Scattergood noted it was close to the man's entire pile.

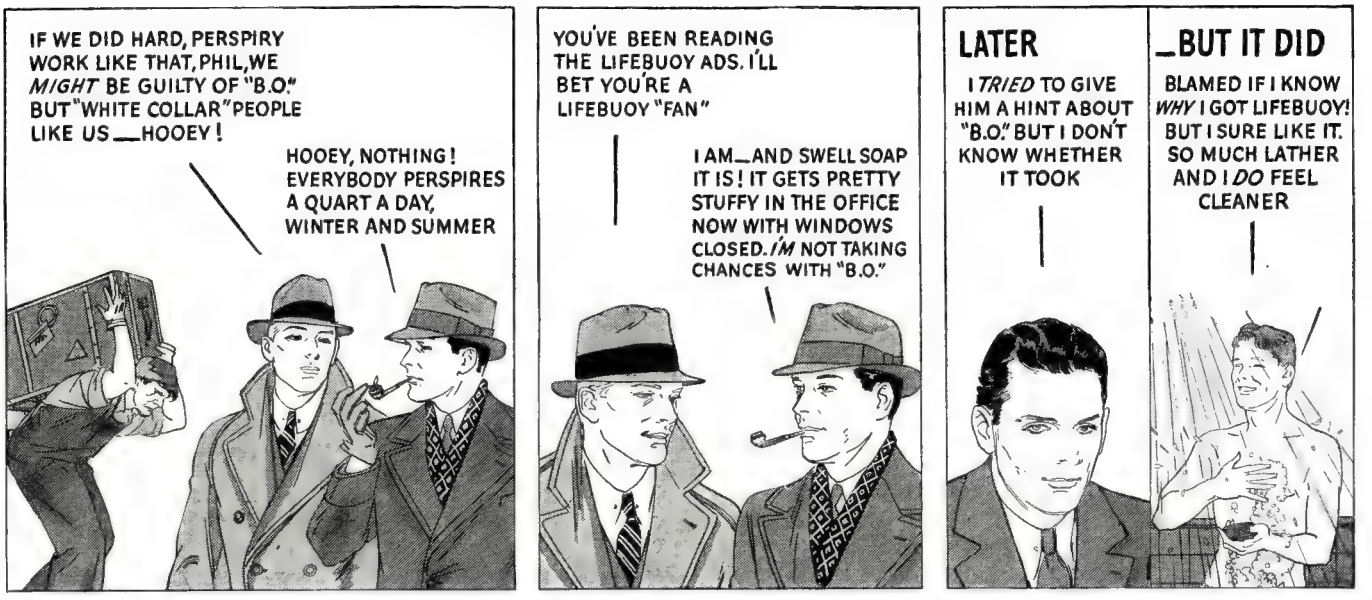
"Commence," he said to Frank. "Stand right here alongside my chair, and no edgin' over that crack. Let her whiz."

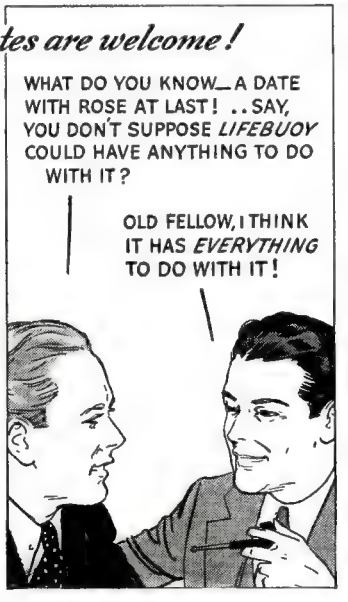
Frank took his position and snapped a shot—it went wide. He snapped another and another and another. Some hit the tree, some went to left or to right, a few above and some below, but at fifty he had not flicked one into the hole, which seemed to grow smaller and smaller at every shot. The seventy-fourth shot went home, and two out of the remaining twenty-six, making a grand total of three hits out of the hundred tries.

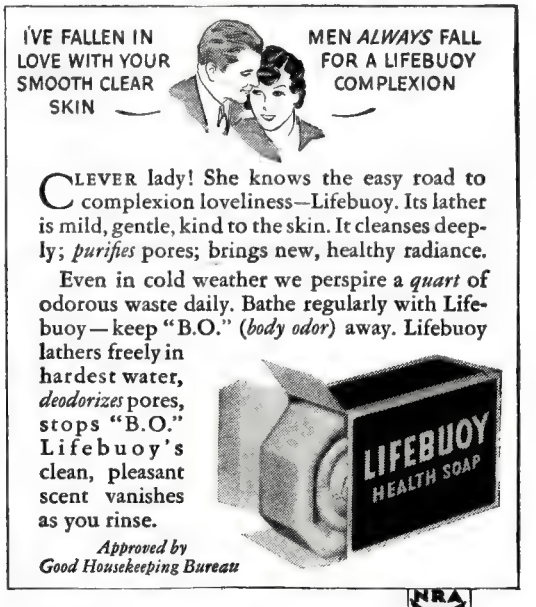
"Now, Spring, ye kin show off your nerve," said Scattergood. "Frank didn't do so awful good."

Toot took the spot abandoned by Perry and shot with care. Twenty pellets flew through the air before he placed one.

"WHITE COLLAR" MAN WAKES UP







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Eighteen more before a second found its nest. Out of his hundred shots he scored five bull's-eyes, and was two up on Frank.

"That's two hundred bucks to me, so far," he said complacently.

"Now me," Scattergood said. "Dunno's I'll bother to stand up. Shoot 'em as well a-settin', I calc'late."

Even as he spoke he snapped a shot, it seemed carelessly, but it plopped into the hole. Twelve more shots followed.

"Kind of lucky, hain't I?" he said, and made another run of fourteen. "Mebby," he said, "I hain't got nerve. Mebby I hain't no gamblin' man, but them shots do seem to fly true."

Frank's face became drawn; Toot's mouth sagged open, and he swallowed dryly. Scattergood plopped another nine into the hole, missed twice, and went serenely along, placing shot after shot, until, out of his hundred, he had flicked ninety-one into the hollow tree. "Never see the beat of it," he said placidly. "Ninety-one, wa'n't it? Um. . . . Lemme see, Frank, I win eighty-eight hunderd off'm you, and I git eighty-six hunderd off'm you, Spring. Makin' a grand and satisfyin' total of seventeen thousand and four hunderd dollars and no cents."

TOOT stood speechless; Frank wet his lips with his tongue, for they were very dry. For his fortune was now reduced to a mere twelve hundred dollars.

Scattergood pocketed the money which Gilson turned over to him. "All fair and aboveboard, wa'n't it?" he asked.

Toot was able to smile thinly. "I stepped into something, didn't I?"

"Calc'late so," said Scattergood. "Come up here to rook Frank, didn't ye? To be sure. Had ye looked up. You jest go around gittin' in with young fellers with money, and then contrive 'em into a bet and strip 'em. Law can't tetch ye. Frank, I calc'late ye was a dumb fool."

"Maybe," Frank said, "but I might as well lose it to him as you."

"Mebby so," said Scattergood. "But I hope this here'll give both of ye a grain more wisdom. Toot, ye stuck your neck out like a chicken on the block. Yeah. Before ye go forcin' a bet onto a man on his own front stoop, ye ought to kind of inquire around. Now, take me. I been a-settin' into this here chair fur upwards of forty year. And they hain't been scarcely a day of it that I hain't flicked buckshot at that there hole. From here. Forty year of practice. Dunno's I got any other accomplishment, but jest set me in this chair, on this identical spot, and I kin twitch a sight of shot into that hole. 'Twa'n't a question of nerve, Toot, it was jest a question of practice."

"But you delivered," said Toot.

"I might 'a' done better," said Scattergood. "One day I got in ninety-nine. Wa-al, I don't calc'late there'll be no ten thousand bet on any golf game, neither one of ye havin' any ten thousand left. And, Toot, if I was you I dunno but what I'd git onto a train and scoot. Um . . . G'-by, Toot. G'-by, Frank. Better put your twelve hunderd back into the bank. Ye might need it."

Glumly the pair trudged up the street. Scattergood put his fingers in his mouth and whistled. A barefoot boy up the street lifted his head, and the old man motioned to him. He came running.

"Piney," said Scattergood, "give ye a nickel to fetch Gracie Young and Deacon Pettibone."

"And now?" asked Gilson.

"Wa-al," said Scattergood, "I aim to diskiver if the deacon'll object to takin' eighty-six hundred dollars of tainted gamblin' money fur them orphans. Kind of make a hole in his deficit. And I got to turn over this I won off'm Frank to Gracie. Yeah. Kind of assured her I wouldn't let no harm come to Frank."

"But what's going to become of him?"

"He'll be kind of low and pliable jest now," said Scattergood. "So he'll see how it might be wise to go to Boston and take a job that I got fur him. 'N' I calc'late Gracie kin git her shoulder ag'in' him and push him into marryin'."

DUNKER uncoiled and got to his feet. "Er—Mr. Baines," he said, "I represent the local newspaper, and I wish to interview you. To what, Mr. Baines, do you attribute your success in life?"

"Who? Me?" Scattergood's eyes twinkled. "Mostly I attribute it to specializin' in suthin' t'other feller don't guess I know anything about."

"Thank you, Mr. Baines."

"G'-by, Dunker."

"Good afternoon," said Mr. Gilson.

In the April issue, CLARENCE BUDINGTON KELLAND *begins a rollicking new serial*—OPERA HAT.

A nickel's worth of Love

(*Continued from page 51*)

few arc lights flickered, and a cameraman in a derby was turning a crank. The comic, with a big walrus mustache, was in front of the camera, jumping up and down and screaming. He started to run. Only, it wasn't a run, exactly. He threw back his head, pumped his arms, and drew his knees high in the air. He made no progress. It was a sort of cakewalk. In back of him a comedy cop was doing a weird gallop that got him nowhere. The cop fired a gun, and the comic jumped a good three feet and fell on his face.

McDonough was watching in a kind of daze.

"It's the comedy troupe," I explained. "They're making a chase."

He frowned and gave a grunt.

"And where do we work?" he asked.

"When we're working inside," I had to admit, "we sort of crowd in next to them."

He gave a louder grunt. The two of us walked to the corner where Pete had partitioned himself off an office.

Birdie Maxfield was in there alone. She was sitting comfortably on a broken-down old sofa that we couldn't use on the set any more, and she was nibbling a bonbon. When I introduced him she stopped nibbling and nodded and smiled. "Howdy," she said pleasantly.

McDonough stared. Her dimples, when you saw them for the first time, were apt to take your breath away. He bowed.

"Candy?" said Birdie, holding out the box.

I could see him bristling. He didn't stand on ceremony, but Birdie's manner was too friendly. He said, "No, thank you," and there was an awkward silence.

"Pete'll be back in a minute," I explained. "He's out getting a scene of fire engines running to a fire."

Birdie gave a soft, trilling laugh. "Jed, here, would have gone with him," she said, "only he was afraid. The judge said if he ever did it again—"

"Did what?" growled McDonough.

She smiled meaningly. "To get the fire engines out you've got to turn in an alarm, don't you? Pete waits at the corner with a camera and gets 'em as they go by."

"Quit it, Birdie," I said sharply.

McDonough was scowling. "See here!" he said, turning to me. "If I get mixed up in any scrapes—"

"Oh, we only get arrested once in a while," Birdie said cheerfully.

I grabbed the script from Pete's desk and thrust it at him. "Sit down," I pleaded, "and read the scenario."

"You play a fireman," Birdie went on. "You rescue me from a burning room. Me and the children."

"What children?" he demanded.

She took another bonbon. "Oh, any children," she said. "There's always a gang hanging around outside." She looked him over again and frowned. "I borrowed a uniform for you from my cousin," she said. "It may be a little tight."

WELL, it happened. McDonough blew up. He paced around and ruffled his hair and got red in the face. He said, My gosh! Did we call this acting, and was he an actor or was he a clown? I tried to break in and calm him, but there wasn't a chance. Then I noticed Birdie.

She was on her feet and her cheeks were flaming. She was mad clear through.

She stepped forward. "You make me sick!" she said to McDonough.

If he'd been shot he couldn't have stopped shorter.

"I thought I was going to like you," Birdie went on firmly, "but I don't."

"Who cares?" roared McDonough.

"I waited on you once at the restaurant," she said; "I thought you were nice. Now you make me sick. You're stuck up."

He turned to me. "Where's my dressing-room?" he shouted. "I'll wait there."

I'll never forget that first day. It was cloudy outdoors and we had to work inside. So did the comedy troupe. Our dining-room set backed into their living-room, and during the first scene we made with McDonough—he was sampling his sweetheart's homemade cake—the slapstick boys began throwing break-away vases. The crash was rather sudden, and McDonough choked over the cake and spoiled the scene. That was when he quit the first time.

He quit the second time when Pete asked him to help paint some scenery. Pete should have known better, but all movie actors worked around the set between scenes, and Pete never thought.

McDonough drew himself up. "I am an actor!" he said in a thunderous voice.

"Just fancy!" chirped Birdie.

The air began to get tight with tension. McDonough glared at her. "I do not intend to lower myself," he said in a withering tone. "I'll quit first."

Birdie turned to me. "An easy-chair for Mr. Edwin Booth," she called.

He stood around stiffly while we did the painting. Then we made their first love scene. Pete was directing from behind the camera and Birdie was being her usual kittenish self in the scene. "Was the cake good, Mr. Henry Irving?" she whispered at him softly. Actors could make up their own dialogue in those days.

McDonough kept the adoring look in his eyes. "A darn' sight better than your acting," he said in a low voice.

"Bully!" yelled Pete. "Ask her for a kiss."

McDonough stretched forth his arms. You'd think he was going to break out into poetry. "Let's get it over with," he murmured.

She coquetted a moment before she raised her lips. "The sooner the better."

IT WAS right after this scene that Birdie decided to do some quitting herself. "When we finish this film," she said, "I won't work with him any more."

McDonough jumped. "What?" he roared.

Pete groaned. "I'm going to make you two the great nickelodeon lovers," he said.

"I'd rather stack wheat cakes," Birdie said.

"Perhaps it would be better," growled McDonough, walking off.

Birdie drew in her breath. "Look at him strut!" she cried, her voice cracking a little. "Oh, maybe he is a great actor! Maybe we are a lot of katzenjammers. But he got himself into this, didn't he?"

McDonough wheeled. "If you think—"

"I saw you come this morning, and there was no one behind you with a gun. You took this job, and if you weren't a snob, you'd put up with it and not be a quitter!" The words whipped out of her. She turned on her heel and walked away.

I was left with McDonough. I thought he was going to blow up again. But he didn't. He stared for a minute, and then the palm of his hand came down between my shoulder blades. "Quitter, eh!" he growled.

Well, we got through that day. We

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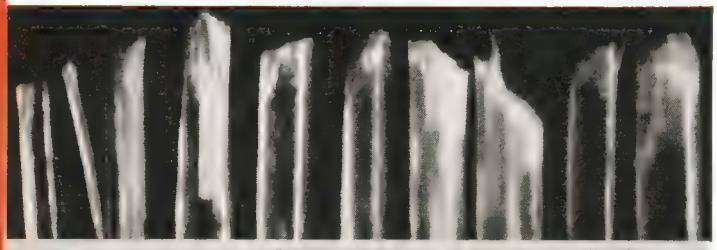
SOMETHING AMAZING has happened to tooth brush bristle

Pro-phy-lac-tic

Photo-Micrograph of ROUND-END BRISTLE Magnified 19.75 Times



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Now . . . a great advance in protection of the gums . . . a new invention which makes sharp, saw-tooth bristle old fashioned!

The startling difference between old and new is proved by the unretouched photo-micrographs, above. One picture is of a well known tooth brush purchased in the open market. The other is of the new Pro-phy-lac-tic.

All other tooth brushes have sharp, jagged, spear-like bristles; because Round-End bristle is exclusive with Pro-phy-lac-tic. So is Perma-Grip, our invention which ended loose bristles by "welding" them into the handle. Pro-phy-lac-tic also gives you that famous tuft on the end of the brush, which enables thorough cleaning of the back teeth.

There are four sizes of the new TUFTED Pro-phy-lac-tic, with Round-End bristle of finer quality, full of life and resistant to moisture. *Regular Adult* and *Small-type for Adults*, 50¢. *Youth's*, 35¢. *Child's*, 25¢. All in the familiar yellow and red box; guaranteed to satisfy you or your money refunded. PRO-PHY-LAC-TIC BRUSH CO., *Florence, Mass.*

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TRY TO GET ME TO USE ANYTHING BUT LISTERINE SHAVING CREAM

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It is a source of considerable satisfaction to us that men who try Listerine Shaving Cream almost invariably keep on using it. The first shave seems to sell them and every shave thereafter keeps them sold. That's a very fine compliment to this cream because the market is crowded with creams that are exceptionally good.

If you have an extra tough beard or an excessively tender skin—or both, we urge you to try it. Compare it with any cream you have ever used regardless of price. See what a marvelously clean, quick, pleasant shave it gives you. Note how delightfully cool and refreshed your face feels after it. No tightness, no rawness, no burning—even though your skin is normally as sensitive as a baby's. Note, too, how thoroughly and how evenly the whiskers are removed.

Such efficient shaving and such pleasant after-effects are due in a large measure to the inclusion of glycerine in this cream. For centuries it has been regarded as the finest of soothing lubricants and balms. It permits the easy glide of the razor and at the same time softens and comforts the skin. For even greater cooling and soothing effect, we have included some of the wonderfully effective essential oils of Listerine itself. Lambert Pharmacal Company, St. Louis, Missouri.

The Giant Tube with 104 Shaves

even got through the second day. McDonough gave us the broad pantomime we wanted, but he groaned softly every time Pete made him flutter his eyelids, choke back a tear, and clap his hand to his brow. Birdie was watching him, ready to let fire, but he didn't boil over. They didn't talk to each other any more in their scenes. They hardly talked to each other at all. Even when we went home on the ferry together, they didn't say a word. But I thought McDonough looked at her that evening in a surprised sort of way.

I suppose it was because she was in street clothes. It was funny the difference this made in Birdie. When she was dressed for the screen she was pretty enough in a sugary sort of way. But when she put up her hair and got into a decent-looking dress, she could stack up against anything on Broadway. I was awfully fond of Birdie myself, I used to hope—but there's no use going into that.

After this they began to get formal with each other. They were "Mister" and "Miss" most of the time. But now and then, Birdie couldn't resist a crack or two. She'd ask him to tell about the time he played in London, and wouldn't it be awful if his friend the King dropped into a nickelodeon some time and saw him? Then he'd come back with a sneer about the ham-and-eggs training school for actresses, and they were off.

Pete tried to keep the peace. They were such an almighty handsome couple he wanted to hold on to them. Besides, keeping the peace gave him a chance to talk. Every noon we'd hear that before long there'd be theaters on Broadway built especially for movies. Pete was always talking rot like this.

Once I tried some peace-making myself. I told McDonough that Birdie wasn't bad at all when you got to know her. But it didn't do any good. He said he never expected to know her that well.

"Besides," he said, "she said I was a snob and a quitter."

When I gave him a boost to Birdie she got so mad she turned red.

"Changing his name," she sneered, "as though we were dirt! And all because he's afraid that stuck-up Miss Wymond might find out and throw him over!"

"It's not only that," I told her. "It's business. An actor—"

"It's her! I saw them together last Sunday. She had her nose 'way up in the air. I'd like to tell her what he's doing."

"You can't do that, Birdie!"

"Who said I was going to?" she said.

WE WORKED pretty hard that summer. We finished a picture in two days, and got together on the third to write a new one. On sunny days we tried to work outside. If the script called for a living-room scene we tried to change it to a veranda, and if we couldn't find a veranda we played it against a fence or the side of a building.

Two lumbering touring cars, each with three spare tires, took us around. Everyone piled in, and I piled cans of film on top of them. We'd go until we found a likely spot, and then set up our cameras. If there was anyone around we tried to get permission. Otherwise we didn't bother.

It was during the third week that McDonough got arrested. The next day he came closer to talking back to the judge than I would have tried. He said he thought the house was empty, so he climbed to the roof of the porch to let us film a rescue scene. He said how could he know there was a deaf old lady upstairs who'd be half scared to death when she saw him? He was lucky to get off with a fine.

I sat next to Birdie that day in court. "He's talking too much," I whispered. "If there are any newspapermen around—"

"I guess he made sure of that first," Birdie said coldly.

Another time, when we were making a rural drama, a farmer's dog almost got him. We had tried to get a scene but the farmer was a tough one, and we'd all trailed off. All except McDonough, who stopped to argue. The farmer saw red and let out his dog, and McDonough made the car two lengths in the lead. Birdie opened the door and he dived inside.

I remember that time especially. Neither of them spoke for about five minutes, and then Birdie said, "I'm sorry."

He turned his head quickly. "What for?" he demanded.

They looked at each other a while, and then Birdie lowered her eyes. "You hurt your shin, didn't you?" she said.

"Oh, that," he growled.

But if he had to put up with a lot, he was earning a salary I thought would break Pete Latimer any day. He was making enough to buy Isabelle Wymond plenty of Delmonete dinners—if he wasn't too tired after what we did to him during the days.

THE summer got by. He rescued Birdie from fires, Indians, robbers, kidnappers. He saved her from starvation and the firing squad. And finally he was scheduled to save her from a city slicker, which was me. Among other things, I was an actor.

We were after a thrill. I was to entice the innocent Birdie out on a lake for a canoe ride. When she realized what a snake I was, she was to scream for help, and out would come poor-but-honest McDonough in a rowboat to save her. The canoe would tip, and McDonough and I would fight to the death. You can imagine whose death. Then McDonough was to swim back to the camera with Birdie.

It was Pete's idea. Instead of doing a comfortable fight on dry land, we had to fight in the water. We put up the side curtains on the cars so we could make a change after our dip, and set out to find a lake.

We passed a few swamps, but no lake. Then, as we came to the top of a rise, we saw one. It was part of an estate, but the gate was open. We drew up to one side, and I went to scout around.

I was back in ten minutes. It was swell, I said, except there was no rowboat.

"Never mind," Pete said. "He can swim to the rescue. He's a fish."

"I can paddle faster than he can swim," I said.

"Not in this film you can't," Pete answered. He frowned. "See anybody around?" he asked.

"A couple of cars are in front of the house," I told him.

But just then these two autos, a runabout and a touring car, came out of the driveway and disappeared down the road.

"That looks like a houseful," Pete said. "Let's try it."

We drove in and unloaded. But a butler in the house spied us. He came down the

"The best-laid schemes o' mice an' men
Gang aft agley,
"An' lea'e us nought but grief an' pain,
For promis'd joy!"

AND MEN couldn't do as much about it a hundred and fifty years ago, when that was written, as they can today. Since then the ingenious have brought insurance a long way on the road to perfection. Plans need not "gang agley" as often as they once did.

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•

NOTE:—*Every Statement in This Advertisement Has Been Accepted by The Committee on Foods of the American Medical Association, The Highest Endorsement a Mother Can Have For the Quality of Any Food and the Truth of The Advertising Claims Made For It.*

In this photo Mr. Richard Roberts of 155 E. Superior St., Chicago, illustrates how he found out what it takes to get children to go for a great big breakfast of whole wheat mornings. And also how this delicious ready-to-serve cereal keeps the body just as warm as a hot dish.

NOW—at last! A breakfast cereal in a ready-to-serve form that not only is as alluring and enticing to a child as a French Confection, but supplies the same heat-producing units as a hot cereal.

And, everywhere, mothers by the thousands are quitting the practice of making their children eat cooked cereals in favor of this marvelously delicious and hearty new creation.

If you believe in whole wheat as a food for your child and yourself, and if you want to banish the now unnecessary arguments to get your child to eat—then you are urged to try Wheaties.

For, it ends the coaxing, the arguing, to get a child to eat. Hence, ends the nerve-racking "emotional scenes" which, as child authorities point out, may lead to serious digestive disturbances.

It will protect your child from the winter's cold just as effectively as ordinary less delicious types of cooked cereals.

These statements have been scrutinized and accepted by the Committee on Foods of the American Medical Association, which is the highest authority any mother can look to regarding statements made about the foods we eat.

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The name is Wheaties and it is the new and unique whole wheat food invention originated and developed by the world's leading wheat milling experts, the millers of Gold Medal "*Kitchen-tested*" Flour. Yet it is whole wheat in a form utterly different from anything ever before known.

Whole wheat in ready-to-serve flakes. Flakes as light and gay as snowflakes. That a child revels in like a party dish.

Yet they retain the marvelous heat-producing characteristics for which whole wheat is famous —an equal amount of heat-producing units that your child may now be getting in one of the less modern, cooked-type cereals.

Try This Modern Day Breakfast

We believe that you will find, as have thousands of other mothers keenly interested in the welfare of their children, that a breakfast consisting of Wheaties with milk or cream, sugar, and some kind of fruit, will do two things: Start your child off with a smile; and—with the same heat-producing units that any cooked cereal foods can give to keep the body warm.

Hence, you are urged to get a package of Wheaties from your grocer today. You'll be amazed at the way your children go for this "Breakfast of Champions." Start the "Wheaties for Breakfast" habit tomorrow morning. You'll be glad you did. *1381*

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—Breakfast of CHAMPIONS
PLUS PLENTY OF MILK OR CREAM AND SOME KIND OF FRUIT

hill faster than I thought a butler could move.

"You can't do this!" he yelled at Pete.

Pete dug into his pocket for a bill. "It's all right, old man," he said.

The flunky was doubtful. "Mr. Ladd might not approve, sir," he said.

McDonough wheeled. "Who?" he cried.

"Mr. Brooks Ladd, sir. He's the owner."

"He's not home, is he?" Pete asked.

"No, sir. He and his guests are out for a motor ride. But—"

"Take a chance, Tyler?" Pete asked.

McDonough looked coldly at Birdie before he answered. "Why not?" he said.

Birdie couldn't even swim and I wasn't much in a canoe, but we wobbled out to the middle of the lake without any accident. We were about sixty feet from the boat landing when Pete yelled at us to start. I made a few come-to-me gestures, and leered. Birdie cringed and widened her eyes and shrieked for help. I saw McDonough tear off his shirt and jump.

I said "Curses!" at the camera and tried to look as though I was paddling for dear life. And all of a sudden I registered alarm that wasn't faked. The runabout and the touring car had come back. They had stopped in back of our cars and all of the people had piled out. The two from the runabout came forward. One was Brooks Ladd. And the girl beside him in a linen duster and a hat with a veil that tied under her chin was Isabelle Wymond.

"We're in a pickle!" I told Birdie. "It's McDonough's society swells!"

She groaned and stopped acting. "He can hide in the canoe," she said quickly, "if they haven't recognized him."

He was plowing through the water, and he was almost up to us. He raised one fist and shook it in the air.

"Unhand her, wretch!" he roared at me.

"Wait a minute," I said.

"Don't turn toward the camera!" warned Birdie.

MAYBE he didn't hear us, or maybe he was just stubborn. He grabbed the end of the canoe and began to shake it.

"Act, you fool!" he yelled at me.

"Stop it!" I yelled back. "There's Brooks Ladd and Isabelle Wymond and—"

I still don't know how it happened. But, anyway, the tippy canoe tipped. I came up underneath it, and when I finally got clear McDonough was holding on to the upside-down hull with one hand. The other was around Birdie's waist.

"Idiot!" snapped Birdie.

"This is the scene," he said shortly.

"Don't you understand? She'll never speak to you again. And Ladd will spread it around Broadway and—"

"I took this job and I'm going through with it," he growled fiercely. "Wait here till I murder Jed."

She clung to him. "You don't realize—"

"Grab the canoe!" he ordered.

I was swimming around in a circle. "Will you make up your minds?" I called.

"Get ready for a scrap," he answered.

Birdie raised both fists and began pounding his chest. "I won't let you!" she cried, with a sort of sob. "It'll spoil everything."

I swam closer to them then. I knew it was no use. We made a lot of silly scenes in those one-reelers, but we never made a scene of the heroine fighting off the hero who had come to rescue her.

McDonough turned. He pushed Birdie toward the overturned canoe and made a lunge at me. He pummeled me and grabbed me. We went under, splashing, and came up together. And that was about as far as we got. Because when we came up I looked over his shoulder and saw Birdie. The canoe had drifted, and she hadn't reached it. She couldn't move an inch. She couldn't even stay up. I'll never forget her face as she sank. I yelled.

McDonough gave one look and dived. And when he reappeared—it seemed minutes later to me—he had his arm around her. He put a life-saver's hold on her, and headed for shore.

WHEN I made the boat landing, a bad second, Pete and the cameraman were bending over her, and McDonough was surrounded. Brooks Ladd was on one side of him, and Isabelle Wymond on the other. Ladd was red with laughing, Isabelle was frowning.

"By George!" Ladd cried. "The great leading man!"

"A moving picture hoodlum!" someone cried.

Isabelle moved closer. "Have you anything to say, Tyler?" she asked coldly.

He frowned and shrugged. "We were making a scene," he said.

"So this," she said haughtily, "is why I haven't heard from you this past month?"

He met her eyes. "No," he said; "not exactly." He walked past them all. "Is she all right?" he called to Pete.

Birdie was sitting up, water dripping from every curl. McDonough went down on one knee and for a moment they didn't say a word. Then Birdie smiled.

"I take it all back, Mr. McDonough," she said softly.

"Thank you, Miss Maxfield," he answered gravely.

Birdie, McDonough, and I rode in the back seat together going home. Birdie was between us, bundled up to her dimples. He had his arm sort of around her.

"I suppose," I asked sharply, "you're going to stick to pictures now, Mr. McDonough?"

"I've been thinking something of it," he murmured.

"Then you might as well know," I went on grimly, "that Pete is broke. He's got three lawsuits pending against him, and he can't raise the dough to fight them."

McDonough nodded calmly. "I have also," he said, "been thinking something of that."

"Of what?" I asked.

"I managed to save a little money recently. And yesterday I put it on Big Boy in the third at Saratoga."

"The long shot!" I gasped. "And he came in!"

McDonough smiled. "So I've been thinking of investing a little in the movie business. It would be a shame," he said slowly, "to separate the great nickelodeon lovers." He turned to Birdie. "Wouldn't it, Miss Maxfield?" he asked.

I leaned forward. Their eyes had met.

She gave a slow sigh. "Yes, indeed it would, Mr. McDonough," she said.

I slumped back. It's funny—isn't it?—the things that can go on right under your nose, and you never see them. I used to hope that Birdie and I—but there's no use going into that.

✣ ✣ ✣ ✣ ✣

Never mind the Lady

(*Continued from page 47*)

for three months. I'd take two thousand belts first."

"But you're crazy!" roared Corrigan. "Lashes! That penalty is only for plugs and lice and phonies, for drunks and cashiered soldiers—they can't do that! Why, they've got no regular law like that any more."

"No? Well, they dug up an old law for this American. That's the choice they gave me when I tried to get a suspended sentence." He smiled ironically. "I just naturally surprised those Spigs when I called their bluff."

His iron control suddenly snapped.

"I have to take them, Bucky," he breathed. "Because I've got to get out of here. And you have to help me. That banana tramp—"

"Yeah," said Corrigan gently. "Take it easy, fella."

"In an hour or so." Willett ran fingers through his hair. "Twenty—ten easy, ten hard." He laughed. "Like a game."

"Take it easy, Terry," Corrigan said again. "I'll fix everything and be waiting for you. And don't worry, son. Your old man will be on the job. I know your old man."

"If he isn't," Willett said tensely, "I'll hate myself all my life."

And Corrigan, looking at the powerful young man about to take twenty Spig lashes, was discerning enough to realize he probably would. He'd never be soft again—but hard, hard as only a man who knew the cost of being soft could be.

"See you later, son," Corrigan said, and left hurriedly. . . .

AN HOUR later they came for him. He was taken to a small stone room. A man with gray hair and a face heavily creased with wrinkles was leaning against a wall.

Terry Willett's face was as stony as the room. At the word, he turned and faced the post, raising his hands above his head to be secured by a small chain clasp.

Something cracked about his back with a stinging snap, brought beads of sweat out on his forehead, sent a million stabbing devils racing up his spine.

"Plugs and lice and phonies" . . . a white man who had stayed behind to "cover" . . . Willett bent his head down between his arms.

The gray-haired man transferred the whip to his left hand. There was no expression anywhere in that room of stone.

The small part of a beautiful young Irish mother's soul that had crept into him as he stood on the deck of the Parajaibo fled as the lash fell across his shoulders—hard, easy, hard, easy. Swing of power—there was no room for softness in Terry Willett's world. Lay it on! He and his father had bridges to build, rivers to cross, new worlds to conquer—what was that girl to him? Stay hard, the lash hissed. Stay hard—the soft stumble. . . .

It was over. The man with the whip wiped his brow and flexed his wrist.

Willett's hands came free and he discovered he'd been putting a lot more weight on them than he'd thought. He sank to his knees, trembling a little.

The prison doctor started to help him up. Willett flung off his hand, took a deep breath, and rose to his feet unaided. The great strength that was his began to flow back through his body, throwing off the effects of the lash. He put on his shirt and nodded at the lieutenant.

Then he walked out of that little stone room, and the doctor stared after him.

"*Hierro!*" he breathed.

Iron!

Corrigan was pacing outside the Cárcel Municipal when he came out.

"Terry! How do you feel, son?"

"All right," said Willett. "Everything set?"

"Your freight's on board, with about a million bananas."

"Let's go."

They got into a taxi. Corrigan regarded him intently.

"Hell, huh?"

"I asked for it," Willett said steadily.

They rolled up near the small, drab banana steamer.

Willett stuck out his hand.

"So long, Bucky."

"So long, fella. Maybe we'll be together on a job some place."

"Sure," said Willett. "*Hasta la vista.*"

FUTILITY! It was expressed in every detail of the camp on the banks of that tropic river—futility, despair, and a malevolent frustration. There was no life, no sound except the humming of insects in that fever-ridden spot. The main hut that spoke Authority was square and flat-ceilinged, with two-by-fours lining the walls. A work table was littered with crumpled blueprints covered with sprawling calculations. And sickness and madness everywhere.

But there was one thing that defied the squalor of the place. That was the tall, bearded man who slouched wearily over a table. His eyes were very bright, too bright.

He was writing, not daring to lose the chance of what might be a last lucid moment:

Terry, old son—

This is left for you, should I not be able to last. I know you'll get here.

The usual "last-request" nonsense—take me back to the States. Carteret, Virginia, is where I began—I'd like to return there. This undreamed-of sentiment will probably surprise you, but I know you'll respect this last wish—

For a moment, a smile appeared on his face. As if he cared where he was buried. But it was good enough as an excuse to get Terry out of the country, should he by any chance have had other ideas.

His eyes returned to his message, the last vestige of humor gone, and he had to rest his head on his free hand as the pen resumed its shaky progress:

—and take it easy for a while. Don't go rushing off to some Pluto's playground right away, or I'll jinx everything you try to build. There are other things in life. Give them a chance and they'll find you—

Cheerio,

DAD

His pen dropped from his fingers and rolled across the table. He tried to focus on the framed picture of a beautiful woman with a wealth of auburn hair and a smiling mouth. He'd snatched the rattle from her baby's hand and given him a whip.

"He's going back, Vic," he murmured. "Back to whatever you'd have wanted, I hope. Almighty God, how I hope so—"

Then Lawrence Willett permitted his head to sink upon one arm, and sighed—like a tired child who is quite willing to be put to bed. . . .

Two weeks later a young man boarded the Atlantica, New-York-bound, at Dos Rios. He paused by the rail gazing at the long, low range of hills in the background. Behind them—Propionoire, the Palva, Pluto's playground— His eyes were misty for a moment, but only for a moment.

Something about him—the line of his mouth, the set of his shoulders, the jut of his chin, perhaps—could be named by one word: *Hierro!* . . .

ALLAIRE WEST rarely drank, but when she wanted to blow off steam she pulled the throttle wide open in bursts of sheer headlong speed. She'd been driving like mad ever since she came back from South America, and anybody who knew her well realized that it was a sure sign she was quite angry at somebody or something.

She operated independently of the separate establishments maintained by her parents. Her course lay between her father's New York town house, her mother's family home in Washington, and her father's country place in Virginia, with little side excursions and disappearances of her own thrown in for good measure.

And she was driving like mad again. She went through a quiet Virginia countryside in the hush of early dawn, driving her long roadster with the untrammeled abandon of a Valkyrie.

The sun was just beginning to strike the roof of Westlands as she stopped on the crest of the hill that overlooked her father's estate. In that breathless hush before the unsoftened light of day, before motors began to roar down the drive and cocktail shakers rang through the house, the place was old Virginia at its loveliest and most courtly. A heritage of tradition hovered around.

Her father and mother hadn't cared a farthing for tradition or memory. They'd purchased the estate as a compromise between her mother's love of Washington society and her father's preference for Kentucky as a more suitable location for his racing stables. And they'd done their best to remodel it into a show-place.

But even at that they'd failed to wreck the atmosphere of the old place entirely. They had failed in other ways, too—for her mother had long since returned to her home in Washington, where, from behind the bulwarks of her own social circle and private income, she made sophisticated nose-thumbing gestures at her husband, except when something with social and diplomatic lure like that polo trip brought them together again.

Allaire smiled slightly and sent the car into motion. She flashed in through the gates, sped up that long cement drive, and stopped under the portico. Home-coming! It hadn't been a home to her for years.

The drive was full of cars, so she knew some sort of party was on, but the great house was quiet as she entered.

She paused in the door of the living-room. She'd always liked this room. It was wide and high-ceilinged and had a huge stone fireplace. As she stood there, her father came in from the taproom.

"Hello," he said. "Where did you come from?"

"Drove from Washington," she returned. "I want a room and bath, Southern exposure. And do you allow children?"

Her father sat down without answering. He looked tired, but he was still handsome, thick iron-gray hair, slate-blue eyes in a tanned face, and athletic figure.

"What have you been doing lately?" he asked.

"The usual thing," said Allaire. "Theater parties, dinner dances, a few night clubs, and a lot of small talk. Got sick of it and went to Washington to see Nell." She shrugged. "Got sick of that, too."

Ray chuckled.

"Pretty terrible, isn't it? Who's Nell got on her string now?"

"Ray," she returned, "it's no better here, and don't you forget it."

"You always were inclined to be snooty," her father said thoughtfully. "You're the proudest person on the green earth."

AND yet as she fitted into the background of that living-room it was quite comprehensible. The girl in the white polo coat gave an impression of a young Diana with burnished hair and a quick, lithe strength.

As she remained silent, her father got up and walked around her chair.

"What's come over you?" he demanded. "You used to dance all night and pipe every man to the mast from miles around. Don't try to kid me, Allaire," he requested. "You've raised plenty of hell in your time."

"I know." She inclined her head. "Although I hope my particular brand of hell was never in bad taste. But I've suddenly realized what I used only to suspect. The best years of my life are going by, wasted." She absently twined a finger in a small tendril of hair at her forehead. "I want to feel worth while," she said quietly. "Does that sound Chinese?"

"No," he said; "I understand perfectly. You'd like to be the pioneer woman traveling with her mate in a covered wagon, shooting at Indians with one hand and holding her baby with the other. Very admirable, my dear. Every bored woman feels like that once in a while. Too bad there aren't any more covered wagons."

He'd always been able to do that—distort things, with polite sarcasm. Make them appear valueless and theatrical.

Allaire said nothing.

"Value yourself pretty highly, don't you, Allaire?"

She nodded, untroubled.

"Plenty, Ray. Oh, I've thought I was in love several times, but there was never much of a glow about it."

"Proud as Juno," he commented, wondering. "And now you wait for the glow?"

She looked past him, smiling to herself.

"I've had it. The glow of rivers to cross,

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and battles to win, and something to accomplish in life."

He stared at her.

"You mean you fell in love?"

"*No!*" she said with swift, surprising fierceness. "I didn't say that."

In the silence that followed this brief outburst her mouth seemed to curve in something like angry scorn, and her father watched her, somewhat perplexed.

"I have an idea," he said finally, "your pride went for a slight bump."

"Put it any way you like," she said. "I learned something and I'm still fancy-free."

"I think," Rayburne West said decisively, "that you are going to end up with a mouthful of fog if you're not careful. You're too hard to please, Allaire. You want men to cross rivers and fight battles, and you won't find any who will. Forget it; you're living in a world of mortals."

Allaire wouldn't let him shake her. She knew what she wanted, had known ever since her return from South America.

"I can't do anything about it?" she repeated. "I can do a great deal and I will. And maybe I'll get what I want and maybe I won't."

"Where on earth are you going?" her father asked, staring.

"Back to Washington. Hadn't meant to leave so soon, but I feel like driving. Besides, George Fox is due on leave any day now, and I want to be there. He reminds me of—things."

With a jaunty wave of her hand she took her leave.

Rayburne West fingered the brandy decanter and felt irritated with her, partly because he was losing her to Nell and partly because he had never been able to tone down her speed.

He suddenly felt sick of this place. Change of scene, that was it. Go up to New York, away from his guests, and stay at one of his clubs for a while until he felt better.

Before he went to bed he left word to have arrangements made to have his private car, Débutante II, picked up by the crack limited train northbound next morning for Washington and New York. . . .

THE town of Carteret was more than just distance-removed from revolution and gun runners, merciless sun and yellow river. It was on another plane of existence entirely, and the engineer didn't live who could build the Bridge of Transition.

The tradition of the town was symbolized by a bronze statue of a Revolutionary patriot in the historic square. It perpetuated the memory of a tall young officer who had on that spot recruited one of the first companies of Virginia volunteers. The officer's name was Captain Rodes Willett, should anybody have been interested. For example, Terry Willett, in town to bring his father back to the beginning of the trail, didn't give a hang for all the statues on the face of the earth.

The kindly and patriarchal Carteret divine was interested in the paradox of an unsmiling young man who asked nothing, yet, as sure as the world was made, wanted something that he probably could not have defined himself.

"What are you going to do now, my son?"

"Have a job to do, Reverend."

THE venerable man, who had both christened and buried Lawrence Willett, was disturbed—this powerful bronzed son was getting ready to ride again. He tried to arouse in him some softening sense of Family by pointing out the various inscriptions in the little churchyard.

Quite an illustrious cavalcade to ride behind alone, but Terry Willett had been knocking around the world too long to have assimilated any sense of Family.

"Terence," said the minister, "haven't you thought you might have a duty to—all of them here?"

Willett gave him a long, straight glance.

"Duty!" he said. "Don't talk to me of Duty, Reverend. I'm a bust as an engineer and a worse bust as a son. Let it go at that."

The minister didn't want to let it go at that by any means, but there was nothing he could do about it.

Willett decided to stop by and look at the house where his father had been born—a big white house with six columns rising to the roof cornice. There was a drive through an avenue of locust trees, and at one side of the house were the overgrown remains of a terraced garden. Nobody had lived here for some time. The house was boarded up, and a sign stuck in the lawn announced that the property was for sale or rent, and referred to some bank.

His face was a study as he looked searchingly at the place, as if to drink in a picture that would last, because this was a day of last farewells before the world moved on. Some day he might want to remember it, some day, somewhere—

A train whistle sounded down the valley. Willett snapped to.

"Salute," he murmured, and waved a hand. . . .

The fast-flying crack limited disdained to stop in Carteret for the sake of passengers, but the little matter of a water tank was accepted as a necessary evil. At the end of the train was a long, silver-gray private car named "Débutante II."

Terry Willett arrived at the station on the jump.

"That the New York train?" he asked the station agent.

"Yeah, but it ain't the local," said the agent. "This don't stop for passengers."

"Whatever it's doing now," said Willett, "is all right with me."

He walked over to the Débutante II and swung up on the observation platform.

A Negro in white servitor's coat came out of the vestibule.

"This is a private car, suh," he warned. "You can't ride heah. Ah'm telling you."

The train began to move, and Willett brushed him aside and went into the car.

It was a private car, all right—big club chairs, a small mahogany bar, thick gray carpet, and soft-toned gray curtains—a blend of luxurious comfort and modernistic beauty. A dark-haired girl with a very red mouth and eyes heavily fringed with lashes was shooting dice with two men on the floor.

"Well, well," she observed; "look what wandering boy has seen the light in the window. Hello, buddy."

Her companions turned inquiring countenances from their prehistoric postures.

"Don't mind me," said Terry. "I just came in to sniff the air."

She scanned him interestedly a moment.

"Anything particular on your mind, Lancelot?"

"Just a ride to New York," said Terry. "Who owns this work of art?"

"Ray West," said the girl. "My name's Carolyn Harrington, better known as 'Puff.'"

She patted a place on the divan, and Terry dropped down beside her.

THEY accepted him in the same careless, open-house aura of hospitality that was associated with Ray West everywhere.

There was something rather intriguing about Puff Harrington. Her mouth was scarlet with too much lipstick, but there was something leisurely and softly challenging in the way she spoke and lounged insouciantly on the divan. She smoked a great deal, looked at Willett often.

"You don't say much," she commented. "But I like you, just the same. Who are you?"

"The name is Willett. Terry Willett. I've just come from South America and I'm going back there again soon."

"But, dear, you have to take the horseshoes off before you pitch them!"

O. Lazarus

"Oh!" Her red mouth formed the word. "How interesting. The dickens!" she said suddenly, sitting back. "Here comes Ray. He *would* recover now."

Ray West made his initial appearance, coming from a private compartment at the other end of the car. His gait was a little uncertain, and he had the colored servant mix him a pick-up immediately.

"Say hello to Terry Willett," Puff directed. "He dropped into our lives at Carteret."

Ray shook hands.

"Haven't seen you before, have I?" he said. "Are you one of Allaire's friends?"

Willett sat up. Something clicked in his mind. He remembered Fox's introduction to a lovely girl in the Legation Club gardens—

"Whose?"

"That's his daughter," Puff exclaimed.

Willett sat down next to Ray West. Ray seemed favorably impressed with him.

"Awfully glad to meet you," he said. "You look like a nice young fellow. Did you say you knew Allaire?"

"I'm not sure whether I do or not," said Terry. "Was she in South America recently?"

"Yes," said Ray. "So was I. Polo trip."

TERRY felt a little tensed suddenly. He nodded slowly. "Yes—I know her."

"I wish I did," said Ray. "She has some queer ideas. I told her so this morning."

"This morning!" said Willett. "Where is she now?"

"I don't know," said Ray. "Washington, maybe, with Nell. New York, maybe. Havana, maybe. Balearic Isles, maybe. I don't know where she is half the time or what she does.

"You'd think her own father would know where she was once in a while," he complained. "Well, I don't unless she chooses to let me know. And she's had a lot of chances to marry nice men and settle down. I don't know what the devil she's waiting for—John the Baptist, maybe, to come down on a snow-white ox."

"That's Jupiter, Ray, darling," Puff interrupted lazily to inform him.

"Well, anyhow," declared Ray, "Allaire's too snooty."

Willett didn't quite understand this. Snooty! Where did he get that snooty stuff? She hadn't called for any personal maid to bring her a gun on a silver salver on that menacing flare-lit dock. She'd shot from the hip when every split second meant life or death. Sometimes when he thought of her he felt less a bust. Her shadowy figure had stood in the breach and fended off the specter of failure. And he felt that the governor, who had died with the picture of a woman in his hand, would have understood.

The train was coming into the station. Puff was standing up, pulling on a smart little hat. She turned to face him.

"This is where I get off," she said. "Ever been in Washington? Lovely city. Give me a break, Lancelot, and I'll show you the town."

Washington, maybe. That's what her father had said. He stood up.

"I think," he said, "I'll get off here, myself."

(To be continued)

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Day in Spring

(*Continued from page 26*)

but I'll pay you later; honestly, I will. You can charge it and I'll pay you later. Honestly. I tried it on the other day and it's perfect. Size 16. Will you order it for me?"

Her mother sighed inside. This was the kind of thing John disliked if he found out about it. "You don't really need the dress, Freddie," she suggested gently.

"But I do. I absolutely do. Graham's college dramatic club is having a reunion dinner and dance Friday night, and there will be elegant gals from Boston there, and I haven't a thing that hasn't been dragged around to all these local dances all winter. Honestly, Mother, I'd die to be seen in them."

Mrs. Deverau struggled with her thoughts, the right and wrong of this. "Freddie, dear—if I *do* buy you that dress—would you stay home and play bridge with Papa tonight? Aunt Sophie will be here, and Mary and Stephen—"

"Oh, Mother, you lamb." She hugged her with strong, tight young arms. "Sure, I'll attend the family fireside meeting. Graham isn't coming tonight, anyway."

"Thank you, dear," said Mrs. Deverau with wistful gratitude. "Now I must call Mary about the flowers."

"I hope Steve doesn't have any business that keeps him in town tonight as it did for your anniversary dinner," said Freddie carelessly. "If I were Mary I would hit him over the head when he did things like that. He had Laurel Thomas out for dinner, because Lucille saw them."

"Freddie, dear, I wish you wouldn't say things like that."

"Well, who does he think he is fooling? Nobody would put up with it but Mary." She saw distress in her mother's eyes. "All right, I'm going, Mother."

MARY DEVERAU BLAKE. She signed the check for the gas company, sealed the envelope, and went on to the next bill. She went through them swiftly, without anguish. She was a good manager, and Stephen's salary was adequate. It had paid for this charming stone house in the wooded development two miles from the town. It had seen them through the births of their three children.

They had been lucky. The children had come through the winter fairly well. There had been that one scare about Norma's ear infection and the operation that followed, but six weeks in Florida had cleared it up. Mary hadn't wanted to go without Stephen. With all her efficiency, she was lost without him. Something vital went out of her when they were separated. By herself, she was quiet and shy.

She had never regretted her marriage, even when it had caused her moments of anguish. They had been worse in the beginning when she first discovered that Stephen still played around mildly. She hadn't know then that Stephen was only playing. She even thought that he might leave her. She did not think that any longer. Even Laurel Thomas, who had lasted quite a time, during the run of her successful play on Broadway, hadn't seemed to threaten that. Stephen was absent from home for dinner and the evening now and then, but he was charming at home. He adored the children, loved the house, could get domestic moods on Sundays.

He still loved Mary and wouldn't have had her any different for the world. He often said that. She accepted that gratefully as a tribute to their common life, the life which she made graceful and comfortable and easy for him. . . .

SHE was still writing checks when her mother called:

"Can you and Stephen come for dinner, Mary? It's your father's birthday."

"I'm sure we can," said Mary.

Mrs. Deverau spoke of flowers.

"I'll come over and fix them, Mother."

"Thank you so much, Mary. You're sure Stephen can come tonight?"

"Quite. But just to make sure I'll give him a ring at the office."

They were both thinking of the same thing as they hung up. Mary had had to make excuses on the occasion of her parents' last anniversary. But she wasn't worried today. Laurel Thomas had married and gone to England to live. She put in a call for Stephen at his office, but as there was a long delay she decided that he was busy with a client.

As it happened, he was not at the moment thinking of the firm's clients. He was having a leisurely conversation on an outside wire. He had meditated about calling Ellisa Parks fully an hour before he did so. It was a day that called for something a little special. Just a pleasantly diverting kind of thing. Most of his feminine excursions arose from this kind of mood.

Ellisa was clever enough not to make the affair personal. Perhaps she didn't want to. She never talked about her own marriage which had ended three years before at Reno. He had known her before that, had run into her again this winter while Mary was in Florida. Lunch with Ellisa would certainly fit in with the day. He asked the office operator to get Mrs. Parks on the wire. She was in and very cheerful.

"I've been singing a song about jib-top sails all the morning," she said with gayety. "I haven't the least idea what they are but I'm sure they go well with the day."

"Would you like to have one? There may be an old one around the office here."

"I think I should, but if they turn out to be poached eggs I'll take one without spinach under it."

"Without spinach is why I am calling," said Stephen. "Would you have lunch with me today without spinach?" He felt confident when he could fool this way.

"I'm terribly sorry, I can't today. I have an appointment." She sounded just sorry enough.

"Lucky man," said Stephen. "Couldn't you discourage him?" he insinuated without hope.

"It isn't a man. It's a very sweet old lady. Mrs. Howard Parks is in the city and has asked me to lunch."

Mrs. Howard Parks was her husband's mother. He thought there must be something very nice about both of these women that had kept them friendly after Ellisa's divorce from young Howard Parks.

"I understand," he said, but he was reluctant to hang up.

"Is she keeping you for dinner, too?"

"No. She's leaving for home today."

"Then can't we make it dinner?"

"Shouldn't you be home sowing parsley and petunias? I think it's going to be one of those earthy evenings."

"As a matter of fact, I have to come back to the office at ten o'clock for a late appointment. So I have to eat in town, anyway." That was simple fiction.

"In that case I'll be glad to eat with you. I have an idea I may be in a Lonely-Hearts mood myself."

He said good-by, then, glad he was going to see her at seven. He would run out home and change his suit, maybe. This one was a little heavy for the day. . . .

Ellisa Parks had the clerk announce her presence in the lobby. Howard's mother always had her same rooms at the Belmont when she came to town. She was in the grand-manner living-room of the suite and belonged to it utterly, a magnificent old lady with hips and fine white hands.

"Ellisa, my dear. You were nice to come."

The younger woman kissed her with affection. "I've brought you some lilies of the valley. Shall I open them or do you want to keep them fresh for the train?"

"Open them, child; I'm too old to postpone my pleasures. I've ordered lunch up here. Do you mind?"

Ellisa took off her hat because she knew the older woman disliked that kind of formality. She looked very young with her golden head bare. The old lady looked at her approvingly. "How young you are, Ellisa."

"In the presence of friends I confess to my thirty years."

"You were married at nineteen," said Mrs. Parks musingly. "You seem younger now."

Ellisa smiled. "I took everything so seriously then. I must have appeared a hundred at times. And yet I had no sense," she added with an honest smile. "If I had we shouldn't have eloped, of course."

"You were both so very much in love," said the older woman quietly, "and that's very serious."

THE old lady got up and came beside her on the sofa. "My dear child—please don't stop me until I say something. Perhaps I should have told you when I asked you to lunch that Howard is coming in today, too."

Ellisa had gone a little whiter. "I probably shouldn't have come if I'd known," she admitted.

"I wanted you to see him as he is now," said Howard's mother. "He's grown up. He'll always have a lot of interests, but he's over his sophomore enthusiasms which threw him into every crazy scheme that came along. I suppose it was that, wasn't it?" she said, her words slowing a little.

"I was jealous of his other interests," she said with sudden honesty. "I was just a sweet little wife who wanted every min-

ute of his time." She smiled. "How is he?" she asked in a quite different tone. "I feel like running away, you know."

"Wait and see him," begged the old lady as she rose to answer the bell for Howard Parks.

He had stopped to buy a wedding present for a favorite cousin who was marrying this month. He had thought of a traveling clock because Ellisa had given traveling clocks as wedding gifts a couple of times. Unconsciously he was still doing the things she had left in his mind.

He studied the clocks in the show case thoughtfully. The clerk was just finishing a sale to a nice-looking middle-aged woman who had bought a silver cigarette case. She had paid quite a lot of money for it, or rather she was about to. She wanted to give a check, and she was giving the man her name and the bank.

"Mrs. John Deverau."

The salesman sent the case, a beautiful silver one, to be wrapped. "May I show you something?" he asked Howard Parks.

"I have to get a wedding present, and I thought of a traveling clock."

Ella Deverau experienced a woman's gentle amusement at a nice man shopping on his own. With her small box carefully held under her arm she went out to walk down Fifth Avenue. It was crowded today with pretty and expensive-looking girls. That was the way Freddie looked, too, when she came to town.

The child would be a picture in that green net. She had gone for that first and paid for it out of her Christmas money so it wouldn't appear on the month's bill at all. That had left quite a little Christmas money still in her account. She hadn't ever decided just what she would get with it. Something for the house, she had thought, but suddenly the idea of the cigarette case had come to her. A real gift for John's birthday. He hadn't seemed really surprised about the handkerchiefs.

GRAHAM HORTON was having a disturbing day. It wasn't work. In fact, there wasn't enough of that to keep his mind off Freddie. He had certainly lost his head last night when he asked her to marry him. Up until now his love-making had been light, with plenty of exits and one eye on the clock. When he had started on Freddie Deverau he expected that he could up and leave at any time, as he had always done before. It hadn't worked out that way.

He didn't know whether it was her beauty or her wit or her high spirit that had finally thrown him, against his better judgment. It would take money to marry Freddie Deverau, and he didn't have it. He had two years ahead of him in the home office of Page & Page. Then he was to go to South America for two years. Those were the plans. Perhaps after that he would be in a position to marry a nice, sensible girl who could make her own clothes. Anyway, he didn't believe in long engagements. And he didn't want to tie himself up too soon, either. The importing business fascinated him. He wanted to stick to that, and he couldn't do it if he took on an extravagant wife. He wasn't at all fooled about Freddie in that way.

He would just have to tell her. He had meant all that he had said last night except the part about marrying her, and he ought to tell her that without delay. He

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would talk to her tonight before dinner, and then he supposed the decent thing was to see less of her. Certainly he didn't want to break off entirely, but neither did he want any further wrong impressions between them as to just how he felt about marriage. He might ask her to meet him at the five-fifty train and they could take a short ride out into the country. It would be easier to tell her there.

He reached for the telephone and called the house. Freddie was usually in for lunch, he thought.

He got Mary Blake instead. She was at her mother's house arranging flowers.

"You want her to meet you at the train, Graham?"

"Tell her I want to talk to her for fifteen minutes."

"All right. And, Graham, you will see that she's home for dinner, won't you? It's Father's birthday."

"What I have to say won't take long."

His brusqueness was like cold water, decisive but refreshing.

"If anyone can handle Freddie, I think it's Graham," she reflected as she drove back toward her own house.

SHE was surprised to see Stephen's small station car in the driveway, but her face lighted with pleasure. She hadn't talked with him this morning, after all, since the gardener had called her out before she got him. She had called a little later, and finding him out to lunch then had left a message with the office operator about the family dinner this evening.

Stephen had had that message early in the afternoon. He was glad it hadn't come early enough to prevent his making tonight's date with Ellisa. It was too bad this little family dinner had happened for the same night, but, as it was, he wasn't absolutely indispensable to his father-in-law's birthday. "He's had several without me," he excused himself pleasantly. The main thing was not to hurt Mary. He would run out home, change his suit, and that would give him a chance to make his apology to Mary in person. A client had to be seen this evening. He had settled on that story and almost believed it now. Mary never made difficulties over things like that. The only thing that made it a little awkward was her obvious joy in seeing him today.

"Oh, darling, how nice! You're all dressed up for the party so soon. You're awfully impressive."

He returned her kiss, keeping his arm around her. He loved her, without question, but she held no surprises for him. She was the familiar daily necessity, like breakfast in the morning. He brushed her hair lightly with his lips, avoiding those clear, honest dark eyes for the moment.

"I'm terribly sorry about something, dear. So sorry that I ran out home to tell you instead of telephoning. I can't be here for dinner tonight. It's a little matter of a house in the country for someone we don't want to let slip through our fingers."

Long, long ago she had conquered a fire that would have destroyed them. She had faced jealousy, and defeated it, because she loved him unselfishly, more than she loved herself. She had said, "I will take what Stephen has for me and be happy with that." But he had seldom fooled her. She had known almost to a day when his attention went gypsying, and she had schooled herself to wait patiently at home until he came back, loving her more for his default.

Now, as he turned back to his dresser to pick up his keys and small change, she sensed the instant change in him since yesterday, and she was sickened at last, not even now by jealousy as by the pretense between them. He was telling her a lie, and she knew it for such. He knew that she knew it, or why should he avoid her direct glance now? He was waiting for her conventional acceptance: "I'm sorry, dear," or "We'll miss you," and a smile that showed she was sincere.

Without a word she turned and went swiftly out of their room, down the stairs, out of the house into the side garden. The nurse had brought the baby there for the last of his day's sunlight. She picked him up and held him close for an instant, his uneasy weight a soothing burden against her heart. He was a delightful, mischievous baby, with a sense of humor. He remembered how they played when he pulled her hair, and he reached for that promptly. She let him pull it once or twice, then gently she loosened his hold and held him away from her.

"It hurts too much," she said. "I'm going to begin by telling you the truth."

She kissed him and put him down again, and he stared after her with big, serious eyes as she crossed the lawn again. Stephen was standing by his car a little uneasily. He wasn't carrying this off with quite the usual grace, for some reason. He wanted to leave it on a friendly note, at least. He caught her hand as she came up to him.

"I'll be back, dear."

"You always have come back, Stephen," she said in a queer voice. "I expect you always will. You haven't much courage, you know, or you wouldn't pretend so much. You're going to be away from home quite often now for maybe a month or so. Let's not pretend about it any more. You don't have to lie to me ever again. It doesn't help at all."

She went past him, quietly, simply, disengaging her hand.

HE WAITED at the station for the city train unable to shake off the impact of that speech. After all these years for Mary to bring things out into the open was startling. So startling that he couldn't think of anything else at the moment. The sense of adventure had slipped out of the evening ahead. He wished it were over now. A train pulled in from town but he paid no attention to the passengers until Graham Horton stepped up to the car.

"Have you seen Freddie around?" he asked.

Stephen hadn't.

"Maybe she didn't come home to get my message," said the young man tensely. He wanted to get this thing over without delay.

"I have time to run you up to the house," offered Stephen automatically. "Get in."

The younger man did so without relaxing his firm expression. "Up for the family party?" inquired Stephen lightly.

"Hardly," said Graham. "I wasn't invited, and I'm about to cut myself off from Deverau family parties in the future."

"Row with Freddie?" said Stephen, not unsympathetically.

"No. I simply can't afford her, that's all. I forgot that for a little while last night. She doesn't fit into my life at all."

"Just like that?" said Stephen, beginning to marvel.

"Certainly. You don't think I would lie to her, do you? She's too swell a girl for that. She wouldn't lie to me, either, no matter how it hurt."

"I was brought up to believe it was the nice thing to spare a lady's feelings, if possible," said Stephen, half lightly. "Do you think they want the truth about everything?"

"Why not? Evasion is a kind of insult, isn't it? Freddie wouldn't stand for it. Whatever her faults, she can face anything that comes along. She ran over a dog, you know, and she woke the people up to say she did it."

STEPHEN stopped before the Deverau gate. "So long," he said briefly. This youngster didn't need any fatherly advice from him. In fact, he made Stephen feel like an amateur about life. What a fool he had been, thinking all these years that he was fooling Mary about his excursions. Not one of them had offered anything beyond the moment, and yet for that he had offered her a hundred lies, a hundred evasions. For the first time in their married life he wondered just what Mary thought of him. She loved him, but what did she think of him? He heard the down train whistle into the station, but he did not speed toward that. Instead, he drove slowly down the business street of the town, parking finally near the local telephone office. He went in and called Ellisa's apartment from a booth. He wouldn't put himself in a good light with her. It didn't matter really what she thought of him. Her voice came through so quickly that it seemed as if she must have had the telephone in hand.

"Stephen, I called your office, and they said they would try to reach you for me. I'm so glad they did in time. I ought to be awfully apologetic about breaking our dinner date, but I'm not. You see, I was married this afternoon—"

"Married." He was stunned for the second time within the hour.

"Yes, to Howard. We had lunch with his mother, and it was such a beautiful day . . . Please forgive me if I'm not very lucid. I'm so terribly happy."

"That's fine." He said one or two other things, conventional things, and hung up. For the first time in his life he felt trivial and pretty unimportant. He wanted to get home. . . .

Ella Deverau moved about the living-room, putting the chairs back in place after the party was over. They had all gone, leaving vague or definite impressions to be put in order along with the room. It had been a nice party, but unusual, since its breath had come mostly from the two most unlikely people—John and Mary. John had been in an excellent humor, putting on little airs over his cigarette case, showing it off to Aunt Sophie, who had emerged from the winter in good form. The whole dinner had been delicious—or were the chickens a little too dry? Stephen hadn't eaten much of his. Usually the most affable and agreeable person socially, Stephen had contributed but little to the evening, except his presence. He had seemed to be watching Mary with a kind of anxious, lingering look, and Mary, the other surprise of the evening,

had suddenly emerged as a woman of quiet confidence. She was going to take the children to the mountains for the entire summer, she had said.

"Without Stephen?" questioned Aunt Sophie.

Stephen had said hastily that he hoped to come for the greater part of the time. He almost seemed to be asking Mary to let him come. There had been a certain strangeness between them tonight, and Freddie, too, had been strange and puzzling in her indifference to the dress.

"I got it, dear," she had whispered to Freddie just as they were going in to dinner. The child had come in only just in time for that, and she had been so quiet and so pitifully lovely playing cards in that abstracted way until the telephone rang for her. She hadn't reappeared afterward, and her mother, taking her place, had heard her slipping out the front door. Graham probably, although Freddie had said he wasn't coming.

SHE put out the table lamps and went on toward the hall to close the front door, and there before the open door was Freddie in Graham's arms, being kissed by Graham. They saw her finally and were quite unabashed.

"Mother," said Freddie in her glorious voice. "You'll have to send back that dress. I don't need it."

"You darling," said Graham with pride and tenderness.

"Some change of plans, dear?" ventured Mrs. Deverau, feeling her way along.

"Rather," said Freddie. "This afternoon Graham thought I was too extravagant for him to marry, but tonight he changed his mind about marrying me. He's going to make me live on his salary if he has to beat me. And I have to show I'm in earnest, don't I, Graham?"

"Absolutely." He sounded deadly serious about that.

"Oh, my darling, can you do it?"

"I'll have to," said Freddie, "or live without Graham, and I would rather wear overalls than do that. We're going to be married in the fall. Graham gets a five-dollar raise then. Good night, Mother."

Mrs. Deverau took the hint and closed the door. She remembered that she had left a window in the living-room open, and she went back through the darkened room to attend to that. She stood a moment looking out into the soft spring night. It was full of fresh, new scents, full of the whisperings and the unrest that is spring. It belonged to youth. They knew what to do with it. As you grew older spring was always some memory. The spring she had met John—his beautifully impatient courtship. Of course, you couldn't keep that pitch of emotion through life. Her thoughts became more formless, dissolved, and when they came together again she was thinking of the daffodils and their innocent beauty.

Her husband's voice reached down to her from the top of the stairs: "Ella, aren't you coming up? I want you. I can't find my pajamas."

"Coming," she said.

She closed the window and moved toward the stairs, smiling in the darkness. Spring didn't make so much difference to her and John. He needed her all the year round.

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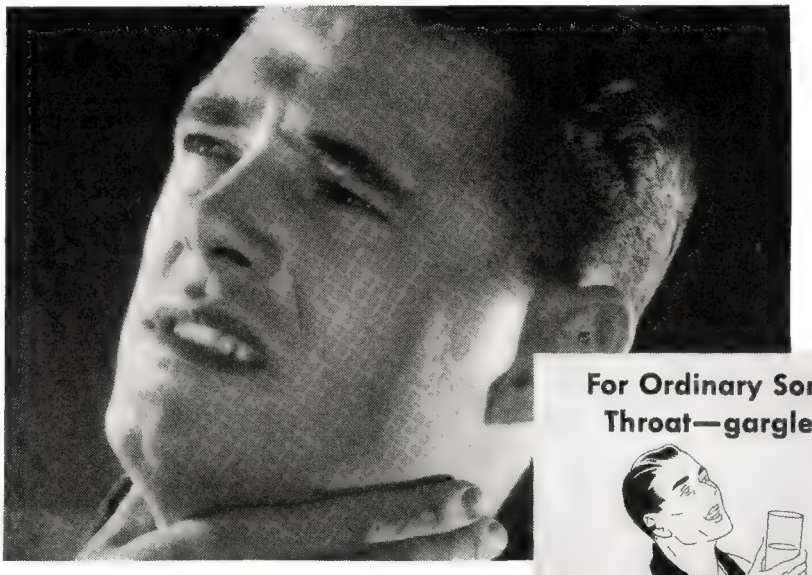
PAIN OF SORE THROAT
relieved after each gargle



KILLS THE GERMS
as it soothes

TODAY, thousands are discovering that they can quickly soothe the pain of sore throat.

They are using an antiseptic that actually has the power to dull pain at the same time that it kills germs.

"Soreness is relieved after every gargle with Hexylresorcinol Solution S. T. 37," they say. "Now I can eat in comfort, and go about my business with no time lost at all!" one man says. "And the inflammation usually disappears within a short time," a woman writes about her children.

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Doctors recommend Solution S. T. 37 because of its great germ-killing power and because it spreads quickly and deeply.

Their patients are deeply grateful for its soothing action—even in cases of deep, open wounds and serious burns.

Get a bottle today. For sore throat, gargle every 1 to 2 hours. Pain is relieved quickly and inflammation usually disappears promptly.

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For Ordinary Sore Throat—gargle

Gargling with Solution S. T. 37 will quickly relieve the pain of any ordinary sore throat that can be reached by gargling. Always gargle as far down as possible—letting a little of the Solution slip down your throat. It is entirely safe.

How to reach Deep Sore Throat

If your sore throat is too far down for a gargle to reach—use Solution S. T. 37 in a spray. This will reach farther and spread the Solution evenly over the surface. Pain is relieved promptly.

See your Doctor if sore throat continues. Sore throat may be a forerunner of diphtheria and other diseases

● Between gargles use Hexylresorcinol Sucrets (pleasant-tasting lozenges) for continuous antiseptic and soothing action—25 cents. To give your teeth delightful antiseptic cleansing, use Hexylresorcinol S.T. 37 Tooth Paste—50 cents.

Richberg takes the Stand

(*Continued from page 17*)

again, it is a special problem. Houses have always been built for what we might call "comfortable" people. The poor people got secondhand houses, into which they moved when the original houses were obsolete. Tomorrow's housing must be developed like the automobile. If cars had been built like houses, "comfortable" people would have $2,000 automobiles and everyone else would have third- or fourth-hand machines.

Q. Why must the government undertake this?

A. If the government does, it will be because the difficulties at present seem insuperable for private enterprise. The building industry, with its contractors and supply men, is organized in the most expensive way. Wages are high and there is not enough work. But if the government should show that mass production of houses is possible, then private enterprise ought to step in and take advantage of this experience.

Q. Where in the Constitution do you find the doctrine that a productive job is guaranteed to every American?

A. That document is a guaranty of liberty. I do not regard that as a guaranty of the liberty to starve. Any government existing under the Constitution must translate that guaranty into the opportunity to earn a living by honest, respectable labor.

Q. Would you be willing to scrap the Constitution if, thereby, you could give jobs to the millions of unemployed?

A. I'm not willing to scrap the Constitution. I have not the faintest idea that it is necessary. But I'll say this: If you let millions remain out of work for very long they may try to do some scrapping for themselves.

Q. And now a few figures: How many men are out of work this winter?

A. Probably about 7,000,000 men who *can* be employed on steady, full-time jobs. I don't include the part-time workers, the floaters, or the incompetents and unemployables who have always been with us.

Q. What would you do with that excepted group?

A. In my judgment they should be cared for ordinarily by local governments. I don't think they constitute, in normal times, a federal problem.

Q. How many have gotten jobs since March, 1933?

A. In the aggregate probably 5,000,000, assuming that we had over 12,000,000 out of work at the depth of the depression. That 5,000,000 does not include about a million temporarily employed on public works or in the CCC camps.

Q. How many families are wholly or partly on relief this winter?

A. The federal relief load indicated is about 5,000,000 cases. That will be a much smaller number than were covered by direct relief and CWA last winter.

Q. What is the New Deal doing for the hundreds of thousands of school and college graduates who have no jobs and small hope of any?

A. That's one of the worst problems of all. The seriousness of their situation cannot be overemphasized. Some conservative people have even claimed that unless we solve this problem this country is only five years away from a revolution. It has been argued that these young men will not wait, without some assurance of permanent jobs, for longer than five years without taking matters into their own hands. Of course, my own belief is that their plight will be solved long before then by a general business revival.

Q. This brings me to the NRA. How true is it that you were called in, as a kind of mortician, to wind up its affairs?

A. Let me say emphatically that the NRA isn't dead or even dying. It bit off more than it could chew and had digestive troubles; that is all—no real constitutional difficulty. I've been serving as one of the doctors—not as a mortician.

Q. What was the primary purpose of the NRA?

A. It was to put people back to work, raise wages, and prevent future depressions. We can't look into the future, but the first two objectives were partly achieved. Despite all contradictory assertions, our figures showed that by December, 1933, the NRA had added $3,000,000,000 in annual wages to the purchasing power of the nation. It had put 3,000,000 persons to work.

Q. Why, then, is it necessary, with the New Deal less than two years old, radically to alter this major agency for recovery?

A. I don't admit that the changes are so radical. The National Industrial Recovery Board, of which Mr. S. Clay Williams is chairman, has exactly the same functions as had General Johnson. The Industrial Emergency Committee of the National Emergency Council, of which I am the director, only lays down the general policies of the NRA, with the approval of the President.

Q. What, then, has been the trouble with the NRA?

A. It was an experiment in industrial self-government. We must now admit that private business is not yet adequately organized for self-discipline and unified action. The NRA relied upon the trade associations and we found, unhappily, that many of them were lamentably weak. They did not really represent the various industries. Many of the codes which they evolved were cumbersome and complicated.

Q. Was this not the fault of the NRA?

A. Primarily no. Take the steel code, for example. It was written almost entirely and administered by the industry. Its administration costs the industry $500,000 annually. That code and its supplements cover actually hundreds of pages of intricate regulations. Many of the other large industry codes are much worse. I'm amused when I hear that business is in danger of being strangled with government red tape. If death is caused by red tape, any coroner will pronounce it a case of suicide.

Q. What are we going to do about it? What major changes do you propose?

A. For one thing, it would be sheer disaster to give up the gains made by the NRA. But it must be recognized that management—I might loosely say Big Business—cannot be allowed to write, without governmental supervision, its own codes of fair competition, and expect to have them approved and enforced by the government. The codes must be simplified. They must be made fair to the producer, the worker, and the consumer alike. We now realize that a long road lies ahead of us. That doesn't mean that we should turn back.

Q. But, in general, the NRA codes favored the large producer at the expense of the small man?

A. In my judgment that was not true. The steel code, coal code, textile code, and many others were of enormous benefit to the smaller enterprises. I think injury to the little fellow was the exception, not the rule.

Q. How many codes of fair competition have been adopted?

A. The number, I think, is now over 525.

Q. How many have been abandoned?

A. Practically none have been abandoned. We have suspended the full operation of the so-called "service codes," however. We did this because they were impossible to enforce and operated unfairly. There are few strong trade associations in this field.

Q. What is being done to cut down the enormous amount of chiseling reported to be practiced by a minority of the industrialists who pretend to be loyal to their codes?

A. The compliance machinery is just getting started anew. I don't think we shall have nearly so much trouble in enforcing the codes from now on. Of course, business men are primarily responsible for bringing about adequate enforcement, by measures of self-discipline.

Q. What became of the voluntary part of the NRA; that is to say, the assertion made at the outset that enlisting under the Blue Eagle Banner was optional with the individual?

A. The President's Reëmployment Agreement, which all employers were asked to make voluntarily, did not impose any obligations compulsorily, merely the obligations of voluntary contract. When codes were adopted, they were primarily the voluntary proposals of those truly representative of the industry.

Q. Why, then, were certain of our citizens put out of business—and in one or two instances put into jail—for refusing to comply with codes which they never signed?

A. To prevent the destruction of sound standards of labor conditions and business practice, it was necessary to enforce the codes against the minority who would not voluntarily comply. As a matter of fact, there has been very little effort to send anyone to jail, although hundreds of fines and restitutions have been enforced. The famous pants presser of New Jersey was sent to jail for failing to comply with a *state* code, and when the NRA announced

a change of policy as to its *national* code for cleaners and dyers, this very man who was sent to jail protested against any withdrawal of the code, which he, himself, said should be enforced for the good of the industry.

Q. What is your own diagnosis as to the worst fault of the NRA as organized?

A. We tried to do too much in too short a time.

Q. Yet you don't concede, even now, that the Blue Eagle is a rather sad old bird?

A. The Blue Eagle is passing through a transition stage. I might admit there has been a little molting. I think, though, that he will get some new feathers. The truth is that none of us, business men or government officials, realized to the full the advantages of the flexible mechanisms for recovery provided in the NRA. The alternatives seem clear to me. Business men must eventually choose between increased self-control or increased government regulation.

Q. Why, with the NRA in operation for eighteen months, are the labor provisions of Section 7a still unenforced?

A. Such sweeping complaints are largely propaganda. Labor, under the New Deal, received the best deal in its history in this country. That section has given labor a real protection in its right to combine and bargain collectively with the employer for hours, wages, and working conditions.

Q. But you haven't yet instituted prosecutions against employers who have violated this part of the law?

A. On the contrary, hundreds of prosecutions have been carried on and successfully concluded with restitutions, reinstatements, fines, etc.

Q. Do you believe that permanent standards of wages and hours can be fixed by any such government agency as the NRA?

A. They can be permanent, if I may put it that way, only to the extent that they are flexible. Wages and hours must be geared to actual living costs and living conditions in the various parts of the country. We did not do that accurately enough in some of the original codes, and that's why they were criticized.

Q. What makes you think that labor, always fighting for greater gains, will be satisfied with any standards?

A. You're trying to put words in my mouth. I never said I thought so. Labor will never be wholly satisfied; any more than private industry is satisfied with the profits it receives.

Q. But is it true that, in the long run, the workers must rely on profitable private enterprise for their continued prosperity?

A. Yes, unless you are prepared for some form of fascism, communism, or state socialism; to which I am opposed.

Q. Now, Mr. Richberg, is today's worker, under the New Deal, really much better off as far as earnings are concerned?

A. I firmly believe he is. He has greater assurance that those earnings will continue. He has new powers to see that hard employers do not take advantage of him. He is getting more money and spending more.

Q. Is it true that the cost of living has increased almost as much as average wages?

A. According to NRA computations,

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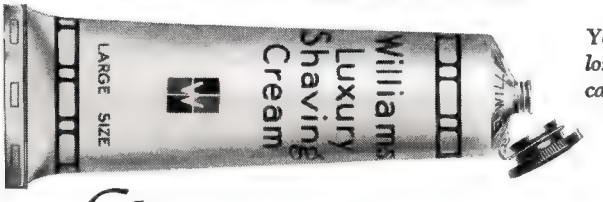

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wages have about kept pace with increased living costs. So the average factory worker has just about the same amount of "real money." His hours are shorter, however.

Q. While the worker, the business man, and the banker have been getting along so well, what has happened to the farmer?

A. Our pledge to the farmer was that we would try to get his purchasing power back to that of 1910-1914. The AAA was established to bring this about, and it has come amazingly close to doing it. By last August the prices of 7 basic commodities sold by the farmer had risen from 51 per cent to 95 per cent of the 1910-1914 level.

Q. That increase includes, of course, the huge benefit payments which fall on all the rest of us in the form of the processing taxes?

A. It does not. If you include those payments, the rise was 116 per cent.

Q. Can you possibly solve the farm problem until you restore the purchasing power of the nation as a whole?

A. Obviously, we cannot. The ultimate success of the AAA depends, for instance, on the success of NRA, and vice versa.

Q. Do you agree that "this country doesn't know what taxes mean"?

A. That's probably a fair statement. Certainly we don't know taxes as they are known in England and other foreign countries.

Q. And so we face a crushing tax burden, for years to come, in paying for the New Deal?

A. I wouldn't say it would be "crushing." But I remember hearing old Henry Rainey make a speech in 1917 in which he told the audience that because of the war burdens they would never again experience light taxes. We cannot lift that burden from the world for a long, long time. But it's easier to pay if you have money. Our worst burden has been when we had to pay whether we had any funds or not.

Q. Isn't inflation inevitable if the government fails to balance the budget within a reasonable time?

A. Inflation may seem to be the easiest way to handle an excessive load of debt. But inflation is like a habit-forming drug. You feel better at first. But you can't stop taking it, and you keep on getting worse. However, the government expects to balance the budget before there is any real cause for worrying.

Q. How much has the Reconstruction Finance Corporation paid out to banks and other financial institutions since March, 1933?

A. I haven't the exact figure; you can get it from the RFC. It's about $1,200,000,000 to some 7,000 banks; and total disbursements of over $5,000,000,000 since March, 1933.

Q. How much of this has been paid back thus far?

A. Out of general RFC loans about 45 per cent were reported repaid last August.

Q. How much has been lent by the Home Owners Loan Corporation?

A. In round numbers, $2,000,000,000. It has an additional billion in commitments.

Q. Won't the taxpayers, in the end, have to meet a substantial part of this debt?

A. I don't believe it. That would mean a fall-down in the New Deal program. The loans were made in good faith, on a business basis. If interest and amortization are not met, the HOLC will start foreclosure proceedings. That's the only possible way to handle it. That's one example of the absolute necessity of keeping politics out of these new government agencies.

Q. Has not the Administration violated its campaign pledge to continue a sound currency?

A. A sound currency is like sound economics. Everybody wants it and nobody agrees as to how you can get it. If you want my own, inexpert, view, I insist that the President has preserved a sound dollar despite enormous pressure to inflate or to deflate intolerably.

Q. And now a final generalization or two: How, briefly, would you describe the liberty which is the ultimate goal of the New Deal?

A. Individual liberty, tempered by social responsibility.

Q. And what is your answer to the charge that the New Deal is, when all is said and done, socialistic?

A. My answer is to deny it flatly. We are moving toward social responsibility. We shall move, if we are wise, away from political control. We may favor some of the ethical aims of socialism but not the methods. It is the methods of government that either maintain or destroy liberty. The difference seems clear to me. The difference is very vital if the United States is to continue to develop as it has developed in the past and to maintain the freedom of its people while increasing their security.

Country Doctor

(*Continued from page 78*)

made much difference. The going when the animal stumbled off it, with the buggy lurching after, was about as good. The sense of sight was practically blocked off; and the sense of hearing brought to him little more than a mingled tumult of waters, far and near, where creek and rivulet met and swelled the roadside ditches, or dashed against and bit into and tore at the gravel-surfaced road itself.

He had been traveling something more than an hour, perhaps, when the sound of these random streams began to be merged with a steady roaring . . . Green River was ahead of him and it was, as Jason Tucker had said, "up and a-rarin'."

He paused at the road which branched off to the wooden bridge, and got out of his buggy, leaving the horse standing in the road; he could trust the animal to stay quietly until he returned. He wanted to look at the condition of the wooden bridge, himself. He splashed through the mud to the bank of the stream, holding his lantern ahead of him, and . . .

And paused just in time. There wasn't any wooden bridge! It had gone downstream. A line of willow trees, which he remembered as having marked the entrance to it, was not thirty feet from shore.

He had still cherished a hope that the bridge might be there and might be passable, for it would save him a mile or so of mud and ruts . . . half a mile to the west, and half a mile back east again, after he had crossed the new iron bridge, to get back into the road which passed the Tucker house.

"Rarin' is right!" said the Doctor, peering out at the flood, on the surface of which his lantern cast a few dancing yellow gleams.

He looked for only a few seconds, but it was long enough to see a chicken coop, part of a straw stack, and a dead pig with all four feet sticking stiffly up in the air, go whirling by.

When he got to the iron bridge he stopped and got out of his buggy once more, for an examination. The water was boiling and spouting over the roadway on the bridge itself, but the structural ironwork looked solid and unshaken. He walked out a few yards on the bridge, stamping on the planks; there was more than a foot of water swirling over the planks; it lashed him nearly to the knees.

"Drenched from toenails to tonsils," said the Doctor to himself. And then, ironically, "The thing to do with this influenza, or grip, as they call it, Dr. Stewart, is to stay warmly in bed, with your feet dry, and avoid violent exertion of any sort; for the heart at such times is particularly susceptible to strains."

SOMETHING banged against the eastern and upstream ironwork of the bridge as he made this facetious recommendation to himself, and then crashed into splinters. The air in front of him was suddenly filled with broken timbers, and, strangely, out of the débris was propelled a speckled hen, which cried shrilly to earth and heaven and flood that she was wet, and outraged because of it, and then disappeared into the howling night. The major portion of some farmer's barn had slammed into the bridge, and the impact shook the structure. But still it seemed to withstand the shock.

Nevertheless, it was nothing to drive out upon gayly and blithely, with all that water whirling over it. The Doctor went back to where he had left his horse.

"I'll lead him across," he said to himself, and started off, his lantern in one hand and the horse with the lurching buggy following. Although the flood rushing across the bridge was not deep, it was

swift, and plucked and sucked at his feet. But he went on, and the horse patiently splashed along behind.

In a few moments he paused. Where the hell *was* the west end of this bridge, anyhow? He must be nearly across it and . . .

By the Great Horned Toad of Mithridates! There wasn't any west end to it! Nothing ahead of him but water rushing across his path! He reflected on this phenomenon of a bridge unanchored at one end and still standing sturdily, for a moment, and then the solution came to him. The ironwork was stout enough, but between the west end of the bridge and what had been the shore the flood had cut a new channel, narrow, and he did not know how deep.

He would have to cross that, and it was nothing to be got through in a buggy. Nor, he suspected, on foot, either. He unhitched the horse from the buggy, tied up the traces to the horse collar, shortened the driving reins. He'd have to mount and ride the horse through. The buggy he would leave where it was, and it could either sink or swim.

"Damned old worn-out buggy, anyhow," he said.

He took from the vehicle, not his bag, but a smaller, leather-bound pocket case, with a dozen vials in it: morphine tablets, strychnine tablets, a couple of small bottles of brandy, a hypodermic syringe, a thermometer, digitalis, other things. He put this case in the inner breast pocket of his overcoat. The larger bag would be in the way on horseback. The lantern he left, lighted, on the buggy seat.

AS HE made the effort and mounted the horse, a sharp pain in the region of the left breast took his breath; for a moment he closed his eyes and hung onto the horse's mane.

"Damned old worn-out Doctor, too, I guess," he breathed, when he could breathe again. The pang passed. He pulled himself together on the horse's back, and then said, with a resonance in his voice, "But I'm going through!"

It was a challenge to the night and the storm and the treacherous swamp and the wind and all the physical elements; the challenge of the old man's undaunted spirit. There were people ahead who needed what he could do for them, and he was going through! He had always gone through; for more than fifty years he had been going through.

There was a cramp in his left arm. It kinked and twisted. He knew what that meant. He clung to the animal's mane with his right hand, and dug his muddy heels into its flanks. To hell with the angina! He didn't have time to stop for that. Probably it was only pseudo-angina, anyhow . . . gas pressing up . . . indigestion . . . it was time, at his age, he was getting a little sense about what he ate and when he ate it . . . he was strict enough with other people's diet. . . .

The horse wallowed into the cut at the west end of the bridge; and if there was a shore on the other side, neither horse nor rider could see it. The Doctor felt the water about his knees . . . about his thighs . . . it was up to his seat . . . the horse staggered . . . and then . . .

A black choking . . . a frantic, lashing struggle . . . where was the horse? A strained. instinctive muscular reaction . . .

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a blankness . . . and Dr. Stewart found himself clinging to the roots of a willow tree. The rushing water still pulled at his feet and legs and sodden clothing. But he clung. He strove to pull himself up the slippery bank. But the pain . . . the pain in his chest . . . it was terrible . . . but he held on to his willow root . . . he lay, half in and half out of the water, and was lifted and threshed about by the insensate, brute flood . . . but he held on . . . he was going through! Another agonizing effort, and he felt the flood release his legs. He would lie here in the mud a while and rest . . . it was soft, the mud was. But that pain in his chest! It was as if it were filled with hot ashes, that shifted back and forth and burned and burned when he tried to breathe. No . . . hot snuff . . . more like snuff than ashes . . . it burned and burned . . . burned like hot snuff would burn, if you had snuff in your lungs.

Presently he managed to get his hand into his overcoat pocket and draw out the leather-bound little case. The morphine tablets were in the first vial. He took one, and lay back in the mud.

"Must look like a damn' old white-whiskered muskrat," said Dr. Stewart to himself.

He stared up at the sky. And presently he noted something. The storm had broken. The wind was blowing a section of the heavens clear of clouds. He took another morphine tablet. A corner of the moon was clear of cloud. There was a star near it. There was something he wanted to say to that star . . . he couldn't quite remember what it was. His chest was a little easier . . . a good deal easier . . . oh, yes, what he wanted to say was, if you stuck it out long enough the mud got a little warmer after a while . . . the tension in his chest was relaxed; that was a little warmer, too. . . . No; that wasn't what he wanted to say to that star! What he wanted to say to it was, "Damned funny you didn't get drowned . . . neither one of us got drowned . . . damned funny!"

HE lay back; he felt almost comfortable . . . although his mouth did taste like he'd swallowed a raw catfish . . . damned funny animal, the catfish . . . especially the variety known as the bullhead. He knew how a bullhead must feel in the nice, warm mud in the summertime, and it wasn't so bad.

Then, suddenly, thought returned, in its complete and cruel lucidity, and he struggled to a sitting posture, and then to his feet! Jase Tucker's wife was sick, and he had to get there! He stumbled up the bank to the road. Something was moving up there, some animal. He stood, staring, trying to penetrate the night. It came nearer to him, and stopped. It was his horse, marvelously escaped from the torrent, which had scrambled free from the river and waited in the road. The animal nuzzled at his elbow, as if in relieved welcome. And his own relief was boundless—thank heaven, he wouldn't have to walk that last half-mile to the Tucker house! He doubted if he could have walked that far.

He could see the lights of the farmhouse, gleaming through the roadside trees, in the distance; and he tried to mount the horse again. But the effort brought another sharp pang in his chest, and he desisted.

HE PUT his right arm over the horse's neck and twined his fingers in the mane. His left arm was . . . not so good

"If you've got sense enough to let me guide you," he told the animal, "we can still make it."

He had started out to go to Jase Tucker's place, and that was where he was going. And, supporting himself in this fashion, he made it.

"Mr. Zbysosko can't talk to you now . . . he's tied up!"
Bill Holman

"And none too soon," said the Doctor, as he pulled himself wearily up the gravel path from the road to the front door. For the screams of a woman in the vital anguish of childbirth stabbed his ears.

He opened the front door without ceremony, and stood within the little living-room—the parlor, as they called it. Myra was in the best bedroom just off the parlor. The door was open, and he went in. Jase Tucker sat in a corner. Bending over the bed where the woman lay groaning and writhing was a young man with black circles about his eyes and a two days' stubble of beard on his face; he lurched and stumbled strangely towards Dr. Stewart.

"Hello, Doctor," he said. "You got here!"

"She'll come through, Hastings?" inquired Dr. Stewart

"If the heart lasts," said Hastings.

"Hearts are hell" said Dr. Stewart.

They delivered the baby, and not until then did Dr. Stewart's consciousness fully take note of the fact that this was, indeed, the young Dr. Hastings who was supposed to be back in the village with a broken leg.

"How the hell did *you* get here, Hastings?"

"On a horse. I told Jase I couldn't come. And then I got worried for fear *you* couldn't make it . . . bad night, and everything, you know . . . and so I came anyhow. I must have passed you on the road somewhere."

"I was in the mud," murmured Dr. Stewart. "Quite a while, I guess."

Hastings repeated, almost apologetically, "I thought you might not get here." His leg was giving him great pain. He started to speak again.

But he paused. A change had come over Dr. Stewart's face. Hastings supported him, or Dr. Stewart would have fallen. Hastings eased him to a sofa. Dr. Stewart tried to roll up his sleeve.

"Heart, Hastings," he muttered, as he fumbled with his sleeve. The younger man slid it up for him, and the needle went beneath his skin. But, oh, that choking agony . . . the hot ashes . . . the hot snuff . . . hot sand. . . .

"Hastings!" he said. "Keep me alive . . . for a while. I haven't *got time* to be sick! I haven't *got time* to die! Not till this damn' flu epidemic is over. . . . People need me . . . Keep me going!"

Pretty soon the drug began to take effect; again came the warmth, the relaxation, something more like easiness. But no strength with it. He seemed to himself to be swaying, drifting, falling, floating; carried on by a full tide. Why, he was in Green River again, he thought, and it was rushing him on . . . downstream. . . .

It was not so unpleasant now, either. But he must get through. He mustn't let himself drift like this, pleasant as it was. There were people on the other side, people who needed him. He must make an effort.

Clarity returned for a moment.

"Hastings," he said again, as if he were just now seeing the young man for the first time that night, "you got here, broken leg and all!"

AND then something of resonance returned to his voice; and he sat fully upright on the couch and spoke loudly—spoke as a commanding general might, in brevetting a younger officer for gallantry on a field of battle, with pride and authority and affection in his tones:

"By heavens, boy," he said, "*you're* a Doctor!"

He sighed a long, deep sigh, and relaxed. He let the tide carry him on downstream. He had time now, time to let himself be carried away. He was leaving his people in good hands.

There was the wail of a baby from the bedroom.

"Another damn' little Swamp Angel squawking," said Old Doc Stewart, and smiled; and, smiling, went on with the rushing waters.

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Starlight Pass

(*Continued from page 69*)

that Cass and her father found him an hour later. In silence the old physician examined Buffalo's wasted form, then after a time looked up. "He has already passed his crisis." The doctor nodded across the bedside at Nan. "There is little to fear, child, but he is old, and it will be days before strength comes back to him."

Dr. Mirov lighted his pipe. "I watch men," he said reflectively, "with increasing wonder. Today as I ride I saw them back in the forest with ax and saw, swarming over the face of nature like busy insects—and, like insects, driven by some obscure instinct they know nothing of. Suffering, laboring, tearing down, destroying. Ridiculous—and indomitable." He smiled. "And all for—timber. Timber for the markets of the world. It has cost many lives this winter. I sometimes wonder if it is worth the cost."

"Why not?" North was looking at Buffalo's quiet features. "Up here in the logging camps life is unimportant."

"Yes. For that matter, when you come to my years, Corrin, you will see that life everywhere is unimportant." He looked curiously at North. "But you, with youth and that great strength of yours—never should you find life unimportant."

NORTH was silent. He felt the eyes of the two women upon him. "Have you ever known what it is to be broke, to be absolutely penniless and hungry and cold?" he asked, almost defiantly. "Have you ever known what it is to see all that you've worked for taken from you overnight?"

Nan took a step forward. "Yes, I've known all those things. That was in the East. That's why I came back here." She smiled. "And I haven't found it all roses out here."

Impulsively Cass kissed her. "You know we're all for you, Nan, don't you?"

Through a mist of tears that would not be held back the girl nodded. Her eyes raised to where North stood, and tremulously she asked, "Does that go for you, too, big fellow?"

Walking across the cabin, North put both hands on her shoulders. "You're the best friend I've got, Nan. You can count on me always. Don't ever forget that."

"I won't forget," Nan answered; "not ever."

From that time on, as Buffalo strengthened, North found himself more often up at the old man's cabin with Nan, and the lengthening spring days were more pleasant because of the comradeship between that strangely diverse pair.

Then, abruptly as it had come, the

What a man doesn't know won't hurt him!

● Men are so stubborn! John longs for coffee . . . even though he knows the caffeine keeps him awake. And foolishly, he insists: "decaffeinated coffee *can't* be good."

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epidemic released its grip, and within a week the men of Wind River once more took up their normal living.

They had reason for rejoicing. Summer was coming. The winter that had held the world in its cold, impersonal grip, the days of blinding blizzards—all this was over.

All day from down the road that stretched out into the desert came winding wagon trains, carrying supplies into the mountain country, while back in the forests tie-cutters and swampers, axmen and sawyers were reaching farther and farther into the dark, uncut stretches of the virgin woods, building shacks, brushing out roads, making ready to start the cutting for another year's drive.

And all this meant work for the rangers. Every tree selected for cutting had first to be marked with the Forest Service blaze, sled roads must be surveyed, sale boundaries marked. Already the Swede camp swarmed with tie-cutters just in from the outside world, and Guthrie's wires for help to keep pace with them were more urgent—but unavailing.

None realized better than Guthrie that all this was playing into Pogue's hands, but the grizzled forester, saying nothing, drove his rangers with a grim intensity.

POGUE, meanwhile, began pushing his advantage. On Sheridan Creek his men had been forced to wait five days before the rangers marked the timber. Later Mills found it necessary to order the brush-piling crews to go back and rectify some careless work. All these things Pogue was careful to report. Complaints began pouring in to congressmen at Washington that the Forest Service was seriously holding up the corporation's work. The stories became magnified. The company was forced to lay off men for days at a time until the rangers got around to marking the timber. Queries came from all over the state, and talk of congressional investigations hovered in the air.

Killing work, but the supervisor, uncomplaining and unheeding, pushed on in the face of it all, and when Mills, in an outburst of impatience, advised him to tell both the Forest Service and the North Continental to go to hell, he only shrugged.

"I've seen three generations of politicians wave their arms and spew their speeches in Congress. It all passed, and I'm still here."

But Pogue, too, was still here. He, too, was waiting, and as the hot chinooks of midsummer dried the forests until duff and needles were like tinder, Pogue was well content, knowing that here lay a weapon which, if wisely used, could break down the crumbling defenses of the forest men. A dangerous weapon, though—not to be used unguardedly.

His first thought had been to give the task to Corrin North, but increasing suspicions made Pogue reluctant to take him that far into his confidence. Too much had happened. So at last it was not to North that he went with his new-laid plans, but to the henchman he could always be sure of—to Jean L'Abat.

Early one morning Mills's phone aroused him just as the sun touched the ridges above Starlight Pass, and sleepily the ranger heard the voice of the fire lookout on Pinnacle Butte.

"There's smoke boiling up at the head of Sheridan Creek," came the message.

Rapidly the lookout gave Mills the mapped location, and ten minutes later the ranger was in the saddle.

Gaining a broad bench that overlooked the surrounding country, Mills saw a thin trickle of smoke rising straight up on the motionless morning air, and looking at his map he nodded. It would be not far from the trail itself, and almost in the center of an old burn. Bad place for a fire—thousands of acres of charred, dead forest, a tangled mass of down timber and dry snags. A place difficult to get about in.

At the first fire-tool box along the trail he broke the seal, took out an ax and a crosscut saw, and hurried on. He rounded the last turn at a fast trot, then reined in, and for the first time that morning breathed easier. Just ahead a solitary dead spruce snag was burning. It must have smoldered for hours, and now, fanned by the first morning breeze, was beginning to throw flames high up into its dry, twisted branches. Another hour of freshening wind, and those flaming brands might have wrought swift havoc.

Dropping his reins, Mills slid from the horse. A few strokes of the ax brought the tree crashing to the ground, and soon he had heaped dirt about the burning wood, smothering it into extinction.

The danger was over—the problem it presented remained. Just how had that fire started? It was still too early in the season for lightning storms and few people passed this way. Yet the fire had begun the day before, and, examining the trail, Mills made out a faint, indistinct imprint that resembled neither a footprint nor the track of any animal.

Next day three fires broke out less than a quarter of a mile apart on the farther side of Wind River.

This time the flames were not so easily subdued. Throughout a long, hot day they fought with shovel, ax, and saw, and by midnight managed to get a fire line about the last of them. Until dawn the crews worked, cutting whatever trees threatened to fall across the line.

The damage was negligible, but precious hours had been lost—hours that the forest force sorely needed to keep abreast of the ever-mounting work; and about these fires, too, was the same puzzling absence of tracks, although Mills hunted diligently on the dry ground.

AND it was on that same night Mills made a secret visit to Corrin North's cabin. North answered the ranger's knock.

"You've come to talk about forest fires."

Mills grunted assent. "You've guessed it. What do you know?"

"Let me ask a question first: What do you suspect?"

Wearily the ranger slumped into a chair. "Corrin, *those fires were set.*"

"Any tracks?"

"I haven't been able to find a sign."

"You wouldn't."

"Why not? A man has to make a mark in the ground through the woods."

North's eyes were fixed in meditation, and when again he spoke it was to take up a new thought: "The stage is being set for more trouble. With this wind blowing, it won't take much for a fire to jump into the tops and start a crown fire that nothing on earth can stop."

"But, great Scott, are they going to keep that up all summer?"

"Why not? Can you think of a better way to wear your rangers down?" North rose. "Better not stay here any longer, Harry. They're getting more and more uncertain about me. I'll see you at your station by dawn."

It was still faintly light when North, avoiding the main trail, cut across country over the wooded hillside to Mills's station.

The phone rang shortly after he came in. In frowning silence Mills took the message, then hung up the receiver, swearing softly.

"Lava Mountain lookout says he can sight five fires along Elk Ridge. Wait until I ring up Pinnacle Butte and see what good news he's got."

But the lookout of Pinnacle Butte wasn't there. Plied with bad whisky, he lay snoring in a logger's cabin.

NORTH was already at the door. "You'll need all the men you can get together to fight those fires, Harry. I'm going up now. I want to take a look around before your men ruin all chance of finding tracks—if there are any tracks."

Two hours later, with a crew of twenty men, Mills located the first fire near the top of an aspen-covered ridge. They had been there only a few moments when North sauntered toward them and, beckoning to Mills, turned back up the slope.

He said no word as the ranger fell into step behind him, but followed the trail to the nearest point of the fire. There he stopped and leaned down.

From beneath an aspen leaf, just where the fire had begun, he picked up the charred remnants of a dozen matches, lying in a little pile. Then North led the way along the trail, and within fifty feet pointed down. There, in a patch no larger than a man's hand, the pine needles had been freshly burned, and in the center of that burn lay a bundle of blackened matches.

"You see what's happened?" North was saying. "Your man never even dismounted, so you'll find no footprints. He lighted these bundles of matches and threw them back into the brush. Your incendiary gentleman just rode along, lighted his bundles of matches, and kept going."

But Mills's eyes were still scanning the trail. "Are you trying to tell me a horse went by here yesterday? How come no signs? How does he cover his tracks?"

"Easily enough. He made use of the old rustlers' trick. What would you call this?"

Both men bent over a large indentation in the trail. It was roughly round and indistinct. Mills shook his head.

"That's no horse's track. What is it?"

"Just what you said—horse's track." North laughed outright at the other's bewilderment. "Harry, that horse happened to have his hoofs bound up in burlap."

North glanced about him. "I can't stay too long here, but my advice is that you go back along this trail. Sooner or later you'll come to a place where those marks mysteriously disappear. That's where your man put on the burlap covers. Beyond that there may be tracks you will find easier to follow."

With a nod the tall figure disappeared down the trail.

Mills's fears were well founded—the fires on Sheridan Creek were just a beginning. All through that short, windy summer the valley of Wind River was never free from

the blue haze of smoke that floated down out of the upper reaches, telling the people of Wolfshead that somewhere up there the forests were burning.

Pogue made the most of the situation. At last he had all the instances he needed to show that the timber sale was being interfered with.

"Bureaucratic and obsolete methods are forcing us out of business," he wired more than once to influential directors. The newspapers echoed the charge of incompetency: "The Forest Service cannot even protect its own property from fires. The people are losing thousands of dollars' worth of valuable timber." An investigation of some kind was becoming a certainty.

And as day followed day, that haze of smoke thickened. One of Pogue's loggers —a half-breed—was caught near a fire, his pockets stuffed with matches, and his footprints were identified leading directly to the burned area. The evidence went no further, and Pogue immediately discharged the man. Later he was given work in another of the company's camps. But still the fires went on.

An intolerable situation. And, despite the best efforts of the rangers, despite the dogged, heroic fight Guthrie himself was making, the forest forces were losing ground.

AN ACTIVE summer for the Mirovs, too. Lumbering and fire-fighting that summer had brought into the logging woods men from the gold fields and ranches, and their additional numbers placed a heavy burden on Dr. Mirov, a burden only Cass was able to help him shoulder.

The slender, black-haired figure mounted on the little sorrel mare was a familiar sight throughout the trails above Wolfshead. Sometimes on those long rides through the forest Helen Guthrie went with her, and it was on one such trip they stopped along the trail to rest. A day in late August was just ending, and in silence they sat their horses, looking out over the peaceful river valley.

Helen pointed to a patch of sunlight where a few daisies dotted a blue carpet of forget-me-nots. "Autumn and summer flowers blooming together—as if they must hurry—as if time were so short for them."

"Time is short for all of us," Cass answered, "too short to waste."

Something of regret and of rebellion lay in the girl's voice, and Helen asked quickly, "Aren't you doing too much, Cass? Let's ride over to Harry Mills's and I'll cook you both a good supper."

But Cass shook her head. "Not today. I promised to spend the night at Nan Lakin's."

"I saw Nan yesterday down in Wolfshead. It's remarkable how that long-legged youngster is developing into an attractive girl. There's a new beauty about her of late, a quiet happiness." She stopped, and her eyes grew speculative. Carelessly she added, "I wonder if Corrin North might not be partly responsible for that new look. Where was it you met him, dear?"

"In New Mexico. Down at the company's main camp."

"Did Bert know him too?"

"No. They never saw each other until last winter."

For a time they rode in single file, and

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minutes later Cass raised her head to ask, "Do you think—were you really in earnest about Corrin and Nan Lakin?"

Helen laughed. "I've always been the lighthearted kind of person who puts two and two together and makes six, but there's no denying that Corrin North is a changed man from the solitary stranger who came here last Thanksgiving Eve. I remember seeing him that day after the fight. He couldn't smile then."

Again silence, and again the quiet, almost tremulous voice: "It isn't always so easy to smile—not always."

Helen leaned forward. "Aren't you happy, dear?"

Cass's clear, searching eyes were raised and, reining in her horse to a dead stop, she asked, "What does Jack Guthrie really think of Bert?"

It was Helen's turn to be at a loss for reply. She hesitated. "Of course, they're on different sides of the fence—"

Impatiently Cass shook her head. "No, please, Helen. Why can't you at least be honest with me? No one dares be honest. It's as if you all knew something or suspected something terribly wrong about Bert. Yet with me and with Father he's been the kindest of men. Without Bert's help Father might have had a difficult time."

"Is that why you're going to marry him—out of gratitude?"

"No-o. I admire him, of course. He's been wonderful to us always, and then—well, there *is* such a thing as duty."

"I wonder, dear, if you don't think too much of duty."

"Shouldn't I?"

"Not when duty opposes itself to love."

And now, as if by unspoken consent, they hurried up the trail to the Swede camp, where, her mission finished, Cass took leave of Helen and turned on alone toward Buffalo Lakin's cabin.

It was almost dusk when she entered the canyon and rode up into the little clearing surrounding the cabin.

In answer to her shout Nan ran to the doorway.

"You're sure the late and fashionable visitor," Nan called. "Supper'll soon be ready. It's swell to see you."

A FEW minutes later Buffalo hobbled into the cabin. The old man looked tired and harassed. Nan pushed him gently into a chair. "Come on, let's eat."

"What made you decide to leave your cabin at the Swede camp and come down here?" Cass asked, as they sat around the dimly lit table.

"Better pasture for the team, and it's nearer to where they're building roads for the new skidways. It's a plumb unfamiliar country for me on this side of the creek."

"I know it almost as well as our front yard," Cass answered. "I camped up here for three summers with Helen Guthrie. Horseback and afoot we explored every inch of it up past Lava Mountain and fished every hole in Sheridan Creek."

Then after a long moment's silence she asked, with elaborate carelessness, "Have you seen Corrin North?"

To her surprise, Nan laughed outright. "I could have bet seven dollars that was coming."

Cass flushed. "Why?"

"Oh, just call it a hunch." And again the girl smiled provokingly across the table. "Yes, I saw him the other day—him and that crazy pup of his."

After dinner Cass talked for a time with Buffalo, but the old man seemed more than usually depressed, and at last she went to the little lean-to beside the cabin that Nan, with conscious irony, called "the guest-room."

Musingly Cass undressed, pausing more than once to listen to the quiet sounds of the night. At last she stretched out upon the blankets.

In utter quietness she lay there, thinking of another night such as this, a night in summer scarcely one year ago. Words she tried to forget came flooding back to her, and the memory of arms that tightened about her. She turned, and the pillow beneath her cheek was wet. Not until hours later did she close her eyes.

IT WAS broad daylight when Cass awoke to a vague feeling of disquiet and, sitting bolt upright in bed, looked out the window. Across the clearing the fringe of spruce trees was obscured with blue, drifting smoke, and an acrid smell of burning wood came hot and heavy to her nostrils. She listened. The wind was moving uneasily through the treetops, and once she heard a far-off, hollow roar.

"Forest fire!" The dreaded words sent the blood from her heart, and, throwing back the covers, she dressed and hurried outside.

The wind had changed in the night. Driven before a rising gale, gray clouds of smoke were rolling up from the lower country, and now—no mistaking this time—she heard the crackle of flames. Against the dull, murky sky Cass saw a red glow as of an approaching wall of fire. Frantically she ran back to the cabin, arousing the two sleepers with her calls, and a moment later Nan emerged, pulling a pair of overalls over her riding boots. One glance behind, and without a word the girls ran to the barn, where they saddled Cass's horse. Dense smoke was pouring across the park as they led the animal back to the cabin.

Old Buffalo had already left the cabin and was hobbling painfully down the path when Cass reached his side.

"We can walk faster than you," she said. "You ride. Nan and I will follow." And as the old man hesitated, she added impatiently, "There's no time to argue. In ten minutes that fire will be on us."

Buffalo clambered stiffly into the saddle and reached down for the reins.

But, as he raised his head, a blaze of light swept the northern sky and a solid sheet of flame leaped to the wooded summit of the hills beyond. Shuddering, Buffalo looked down at the girls.

"We're cut off. The fire's gone around us to the north." Like a trapped animal he sat peering at the advancing sheet of fire. "God," he murmured brokenly.

Cass seized the reins and was turning the mare down the slope toward Sheridan Creek.

"Keep ahead," she called; "ahead toward the creek."

Both Nan and Buffalo looked hopelessly at her. "There's a high wall of rock beyond the creek. We'd be caught like rats."

But Cass was beyond explaining. "We haven't time to talk. I tell you I know this country. Follow me."

Without waiting for a reply, she made off at right angles to the approaching fire, and, after a second's hesitation, Nan hurried close behind her. But as the old man jerked the reins to follow, the mare, terrified at the roar of the oncoming flames, or rebellious at the unfamiliar touch of a stranger, reared back on her hind legs, and, turning in the air, bucked twice.

Caught unaware, Buffalo groped wildly for the saddle horn, lost his balance, and fell heavily among the pine needles, while the mare, free now, whirled up the trail and disappeared.

In a second the two girls were kneeling at Lakin's side, and, supported by their strong arms, he half rose, as if in a daze, then shook his head feebly.

"Try to get up," Cass urged, her low voice resonant with the quickened sense of danger. "You must get up."

Slowly, in response to her insistence, Buffalo struggled to his feet, and now they led him slowly out of the clearing toward Sheridan Creek. Just as they entered the timber, Cass cast one last anxious look behind. It would be a close race.

But she only said, "A little faster," and with redoubled efforts the two girls helped the old man on. Once he stumbled to his knees, and for a tortured second all hope left Cass's heart, but doggedly he pulled himself to his feet again, and in another moment they were scrambling down the moss-covered banks of the creek. On the very edge Cass paused, looked about her as if at a loss, then led the way upstream, while ever louder from behind them came the nearing roar of fire.

Buffalo heard that deep, dominant rolling as of a thousand distant drums.

"She's jumped into the tops," he muttered. "Even a man on horseback couldn't run it out now."

Cass made no answer. She, too, knew the deadly meaning of the crown fire—the fire that leaps from treetop to treetop, sweeping destruction in its roaring path.

THEY hurried on. Cass peered anxiously ahead through low-drifting smoke, then almost at once saw what she had been seeking. Up there, up on the nearer side of the creek a huge boulder jutted out. Cass waded waist-deep into the stream.

Wonderingly the two plunged after her, feeling their way along the granite face of the rock, and, rounding a sharp turn, they saw that she had led them into a kind of enclosure, a semi-cave within the stream itself. Above them a narrow slit revealed a smoke-laden sky, and, far back in the dim obscurity, Cass stood beckoning, knee-deep in the cold waters.

"If we keep our faces close to the surface, I think we can let the fire go over us. These rocks are thick. They'll never heat up. If only the smoke doesn't choke us."

Nan nodded. "We'll know soon enough."

She was right. Almost at once the first wall of flame was on them. With a roar, with a savage crash of angry flames, the heavens had turned from lurid brown to a blaze of yellow light, and across the creek the air was filled with thousands on thousands of burning brands, floating down like a glittering shower of fire from the blazing sky. They fell with a soft, unceasing hiss into the water, or thudded upon the stream bank.

A world of flame. A world of swirling smoke and wind-lashed waters. It grew darker. Black clouds of smoke rolled in

upon them, blinding them with its stinging presence, gripping their lungs, and from time to time Cass raised a handful of water to Buffalo's mouth to release the growing tension on his throat. Beneath the strain the old man's eyes had closed, and with both arms Cass supported him, holding his face just above the water.

Slowly an hour, two hours, dragged by. The roar of fire was passing to the north, but still against the rocky cliff across the creek they could catch the reflection of blazing trees and hear the soft hiss of flaming fragments falling into the water. Beneath the waist both girls were numb. All feeling had left them.

Watching, waiting, they crouched back in silence. Then—it seemed hours later—Cass heard a faint scratching from above, and, looking up, saw silhouetted against the sky a shaggy, wolflike animal gazing down at them. For a moment she stared; then with a glad cry called to Nan:

"It's Bounce!"

She shouted twice, but already the dog had disappeared, and a moment later they heard him barking in the distance. Louder and nearer the bark came, and now North's head loomed against the sky. But, before he could see them, Nan called, "Corrin, we're down here. We're safe."

"Is Cass there?" The note of anxiety was unmistakable, and even through her numb body Cass felt a thrill.

"Yes, I'm here."

"Thank God! Wait where you are."

SCRAMBLING down the face of the rock, he came wading toward them through the shallow waters. Nan gasped at the sight of him—hatless, clothes torn, his face streaked with soot and sweat, his eyes reddened and half closed by smoke.

"Thank God!" he said again, and, reaching forward, touched Cass as if to make sure of her presence. For a long, tremulous moment he said no more, then, "You can come out now. The forests are hot underfoot, but we'll go up on the bank. It's still dangerous back in the timber."

He looked into Buffalo's face, then picked the old man up and, followed by the two girls, carried him outside.

Feebly old Buffalo opened his eyes and sat looking back at the smoke-filled forest. "Did the fire do much damage?"

"A clean sweep. It started yesterday. The rangers got a line around it by midnight, and everything was safe until the wind shifted. With a gale behind it, the fire whipped up through the canyon, jumped into the tops, and ran like a race horse across the valley. If the wind springs up again this afternoon it'll burn its way to timber line. The boys from the lower camp got out just in time. They lost all the buildings, and Long Williams lost his team. Then word came that Cass was up at your cabin. I was afraid you were in direct line with it, so I called the men out from the Swede camp—they've been hunting all the morning for you."

Nan tried to smile. "That means our chateau's gone up in smoke."

"I got to it this morning, just after the fire passed. The cabin was a pile of cinders."

"What started it?"

North shrugged. "What's been starting all these fires? Well, so long as it didn't get any of you—" He looked down at his torn clothes, then laughed at a sudden recollection. "Guthrie singed off his fine

mustaches trying to force a way up to your cabin when he heard you were all there. Nobody could get through."

"How did you?" Nan asked.

"I didn't. I came around and cut in behind it." He glanced down noncomittally at his boots, the soles charred and cracking from walking among hot wood ashes.

Again he saw Nan shiver and, rising, North helped her to her feet.

"You need hot coffee and dry clothes, little sister. I'll take you out to the woods road. We'll get one of the teams to give you a lift as far as the Swede camp."

Skirting the burning timber, they made their way over ashes that were still warm out to the main logging road, where North helped Buffalo and Nan into a light buckboard.

"Room for you too, Cass," he said, but she shook her head.

"I'll have to get back to Wolfshead as soon as I can. Father knows I am up here, and he'll be wild with worry."

Followed by North, she turned off down the trail, and near the path to his own cabin she stopped and held out her hand.

"I must hurry," she began, and her voice sounded curiously weak. She looked uncertainly about her, then suddenly she reeled. The strain, coupled with the long vigil in the icy waters, had taxed her strength more than she knew, and for a second she stood bewildered, then, crumpling, fell prone at the man's feet.

Stooping, he raised the wet, limp body and ran down the trail to his cabin. The door stood open, and, laying her on the narrow bunk, North drew off her riding boots and stockings, then, wrapping her feet in a blanket, covered the girl with a thick sugan. Water was simmering in a kettle, and within a few moments the odor of boiling coffee began to spread through the cabin.

HE LAUGHED with relief when Cass opened her eyes. "This may not be the orthodox prescription, but I thought it would bring you to." And, raising her head, he held a cup to her lips.

"Did I faint?"

"Something like that. You've been through too much. Feel better now?"

She took another sip of coffee, then lay back on the pillow, and he could see her cheeks gather color.

"I feel wonderful. I'm actually warm again."

He tucked the sugan close about her neck, and Cass felt his hands tremble.

With sudden anxiety she cried, "Are you hurt?"

He saw that his big brown hands were shaking, and resentfully he clenched them, then turned away.

FRIGHTENED, she half rose from the cot. "Corrin, you're trembling."

"That surprises you, does it?" His voice surged in a sudden angry outburst. "You see me trembling and you can't imagine why. Perhaps that's because you don't know what it is to hunt for someone you're afraid is lying up in the forest where the fire passed—or to go calling as I have from dawn until noon, dreading to take the next step for fear I'd find you too late." Filled with reproach, the man's deep voice rumbled in that little cabin. "Do you think that's reason enough for my hand to shake a little?"

He laughed, but there was no happiness in that laugh. So harsh and mirthless was it that Bounce looked up uneasily from beneath the table.

"Yes, I suppose it has its comic side to tremble for the life of a girl who lied to me and played with me."

Striving for calmness, North reached within his pocket and, drawing out tobacco, tried to roll a cigarette. But the tobacco spilled through his fingers, the paper tore, and, throwing the thing from him, he would have turned away, only her hand still held him and now she leaned closer.

"Corrin, please!" Her own eyes had saddened, reading the pain in his. "We've been through too much today, both of us. I'm done up." She forced a weary smile. "But I don't want you to think I ever lied to you. It wasn't that." She stopped, as if at a loss. "Some things, Corrin, are so hard to put in words."

North's eyes were still rebellious. "Once I heard Helen Guthrie say that all men who see you come under your spell. Is that what you want out of life—to make love a game? If it is, I tell you it's a rotten game." The voice softened. "And yet that couldn't have been the girl I knew less than a year ago. Was it a game you were playing then, Cass?"

She shook her head. "No, love wasn't a game with me—not ever. But sometimes you make me afraid."

"Were you afraid of me down there in New Mexico?"

"Terribly—we were both mad."

"I wonder—I only know I was happy. Yes, perhaps it was mad—for both of us. You didn't even know who I was. You didn't know anything about me."

"I don't now."

"Why should you—now?"

"Why?" Her hands, like the hands of a frightened child, were on his shoulders, her hair still wet from the waters of the creek lay close about her forehead. Dimly they realized that the anguish of the long morning had torn away barriers.

"Listen, Corrin." The voice scarcely disturbed the midday silence of the cabin's gloom. "No matter whatever happens, no one will ever mean to me what you have meant." The words were almost a whisper, the merest echo of a whisper, while she looked up at him with unflinching eyes.

FOR a moment only that silence endured, and now North was leaning over her, now he raised her in his arms.

"I let you go once, Cass—" She felt his arms tighten about her. "I'll never let you go again."

Her eyes had closed. The warmth of his lips was against her lips, and with a last effort she raised her hand. But the hand barely brushed his cheek, then fell back to her side. Locked to him, her face hidden against him, time for her had ceased. That nightmare of fire was forgotten—nothing existed but the security and peace of those surrounding arms.

A low, warning bark from Bounce broke the stillness, and, startled, they turned toward the door.

There, outlined against the daylight, Bert Pogue stood watching, and behind him Jean L'Abat grinned over his shoulder.

(To be continued)

Uneasy Money

(Continued from page 30)

as in the building and loan scheme, they made money whether the company made it or not.

The operating company was not to be a subsidiary of the bank, of course, but they were to have interlocking directorates—mostly Rufe and Bob. They were going to put on a nationwide campaign, as only the Gallitan brothers could put one on, to gather in all those trusting and careless shekels that Rufe had been talking about. They were going to give every investor an absolute ironclad, money-back guarantee that had no ifs and ands, no strings attached, that the worst that could happen to any individual investor was that he would receive back at the end of eighteen months—if they didn't strike oil—every dollar that had been put into the investment. If they did strike oil, the investor would profit handsomely. Who wouldn't take a chance on that proposition?

Nothing dishonest, nothing illegal, nothing illegitimate.

Well, the arithmetic was just as simple from the promoters' standpoint as it was from the standpoint of the investor. They planned in this campaign to bring in $3,000,000. They had to pay it all back, and they fully intended to do so—but not until the end of eighteen months. That was the meat in the coconut.

Any bank, back in those days, would be tickled to death to pay six per cent on that $3,000,000 if not withdrawn within a year. Income to Rufe and Bob on the investors' money—$180,000. But $2,500 to drill the well, $2,500 more for other expenses—profit, $175,000. Not a bad year's work for two earnest lads like Rufe and Bob.

But—why turn all this money over to somebody else's bank? Perish the thought. Bob and Rufe had their own bank. While the Fidelity Trust was paying the Calmette Company six per cent on all that easy money, it would turn around and farm it out at fifteen and twenty per cent—call money on Wall Street.

Fifteen per cent of $3,000,000 is $450,000. Not a bad return, that would be, on young Ray Bancroft's $2,500 oil well!

When I left Rufe's office that day I felt as though I'd been floating in the stratosphere amid all these dizzy figures.

I called up young Bancroft and asked him to come over to my office and tell me more about this Calmette Dome business.

He was a straightforward young man, and burning up with enthusiasm. He was absolutely certain that oil would come in at 1,500 feet—and if it did his fortune was made—he could

He sort of stumbled in outlining that section of his plans, and I asked:

"You could marry Dorothy Gallitan?"

He grinned and turned red. "Yeah—something like that, Uncle Egbert."

"And if you don't strike oil you don't think you could ask her?"

"Well, a fellow's got to make good, one way or another, Uncle Egbert, before he can have the nerve to ask for a girl like Dorothy. Say, it's a good thing I turned down that offer to go to Persia!"

This offer, he explained, was a rather decent one from one of the big oil companies. But if he took it up he would have to stay at least three years in the oil districts of the Near East, and he couldn't ask Dorothy Gallitan to share such a life with him, even if she would.

"Son," I said, "would this offer be open to you a year from now?"

He wanted to know what I meant.

"Because," I said, "if it won't be open then I advise you to take it now. This Calmette project may not work out—I have a hunch, somehow, that you're not going to strike any oil."

He shrugged his shoulders. "That's a chance," he said, "that we have to take in this business. But I'll stake what reputation I have that there's oil under those 25,000 acres."

Rufe Gallitan, it seemed, had told him that they wouldn't necessarily be limited to one exploratory well—they might drill again and again. I could see he was looking to the future. If investors would let him have $3,000,000 on the strength of one well, why not $3,000,000 more on a second well, and so on and on?

YOUNG Bancroft, I found, was not to be a shareholder in the Calmette Oil Company. He didn't have any money to invest, in the first place, and in the second place he wanted his emoluments to come to him in the shape of royalties on the umpty-ump thousands of barrels of oil that were to gush out of the first gusher.

He knew nothing of the Gallitans' ambitious plans for a nationwide exploitation. He had gone into it as a simple, straight-from-the-shoulder drilling operation.

Well, he didn't go to Persia—and they didn't strike oil the first year at Calmette Dome—and Ray didn't marry Dorothy.

He was a very forlorn young man when he came to me again to ask my advice. He said the oil people had told him their offer of a place in the Orient was still open, but Rufe Gallitan had made him still another offer. He was willing to make Ray an officer of the Calmette Oil Company, the concern which made money whether it found oil or not. Ray could call himself a geologist, or executive vice president, or anything he wanted to call himself. All he had to do was twiddle his thumbs and he would get his share of the next $180,000 the company got on the next $3,000,000. "Next" was right, for the first campaign

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WHEN IT RAINS • IT POURS

had gone over with a thunderous clinking of gold pieces.

"So they want you to quit being a geologist, a scientist, and become a promoter?" I said to young Bancroft. "Well, my advice is simple: Go East, young man, and grow up with the Persians. If the girl loves you she'll live with you in Teheran or Mosul, or wherever it is, on a hundred dollars a week, and like it. And you may have oil on your hands but you won't have it on your conscience. As sure as a gun's iron, this Calmette pyramiding is going on and on until the laws of gravity pull the whole works down for a noble crash."

I told him all the reasons I could think of, for feeling that way. The Gallitans didn't want to find oil in the Calmette field. They made more money if they didn't strike oil than they'd have made if they did. And that was the argument that swayed young Bancroft.

He went to Persia, and Dorothy Gallitan didn't go with him. I learned from Dorothy that he'd never asked her to go.

She was close to tearful when she told me, but a little proud and defiant. "I don't understand him, Uncle Egbert," she said. "He turned down the finest offer he ever had in his life—the one Dad made him—to go off and leave me, to go halfway around the world to P-Persia."

Well, I couldn't expect little Dorothy to understand the true innards of this business, so I didn't try to explain. I simply told her that Ray just had to go to Persia, and that he hadn't asked her to go because he wouldn't have wanted her to put up with the hardships of life there. And to that she said:

"Well, I'll still go, Uncle Egbert, if—if he asks me."

But he didn't seem to ask her, during the three years that followed.

BUT those three years—the three that followed the market crash—brought changes, as everybody knows who wasn't unconscious. And among these changes were the phenomena of débutantes cutting out their début parties and young people putting off the idea of getting married.

Well, Dorothy could have married, I guess, at that, for the Gallitans still had a good thing in Calmette Oil. They kept on putting down "exploratory wells" and raking in the money of old and new investors. People who had got their money back, just as promised, two or three times, recommended it as an honest proposition and came back for another trial, bringing along their friends.

Of course, things were different. There wasn't as much money coming in, and there wasn't any more of that fifteen and twenty per cent call-money business. But even a few per cent of a couple of million dollars was not to be sneezed at, and Rufe and Bob had enough to tide them over. Their bank seemed in good enough shape, with that one big account enough almost by itself to keep everybody happy.

Meanwhile, the Gallitans had bought the Calmette field, the 25,000 acres they had been leasing. It seemed like a good idea, because the tip came to Rufe and Bob that one of the big oil companies had geologists and surveyors in the vicinity and had been buying up options on neighboring land. It looked as though there really must be oil around there, somewhere, and the Gallitans decided to close on the land they were leasing while they could still get it at a moderate price.

So the Fidelity Trust loaned its left hand, Calmette Oil, most of the money to make the purchase, taking a first mortgage.

And that, I think, was what was most instrumental in ruining Bob and Rufe when the crack came—the crack nobody had been able to foresee—the Bank Holiday.

The Holiday closed the bank, and the government refused to let them reopen. The government didn't like the smell of oil. The time was near at hand when over $2,000,000 on deposit—the money of the oil investors—must be refinanced. There had been vague rumors concerning this even before the bank closed. And now the oil millions represented a very large portion of the bank's total assets. The government said, "Pay—or you have been guilty of fraud."

They couldn't pay. The bank went to a conservator—Calmette Oil into the hands of a receiver.

The jury at the trial of the Gallitan brothers, millionaire bankers charged with fraud, gave them a ten-year sentence.

Well, they fought it up hill and down dale in the courts, and lost every appeal. The boys were broke—these boys who had had millions. Everything was tied up in that closed bank. Their attorneys begged permission of the Calmette Oil receiver to continue drilling operations, in the forlorn hope that there might be oil there, after all and that if a well came in it would pay off the investors and save the bank. But the Gallitans couldn't even raise enough money to drill again. Even if they had had the money, they had sold the mortgage on the Calmette field, and the man holding the mortgage was dickering with the receiver about foreclosure.

Well, the Gallitans were just losing their last appeal, and there was nothing left to do but to get ready to put on their prison stripes. Poor Dorothy came to see me time and again, and begged me to try to do something. But there was only one thing I knew of that I could do: I cabled young Ray Bancroft, out in Persia, for heaven's sake to come home and stand by the girl. And he came.

It was something, anyway, that that trouble brought them together again. She was a different Dorothy now. And she told me that Ray Bancroft was going down into the Louisiana marshes to get her Dad and her uncle out of all this misery.

I sort of had to laugh about that, but it was pathetic, too. Ray knew his oil and minerals and his geology, all right, but it was going to take a lot more than scientific zeal to save the Gallitans from prison.

WELL, he was down in the Calmette field for ten days or two weeks. And when the young scoundrel came back he flew back—got me out of bed in the middle of the night—he was all in a fever. It had been a pretty tough day for me, too. I was cross and worn-out with worrying over other people's troubles, for it was the day the Supreme Court had turned down the last appeal of Bob and Rufe Gallitan, and a federal judge had set the day for their trip to Leavenworth.

Anyhow, young Bancroft had a sea of maps and blueprints and papers smeared with calculations, which he scattered all over my bedroom, and it was a time before it dawned on my groggy consciousness what he was excited about. He was shouting something about diamond drills and cores and V-shaped boxes to hold the core, and that he had found an old core or a bit or a box, and that had given him the tip. And when I asked him what tip he almost exploded:

"Sulphur! It's sulphur, not oil, they've been looking for all this time. It wasn't an oil company that was prospecting around our field, it was the Texas & International Sulphur Company—the biggest in the world. They've put down 140 exploratory wells, all around our field—and do you know what they've done? I got the tip today—that's why I flew—their last well clinched it—"

He had to stop for breath, he was so excited, and I snapped at him: "Well, clinched what?"

"They've outlined a deposit of 7,000,000 tons of sulphur—and it's on our land, not theirs. And tomorrow they'll have dummies trying to buy that field at salt-marsh prices—but they mustn't get it—the land is worth millions." Then he broke off—"Say! I telephoned the receiver today from Louisiana—he said something about a mortgage foreclosure. Great grief! Has somebody grabbed that acreage for the price of a miserable mortgage?"

I TRIED to calm him down. I said, "Now, just a minute, Ray; let me get this thing straight. Somebody has a mortgage, yes, and if he hasn't foreclosed it's only because he has held off on sufferance. But tell me about this sulphur. Is 7,000,000 tons much of a deposit—is it recoverable at a low enough cost to make the thing profitable?"

"Recoverable!" he said. "Of course it is. One dome—the Calcasieu—has produced 9,000,000 tons in twenty years of operation. They get sulphur at almost any depth, now, by the Frasch process—they force boiling water down the drill hole to melt the sulphur, and up it comes bubbling—simple and economical. And that 7,000,000 tons in the Calmette Dome is only an estimate—only part of the field."

"Well, well," I said. "It looks as though luck stays with the Gallitans through thick and thin. Here it comes to snatch them right out of the prison gate. I suppose this changes everything. There'll be money enough now to pay everybody, to put the bank back on its feet. The district attorney will agree to a reopening of the case, a retrial, no doubt a quashed indictment—in fact, he told me as much. But, by heaven, before the Gallitans get out of this with a whole skin they're going to make me a promise—they're going to turn over a new leaf—they're going to give up easy money for all time and make their living as sane, conservative bankers, serving their own community."

Young Bancroft was pacing the floor like an agitated tiger while I was making this speech. He was disgusted with me for being so calm in this crisis. He almost shouted, "But how are we going to do it—how are we going to get around this mortgage? Maybe the man has already foreclosed—great heaven, suppose he did—today!"

"Well, he hasn't," I said. "It wasn't a foreclosure—a deed has been drawn up, as a matter of fact, but it hasn't been exe-

cuted. Perhaps this man will agree, under the circumstances, to tear up that deed, to be satisfied if the mortgage is paid in full."

Ray stared at me as though he thought I was demented. "But who—who would be crazy enough," he wanted to know, "to do a thing like that—when he's got the whole property right in his grasp?"

"Nobody but an old fool," I agreed. "The man who holds the right to tear up that deed happens to be your Uncle Egbert Suggs." . . .

THE old man chuckled, and spread his hands in a gesture of finality.

"Now, Joe, do you understand," he questioned, "why Rufe Gallitan has changed into a supercautious banker—why his bank is open and thriving—why you met his girl Dorothy and Ray Bancroft in London on their honeymoon? I believe they said they were going to Persia, just for the novelty."

Uncle Egbert's caller laughed and shook his head. "Well, well—the changes in five years! No, I don't blame Rufe Gallitan for turning me down—I think I'll go back and congratulate him. But think of the change in you, Uncle Egbert—buying that mortgage—getting mixed up in an oil scheme!"

"Oil?" said Uncle Egbert blandly. "I had nothing to do with oil. I made that investment simply because Rufe kept plaguing me to 'get in on the ground floor.' Finally I said, 'Rufe, there's one way I'll invest. Your oil scheme I'll never touch. But the land, the good earth, the ground we walk upon—real estate—that's different.' And do you know, Joe—I think that mortgage turned out to be, in many respects, the finest investment I ever made!"

The Turn to the "Right"

(*Continued from page 61*)

farmer cannot find buyers for his crop. The employees cannot find employers. There appears to be too much of everything: too many factories, too many hotels, houses, office buildings, theaters, mines, farms, ships, railroads, too many workingmen, too many shopkeepers, too much money in the banks. It is absurd but it is a fact: People are starved and pinched because there seems to be too much of everything.

This produces the psychology of depression. Everyone wishes to stop the "overproduction" of the things he has to sell. Everyone turns to the government to help him stop this "overproduction."

The easiest place to begin is with the goods and services of foreigners. So in a depression tariffs are raised to a point where they become embargoes. Tariffs are followed by measures to cut down the pro-

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DR. LYON'S TOOTH POWDER

duction of crops and raw materials. This may be done by burning them or by dumping them in the ocean or by paying men not to grow crops or by plowing crops under. Then there are too many men for the jobs. So the next step is to compel those who have jobs to work fewer hours and if possible to produce less while they work. There are too many factories. So laws are passed forbidding new factories to open, forbidding old factories to install new machinery, forbidding manufacturers to sell "below cost." Too much money had been invested. So laws are passed making it difficult to invest new money.

Each step in this restriction seems perfectly reasonable to those who cannot sell their goods. Yet the thing as a whole is perfectly insane. For it means that nations are hoping to make themselves rich by destroying wealth and by preventing the production of wealth. Finally the insanity of the thing gets under people's skins, and they begin to say that an economic system under which men starve because there are too many goods ought to be replaced by something more reasonable.

THIS brings us back to the excitement of last winter over the alleged revolutionary plotting of the Brains Trust. What had happened was that the farmers, the business men, the workingmen, and the bankers had all gone to Washington asking help. For over two years they had been persuading the government to help them either by lending them money or by restricting production.

The total result of their efforts was the creation in Washington of the most elaborately complicated bureaucratic machine ever seen on this continent. This machine was constructed to satisfy the demands of innumerable interests. Washington did not reach out and seize the business of the country. The business of the country deposited its troubles in Washington. The farmers went to Washington. The miners and oil men and lumber men and steel men went to Washington. The bankers went. The insurance companies. The railroads. The trades unions. The department stores. The theaters. Everybody went.

There in Washington, then, was the business of the country demanding all kinds of "regimentation" and government meddling. Is it astonishing that quite a number of people said to themselves, "These farmers and business men do not seem to be able to run their own affairs; here is the chance of a century to make a noble and beautiful society based not on calculations of private profit but on the superior intelligence of officials in Washington"?

Now, the point I wish to make is that the revolutionary talk, the stampede to Washington, and the clamor to restrict output by regimenting producers, all had their origin in the fact that almost everybody had something on his hands—goods, real property, bank deposits, or his labor—which he could not sell at a profit. The New Deal, from the summer of 1933 to the summer of 1934, as manifested in the NRA, the AAA, and the Securities Act, was not a cure for the depression. It was a symptom of the disease. The letters NRA stand for National Recovery Administration. The truth was that NRA was an attempt to administer, not recovery, but depression. The codes, in so far as they were effective at all, were attempts to regularize and legalize the contraction of business.

I am not saying that the codes did not attempt some very desirable reforms, such as the abolition of child labor, of sweating, and of terrorism to prevent the workers from organizing. But these reforms were incidental to the main drive behind the codes, which was the effort of business men to deal with depression by limiting production and pegging prices.

Now, some time or other in the past six or eight months the American public lost interest in the NRA. It would be impossible to say just when this happened, but it is possible to say that it had happened by the time General Johnson resigned and the President began to say pleasant things to business men. What caused this change of mind? In part, it was practical experience in the regimenting of industry. Business men lost patience with the necessity of rushing to Washington and of cooling their heels in the corridors of the Commerce Building. The public lost patience with what is regarded correctly as artificially high prices. The Administration developed an awful headache trying to decide a thousand and one different business problems that nobody in Washington could possibly hope to decide. The whole machine broke down because it was much too complicated for anyone to run.

BUT this does not fully explain the fact that business lost interest in being regimented and directed from Washington. If the NRA had merely worked badly, a serious effort would have been made to improve it. Actually, in its main principles as it was set up in 1933 it had been pushed aside and more or less forgotten. That can be explained only by the fact that the country is no longer interested in the kind of thing NRA was organized to do, that it no longer wishes to contract business to shrinking markets, that the sap of enterprise is beginning to rise, that the mood of depression has begun to give way to the mood of revival.

Underneath and alongside of NRA and AAA the readjustment which is the basis of recovery had been going on. In part, this readjustment had been the work of other measures taken by the Administration; in part, it has been going on through the old-fashioned process of liquidation. The change in the value of the dollar bringing it into line with the chief currencies of the world has been very effective where artificial help was most needed: in raising the prices of crops and raw materials. The rapid expenditure of funds not raised by taxation has been a stimulating shot in the arm. The refinancing of mortgages and debts has been a great help. The policy of cheap money has been a powerful influence. The reconstruction of the banks has been vitally important. These things have been accompanied by bankruptcies, by foreclosures, by the scaling down, the forgiveness and the repudiation of debts, by the wearing out of cars, homes, clothes, machines. As a result over considerable areas men have again begun to sell goods and services at a profit.

"Say, ain't it time to go home yet?"

George Shellhase

These men no longer feel the need of being saved in Washington, and naturally they wished to be interfered with as little as possible. The return of profits, which is the way revival makes its appearance, is the real reason why the mood of Washington and of the country has changed so radically. The President has said many times that he believes in "profit." Few believed him until recently. Why? Because, when he first said it, most producers were not making profits. When he said it recently, they

had begun to make profits, or had at least begun to see a prospect of profit.

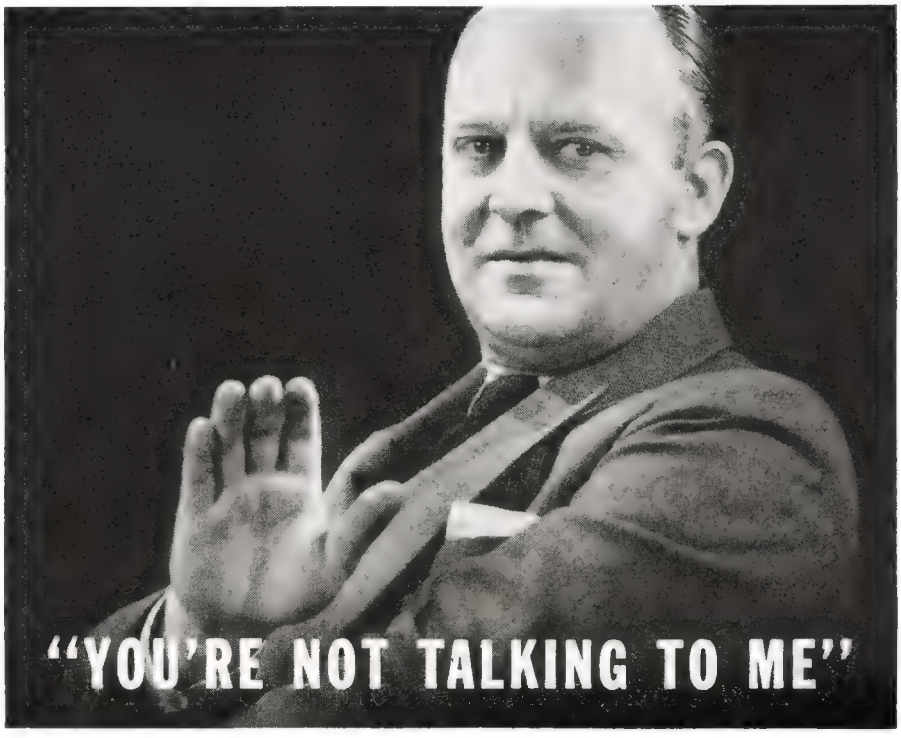
The right way to describe what has happened is not to say that the President has "turned to the right." What has happened is that business has begun to revive and that the revival has changed the outlook of the Administration, as it has changed the outlook of the country. Business is not recovering because the President and Mr. Richberg are making conservative speeches. They are making the conservative speeches because business is recovering. If it were not recovering, we should see more and more regimentation, not less and less, because business men, farmers, workingmen, and investors would be demanding it. He who doubts this should look at the countries of Europe where the depression is still becoming worse: He will see tighter and tighter government control over ever-widening circles of economic and political activity.

THE conclusion I draw from this is that the New Deal of 1933 is in many of its features as obsolete as the Eighteenth Amendment in the months before repeal. Some of the measures have achieved their purposes and must be counted a great success; others, born of sheer depression-panic, no longer fit the present circumstances. We shall see, I hope and believe, many measures of reform and reconstruction. But unless there is a decided change in the trend of events here and in large parts of the world, unless, in short, the world revival which is now widespread and clearly marked, breaks down, we have for the time being seen a reversal of that great movement of the people demanding help, direction, and centralized regimentation from Washington.

We are witnessing not so much the retreat of the Administration as the retreat of the American people themselves from Washington. They went to Washington for salvation. They are returning home to their farms, shops, and offices in the belief that they are saved or can now hope to save themselves. There will remain for a long time powerful vested interests that have acquired the habit of being supported by Washington either through special privileges or through grants of money. They will be hard to dislodge, and we shall see many bitter political battles before they are sent home and told to help themselves. I should not be surprised if some of the great domestic issues of the future turned on this very point. But in very great numbers of the American people, in the great majority, the feeling is rapidly disappearing that salvation is in Washington. This change of mood not only signalizes the beginning of recovery but is a most powerful force in promoting recovery.

Public men who run counter to this mood, underestimate it, or get in its way will make as fatal an error in their calculations as the politicians who in 1932 believed that the country was still for prohibition. I do not think that Mr. Roosevelt, who is unusually sensitive to what is going on, will make any such mistake. In fact, it looks very much as if he had called the turn and had begun to talk about capitalism and profits just about when capitalism was starting once more to be profitable.

✣ ✣ ✣ ✣ ✣



YES, WE ARE — you're *just* the man we're talking to.

You are a business man. You have friends and relatives who turn to you for aid and advice. You are the man who "always knows what to do."

But would you know how and what to advise if your help were needed at time of bereavement? What casket would you suggest? And why? How are you to be sure you are getting full value for your money? Surely, as a business man you would make no purchase of similar value without some previous knowledge.

When death comes, there is little time to find out about such things. That's why we're talking to you now. Here are a few points to remember:

National Caskets are made of wood or of metal, in every grade, at every price. They are trade-marked, easily recognized, and guaranteed to be as represented by the world's largest manufacturer—a concern with a fifty-year reputation for "knowing how," and for square dealing. National Caskets are sold in every part of the country by leading funeral directors—*and they cost no more.*

Read our booklet, "Funeral Facts." It contains much valuable information on all matters pertaining to funerals, their conduct and their costs. Ask your funeral director for a copy, or write us. Dept. A-3, 60 Massachusetts Avenue, Boston, Massachusetts.

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Every thinking man and woman should decide *in advance* what funeral director to call in time of need. It is not morbid to do this—merely good common sense. Choose him as you would your doctor or lawyer. And, once selected, feel free to consult him as you would any other professional man. In this way, you will avoid haphazard decisions that have only too frequently caused anguish and regret.

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Budgets for the bewildered

(*Continued from page 31*)

$200,000, and I'm ashamed to tell you how little I've saved."

"Did you and your wife keep a budget?" I asked.

Budget seemed to be a fighting word.

"Of course," he barked. "A dozen different kinds. For a while I ran everything. Then my wife ran everything. Then we both ran everything. And, no matter how we figured, we ran it into the ground and it always came out the same way. We spent all we earned."

There are hundreds of thousands in the same state of mind. They would like to operate on a budget. But, try as they may, the husband or the wife or both will make a few impulsive and extravagant purchases, and where is the budget?

Experts have the figures on the earnings and standards of living of 1,000 railway employees during the depression, but they can't answer these:

What should a husband in Newark, N. J., do when, after complaining that his wife spends the rent allowance in beauty parlors, he suddenly discovers that there is no provision for a lottery ticket?

A well-meaning, affectionate husband in Louisville, Ky., paid a street salesman 50 cents for a patented potato peeler, which he presented proudly to his wife. What can he say to his wife when it develops that the 50-cent potato peeler won't work, that she already has a potato peeler, and that this particular 50 cents had been allotted to a toothbrush fund?

I TOLD the experts about an improvident friend of mine whose wife, Mary, decided they must have a budget. My friend agreed with enthusiasm. They laid it out, and he bought a memorandum book and agreed to enter all his expenditures. At the end of the first week, in all seriousness, he offered his figures:

Cash on hand	$00.30
Peanuts for Mary	.10
Miscellaneous	19.60
Total	$20.00

The discussion, which lasted far into the night, put an end to the budget.

I related another instance in which a budget plan blew up under distressing circumstances: A husband and wife who had been getting along rather well with their budget, agreed before Christmas to give each other presents that would cost less than $5. The generous and loving wife impulsively spent $15 for her present to her husband. The just as loving but more frugal husband spent only $3.25 for hers. When they opened their presents the wife was hurt and the husband was angry. A budget, as I see it, should provide for such vagaries.

"People like that," the experts told me severely, "can't be helped."

But most of us *are* like that. The husband and wife who quarreled on Christmas Day are devoted to each other. The husband who recorded the 10 cents' worth of peanuts and nothing else is an admirable gentleman.

Experts offer detailed instructions on how to cut the cost of living by scientific shopping. They attempt to teach women to judge values in food and clothing and supplies so that they'll always get their money's worth. But these instructions often overlook the fact that many things which give us the greatest enjoyment are bought because we like them.

One expert even goes back to the beginning of married life and lists 48 good traits that a first-class wife should possess. Presumably he believes that husbands who hope to use a budget plan should choose their wives by checking these traits. They include self-control, good judgment, sense of humor, and poise; but there's nothing there about pretty eyes and hair, nor about a figure that looks like a million dollars in a bathing suit.

ONE of the most constructive plans I encountered came from a group of four families, successful budgeteers all, whom I discovered in an Eastern city of about 100,000 population. They are close friends and the eight play bridge every Saturday night. It all started when one family lost $16 in the bridge game and decided such entertainment was too expensive.

A friendly conference ensued, and it turned out that the four families were in a vicious circle—none of them saving any money. All had tried budgets and had abandoned them.

"The trouble with budgets," one of the wives remarked, "is they're nothing but 'Thou Shalt Not's.' They don't allow for any fun or for any foolish expenditures, and they make you think you have committed an unforgivable crime if your books don't balance. I'd like a budget that promises to get me things I want, instead of keeping me from getting them."

Like my Chicago friend, they added up all they had made and then estimated their future income up to the age of 65. The husbands were around 36 or 37 years old, and the amount of income each could count upon for the remainder of his working life was about $100,000 to $125,000.

"That knocked us cold," the husband told me. "We had never thought it would be so much. Immediately we were all inspired with a determination to save."

Then they decided on what they wanted in life that money could buy:

College educations for the children.
Enough money to retire on at 65.
Vacation every year, and maybe once in a lifetime a long sea voyage.
New car every three or four years.
A Christmas fund.
New gadgets—radio, oil burner, vacuum cleaner, refrigerator, and other equipment.
Parties.
Oil.

The last entry, "Oil," is one of the most important in the plan. It's oil for troubled waters, a little money put away to pay for mistakes that are likely to cause family arguments. With an "oil" fund, you provide an "out" for the wife who wastes $10 on something she didn't need. From the "oil" fund you pay for that $10 lent to a friend who never paid it back.

For a week the families discussed this list and made detailed plans. What would they like to get out of life besides food and shelter and clothing; what ought they to do with their future lifetime income? They were getting themselves into the mood for proper spending.

One family did it with photographs, which still decorate their bedroom walls. There is a bird's-eye view of the college to which they expect to send their two boys, a picture of a camp in Maine where they would like to go for a vacation, and, larger than all the others, a photograph of a lovely little home beside a brook. Their ambition is to retire some day and live in a home like that.

"We discovered," one of the wives told me, "that the success of a budget depends upon the right mental attitude toward saving. If you make it a chore, you'll have an unhappy home, and it won't work. If you make it a striving for a reward, you don't need many percentages. We are saving for sunny days, not for rainy days."

When they finally settled down, each family made out its own budget, but each used the same basic form. The money is divided into two major funds: Necessities and Rewards. Necessities include food, clothing, housing, life insurance, income taxes, installment payments, automobile upkeep, and all other fixed expenditures. Everything else is a Reward, which is quite a loose classification, but it works. No provision is made for doctors' bills, which come out of Rewards. Life insurance is considered a Necessity, and the cash value of policies when paid up is considered in computing the amount they hope to collect for retirement.

THE cost of Necessities varies, even in these families which are in about the same economic situation, but it averages about 70 per cent of their total incomes.

Each family breaks down the divisions into small units, with an appropriation for each. First, the allowances of wife and husband and children are taken out. To the wife goes the allowance for housing, food (except the husband's lunches), and for her clothing and the children's. Expenses such as husband's clothing, tobacco, lunches, entertainment, razor blades, and so on, are put into the husband's allowance. Each has his own bank account, and if it grows the allowances are cut. Each keeps an account book.

Provision is then made for the other fixed expenses.

But the fun comes each month in the allotment of the approximate 30 per cent for the Reward funds—education for children, retirement, vacation, new car, and such. There is no provision for "Savings." The word isn't used. Money is set aside to *buy* something. Each month each fund receives something. Sometimes it may be only a dollar.

Sometimes the Necessity fund has gone over its budget, and the Reward fund must make up that amount or vice versa.

At the end of the month the family balances its books, but with the understanding that nobody will stay home from the movies to try to find a missing $1.83. If the balance is less than $5 awry it is written off as "Error."

Because of a new state of mind in these families they have willingly cut down. They have cast out the disagreeable old idea that you must save because the budget books say you must not spend. Instead, they think, "What shall I buy?"

I have found nothing in the reports of experts that solves the psychological problems of family spending as the Plan of the Four Families does. It can be done by one family as well as four, of course, and families can adjust their percentages in any way that will best serve their purposes.

THAT'S the most important new thing about budgets I found out from successful budgeteers. From books and surveys I learned much, too, that can help—after the new point of view is all set to go.

The first new fact on the mathematical side is that the old percentages—25 for rent or ownership and upkeep of home, 25 for food, and 15 for clothing—are all wrong. They may represent a fair average for all families, including the poorest laborer, but they're no good for individuals these days. Average incomes are usually bad guides, anyway. A New York City family with $5,000 a year might live on a level about equal to a $2,500-a-year family in a country town.

My minimum unit is a husband and wife, with two children around ten years of age, who have sufficient income so that they could, if they started soon enough and took the right viewpoint, lay aside money for the children's college education and their own comfortable retirement.

All budget percentages are merely something from which to start, and must be adapted to special needs, but one thing is certain: If you are going to save any substantial sum you should not spend more than 60 per cent for housing, food, and clothing. And housing isn't just rent; it's the cost of the entire operation of the home. Good starting percentages are 30 for housing, 16 for food, and 14 for clothing, breaking down the clothing percentage to 4 for the husband, 6 for the wife, and 4 for the children. As the income goes up these percentages go down.

Real estate men for years have fostered the theory that you could spend 25 per cent for rent. "One week's salary for one month's rent," they advise. You probably will have to do that if your income is very low. A safe figure for the rent of a house is 15 per cent, with a shade more for an apartment.

The 30 per cent figure I have suggested for housing includes rent or cost of house, water, electricity, gas, wood, coal, kindling, laundry, garbage disposal, fire insurance, cleaning, household help, telephone, house supplies, new furnishings, payments on old, repairs and the husband's transportation to and from work. It includes china, linen, pots and pans, seeds, shrubs, lawn mower, and mops.

The United States Department of Commerce advises that a home should cost from one and two-thirds to two and one-half times the annual income. But I think the Department is somewhat behind the times. Its minimum figure should be

"I never looked at it in that light before"

"I've often seen that little statue in the park," said Thomas Delaney. "On rainy days the umbrella keeps the children dry. On sunny days it casts a useful, pleasant shadow.

"That reminds me of an experience I had recently in finding protection for my sunny days as well as the rainy ones.

"The experience I mean began when I got the advice of an Equitable agent on a plan to take care of my wife and children if anything should happen to me.

"The agent worked out an insurance plan to cover that need. 'That,' he said, 'is the rainy-day side of insurance. Now consider the other angle—how life insurance can make your own later years sunny and secure.'

"He then showed me how the reserve value of my policies could make my own life easy after the children are grown. Starting when I am sixty I will get a check from the Equitable every month as long as I live.

"And this two-way plan means only a moderate outlay each year."

The Case Method can help you, too.

Maybe you, too, are interested in this "sunny-day" aspect of life insurance which so pleased Mr. Delaney. Or perhaps your problem is to provide an education for your children, or to assure security for aged dependents—or any of a dozen or more desires.

Why not put it up to an Equitable agent to show you how readily the Case Method can fit a life insurance plan to your exact needs?

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Thomas L. Parkinson, *President*

about the average. Many a family is in difficulties today because it tried to buy a house costing twice its annual income.

Relief workers have found that in most cities a family of five can be adequately nourished for $8 a week; $10 is better. It is fair to consider that you will spend from $500 to $1,000 for food in 1935. In a small town, $500 will buy a good deal of food. In cities it will be barely enough to keep everybody well. Put down 16 per cent of your income for food.

The 14 per cent allotted for clothing will be more than enough if the children are small. And it is likely to do if the children are 15 years old or more, for when parents have children that age their incomes usually have grown.

Now we have: Shelter 30 per cent, Food 16 per cent, Clothing 14 per cent. Juggle those percentages around any way you choose. Try to cut them down. But don't make the total more than 60 per cent unless you want to reach the age of 65 owing a nice part of all that money you're going to earn between now and then.

Put down now the total amount you will need for housing, food, and clothing. Add to it fixed expenditures such as income taxes, life insurance, automobile upkeep (for, no matter what happens, you probably won't abandon the car), and payments on debts not included in the 60 per cent. These are things you *have* to pay for.

Then see what you have left. According to the Four Families plan it should be about 30 per cent.

Decide how much of this you can save—that's a percentage only you can determine—*and save it!* Cut into it only for emergency expenditures such as doctors' bills. Use it if you like the Reward plan of the Four Families, and by all means adopt their psychology.

BUT don't fool yourself as to savings. Two of the surest ways to save money are to own a wisely selected house and a lot of life insurance policies. But don't give a 100 per cent savings' value to money paid for your home. That's an investment paying dividends in contentment, but its cash value is like a share of stock. It's worth, not what you paid for it, but its market value today.

Don't figure, if you have $10,000 in life insurance, that you are saving $10,000. Judge the "savings" part of life insurance policies by their cash-surrender value.

Make a weekly or monthly deposit in the savings bank. When it reaches a substantial amount, invest it.

Taking out housing, food, clothing, fixed expenditures, and savings, divide the remainder between husband and wife according to any plan you think best. Here percentages are useless. Past expenditures will regulate these.

But, first, make budgeting fun instead of a depression chore. Don't expect perfection in husband or wife or system. Relax! Let the budget work for you, instead of you working for the budget. Provide money to pay for oil to calm the waters.

And all will be well when the wife's mother from Minneapolis comes for two weeks and stays a year.

We've Got Rhythm

(*Continued from page 53*)

as the hall had seats. On the night of the concert Walter Damrosch, Leopold Stokowski, Victor Herbert, Galli-Curci, Rachmaninoff, Deems Taylor, and Otto H. Kahn were in the audience.

Whiteman's men appeared in faultless evening attire. He, himself, waved a glittering three-foot baton, a balance, as it were, to his bulk. Beginning with *The Livery Stable Blues* and *Mamma Loves Papa*, he took his audience upward through Jazzland to *A Rhapsody in Blue* and his own jazz version of *Pomp and Circumstance*. The packed house went mad. Musicians in the audience marveled at the perfect tempo, which Whiteman's carefully drilled players caught by watching his moving knee. That night in Aeolian Hall the fat man who couldn't jazz was crowned King of Jazz; into music was introduced a new term—symphonized syncopation—and a new industry was born out of a fad.

AT ABOUT the time Whiteman came to New York one Hubert Vallee, son of a druggist in Westbrook, Maine, was working his way through Yale University by playing the saxophone nights in a New Haven dance band. A great saxophonist of the day was Rudy Wiedoeft, and such was young Vallee's open worship of the master that his friends as a joke began calling him "Rudy," also. The name stuck.

In Westbrook he had deserted his father's drugstore to become janitor of the local movie theater at $7 a week. He saved up and bought two clarinets, on which he practiced in the attic. His father thought him crazy. Later the clarinets were pawned for a saxophone, and the saxophone took him to Yale by way of the University of Maine.

Following graduation, in 1927, he made a summer tour of vaudeville theaters as a saxophonist with the Yale Collegians. The fall found him in Boston leading a society orchestra that had come down from Maine. Then he went to New York.

From office to office Rudy tramped. A regular job as a saxophonist was all he asked, but New York was full of "sax" toters. Besides, there was something queer about the man. He talked of sweet, simple music, when the managers and customers were crying for more "heat."

Finally Don Dickerman, owner of the new "Heigh Ho" Club, flung caution to the winds and agreed to give Rudy's sweet music a chance.

Quickly Rudy assembled seven men, and the new band was named the Connecticut Yankees. A male vocalist was hired, and came the opening night. The program was well under way, it was time for the vocalist to appear, when Dickerman signaled Rudy to come to his table. "Who is your vocalist?" he asked. Rudy told him. "He's out," said Dickerman. "His voice isn't suited to this place."

None of the Yankees was eager to sing. Rudy's own voice was weak and he had been told it was funny, but somebody had to sing or the band would probably be jobless. In the bell of a spare saxophone stuck a megaphone, souvenir of Yale. Rudy remembered the words of two songs he had learned at New Haven and the Yankees played the music of the songs by ear. One of them was *Rain*.

And so to modern jazz came its greatest crooner and its leading exponent of "sweet" music. Within a year *Rain* was to be a best seller. Within two years mobs were to storm in the wake of the singer, fighting to touch his coat, to cut the buttons from it for mementos, to kiss him. Radio was to pay him $2,500 for a thirty-minute show—a figure comparable to Waring's and Whiteman's, because Vallee has a much smaller band and is paid extra for all other talent on his programs. He was to get $11,000 a week from the movies. He was to write a book. His picture was to hang in a million boudoirs.

What Paul Whiteman had started and continued to pioneer with—symphonized syncopation—Vallee's popularity turned into a stampede. Rudy's music was simple, so simple that for a time he played only choruses, because "people seldom remember the verse." His soft voice was almost ordinary, but it was ideally suited to radio. Moreover, it possessed a rare quality—a listener felt that Rudy was singing, not to millions, but only to him.

THE Big Time managers, the alert band leaders of Jazzland, the big advertisers who buy music for sales dressing, looked and saw the writing on the wall. Radio had completely changed the character of the popular music market. The "hot" stuff was easy to dance to but hard to listen to over an evening newspaper or magazine at home; and the vast majority of radio's audiences were home listeners.

One by one the "hot" bands began to vanish from the studios. Those that stayed, with a few exceptions, cooled off. One of the most famous radio bands of a few years ago is today playing a sustaining program, waiting for a job, because it was too slow in changing its fast dance tempo. Bands unknown a few years ago are famous or fast becoming so, and they are all "sweet" bands.

Which raises the question: What makes a band famous?

Two bands start out in the same town at the same time. They look alike. They play the same music. Yet one goes on to glory and the other never gets beyond the county line. Why?

No two of the Big Time bands of today are popular for the same reason or, for that

matter, with the same people. Each has developed a characteristic interpretation and its own type of show that is as distinctive as a trade-mark. Call this originality—it is one reason for every noted band's rise to fame. A second reason is a willingness to work several times as hard as the ordinary band. The third reason—and it should be underscored—is able and experienced business management.

Practically all of the Big Time orchestras have business agents, whose fees for services range from 10 to 25 per cent, and a great many of them employ the same agents—the Music Corporation of America and Meyer Davis. These two offices control the cream of the bands, with a few notable exceptions.

The Music Corporation prefers anonymity so far as the public is concerned. It politely but bluntly tells all reporters who may stray into its de luxe offices in New York, Chicago, Los Angeles, and Dallas that it neither seeks nor desires publicity for itself. If the bands under its management wish to employ press agents, as most of them do, that is something else.

The Music Corporation has its salesmen, its traffic men, its contract department, its lawyers, its scouts, and its experts in this and that. Its files contain the pedigree and up-to-date performance record of every important radio and dance band in America, as well as of others reported by its scouts as worth watching. No dreamy, impractical musicians man its polished desks but alert business men who know the market.

More than one hundred band leaders of reputation employ the Music Corporation of America to supply their business brains; among them such headliners as Guy Lombardo, Ben Bernie, Wayne King, Jack Denny, Abe Lyman, Vincent Lopez, Ted Weems, George Olsen, Don Bestor, Seymour Simons, Buddy Rogers, and Frankie Masters.

MEYER DAVIS represents still another branch of the industry. He will furnish you on demand an orchestra of any size, price, or style in the quality group. If you prefer a "hot" band, he has it. If you wish an orchestra for a social event, faultlessly attired and purveying only sweet melodies, he has it. Ask for dinner music, dance music, chamber music, symphonic ensembles of a hundred musicians, and it is all the same to Mr. Davis in his penthouse office suite in New York, or to his branch-office managers in Boston, Philadelphia, and Washington. They have more than 125 orchestras pigeonholed and ready to step into their uniforms.

Davis himself is just past forty. He grew up in Washington in a family that boasted its own private four-piece band—two brothers, a sister, and himself. As a reporter on a Washington paper, he led the orchestra at a newspaper dinner one night.

"You should start an orchestra," said a friend. "Society here is tired of dancing to the old, familiar bands. It would go crazy over peppy music, like they play on the Barbary Coast in Frisco."

Vacation time found Davis in San Francisco watching the dancers and studying the music. He stayed all summer. Returning home in the fall, he got together four friends, and the first Meyer Davis orchestra struck up, with Davis the violinist and conductor. Within a year he

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had four orchestras under management.

He came to New York in 1923 already well established among Social Registerites. Hotels, restaurants, night clubs, seaside parks, radio studios, business houses, colleges, fraternities, and the cream of Eastern society are now Mr. Davis's customers.

Philadelphians are the biggest spenders for music, Mr. Davis informed me. Also, they engaged the largest orchestras. A. Atwater Kent, Philadelphia radio manufacturer, paid $7,940 for an 80-piece band at the début of his daughter in 1930. Clarence H. Geist, another wealthy Philadelphian, paid $7,207 for a similar event.

Twenty to thirty men in an orchestra is average for New York functions, Boston likes about twenty, Washington about fifteen, and the South ten or twelve. But Philadelphians still hire orchestras of fifty to sixty pieces for a big social event.

SOME of the big bands are corporations in themselves. Waring's Pennsylvanians, Inc., occupies a whole floor in a Broadway office building. Fred Waring himself, suave, slim, soft-spoken, and well groomed, is the president and treasurer. The organization, in addition to the band of 28 pieces, has its general manager, business manager, publicity man, electrician, carpenter, photographer, two secretaries, and two librarians.

The business is run with a West Point precision. It must be, with thirty performances a week in addition to rehearsals, which is the schedule when the band is on tour. Seven arrangers, who are also members of the band, make special orchestrations of each musical number. An idea of the volume of work they turn out may be gained from the size of the orchestra's musical library—it contains over 10,000 numbers.

The band and its equipment must be moved like clockwork, and it takes twenty or more busses and trucks to do the job by highway, and two Pullmans and a baggage car by railroad.

"People like us," Fred Waring told me, "because we give them entertainment that appeals to the average taste. We don't try to educate or elevate or in any way change that taste. If I've been able to sense in advance what the public wants, it's because my own taste is average."

Somebody had told me that in 1924, two years after he had started, Waring was grossing $10,000 a week.

"That's nonsense," he said. "If we had made half of that in 1924 we'd have been gone and forgotten by now. So much money in so short a time would have gone to our heads. We would have thought we were great musicians, and that would have been just too bad."

Mention jazz of any degree and you've got to mention Duke Ellington, probably the greatest artist of "hot" music.

Duke, born Edward Kennedy Ellington, got his name through a fluke. Irving Mills, manager of "hot" Negro bands, proposed to start a string of "royal" band leaders under his direction. The idea was to begin with "king" and work down through "prince," "count," "duke" "lord," and "baron." Ellington had already been dubbed "Duke" when Mills had a change of mind.

Born in Washington in 1900, son of a blueprint maker, Ellington was studying the piano at the age of eight. In high school his taste ran to painting, etching, and sports but his mother kept him at work on the piano. At sixteen he got his first job, playing for Louis Thomas' ragtime orchestra. It wasn't until 1923 that he caught the jazz fever, when he joined the band of the giant Wilbur C. Sweatman in a tour of the country. Ellington went back to Washington and organized his own five-member band, "The Washingtonians." Mills found them in New York—broke.

"No wonder," he said, "with such a name."

His first move was the naming of Duke. Next he increased the band to twelve members. Then he got them a job in the Cotton Club in Harlem, where Duke's hot music was balanced by a hot and fast Negro floor show. Mills angled for radio time and got it. The crowds began to come. Duke Ellington went over with a bang. The movies claimed him. He went to Europe. American theaters paid him as high as $5,500 a week.

Half of his music Ellington composes himself, though he seldom puts it down on a score. At 3:00 A. M., after the day's work is done, he will sit down at the piano with his bandsmen around and ripple over the keys the new number he has in mind. Then each player in turn will fill in the part of his instrument.

Two of the big broadcasting companies are in the band business, maintaining from 50 to 75 staff musicians hired by the week and also a staff of directors, which is supplemented by guest directors. With music forming a major share of radio's daily bill of fare, it was early found to be impracticable to hire a different band for every program that called for music. Nor was it advisable to offer the same band to fans a dozen times a day. Different leaders for the same band solved the difficulty, which perhaps is the answer to the question of why so many radio bands sound alike.

AS TO Jazzland's profits, they vary, of course, with the overhead. Ten per cent is considered a fair net, exclusive of agents' commissions, in an organization as elaborate as that required by Waring's Pennsylvanians. Rudy Vallee, whose organization in large part is himself, has a much higher net return.

When the overhead is subtracted, the big fees look much smaller, but even at that the yearly incomes of our jazz kings compare favorably with those of the big executives of other industries.

Privates in the ranks of the Big Name orchestras are paid from $75 to $100 a week as a general average, though in some bands, notably Waring's, the lowest-paid horn-tooter, age eighteen years, earned $250 a week on a recent tour, and the top feature performer earned $650 a week.

Through the country, musicians of little-known bands with steady engagements make from $30 to $50 per week. Ten- to fifteen-piece bands of this sort may be hired for $200 to $400 weekly. The price of any band, of course, is determined largely by the hours of play, the distance to be traveled, the number of men, and the varying union rates of pay. There are plenty of bands eager to work for a few dollars per man per night. Pick your band!

* * * * *

Same Old Problem—

AN EMPTY purse! A new spring hat needed, or a pair of shoes—and no money! Your perplexing problem is how to earn those extra dollars! You've thought about that many nights and you've always felt so helpless. You can keep house; you make good things to eat. And how your folks praise you! You are needed in your home; you can't take a position that would require you to leave your home.

What can you do? Yes, there is something! Ten thousand girls and women as members of the Pin Money Club, a money-making department for American Magazine readers, are making extra dollars at home.

From a California member comes this letter:

"It would not be possible to name all the necessities I have paid for with my Club dollars. We are thankful for the food my spare time money paid for—and for the clothing, taxes, interest on the mortgage and insurance. During the past year I earned $220.87. I am so proud of my wrist watch, my silverware and many other gifts."

Give Me A Chance To Tell You!

Wouldn't you welcome $25 extra just to spend on clothes for spring, or to pay some bills, or buy something for your home? There is a place for you in our Club and as soon as I hear from you I'll tell you how you, too, can start making money and also send you our Club booklet. *Be sure to address your letter or card to*

Margaret Clarke

Secretary, Pin Money Club
The American Magazine
Department J
250 Park Avenue New York City

The Race is against Yourself

(*Continued from page 65*)

place, in this race against the limitations of the human body, has the mind, that mysterious source of energy which is supposed to drive the flagging body on to victory long after it has become exhausted?

Contrary to romantic notion, the mind cannot drive on a stultified or exhausted muscle. But the mind will frequently convince you that you are exhausted and ready to quit long before you really are.

It is what happens to every athlete. With his chest rasped and on fire, his head bursting, his arms and legs leaden, aching, and tortured, the mind cries, "Halt; enough! Surcease from this pain and misery!" long before the body is at the end of its resources.

The runner must counter each seductive suggestion of mind and imagination fiercely with, "I won't quit! I've still got something left."

WHEN Glenn Cunningham ran his great world's record 4:06.7 mile at Princeton, he had beaten Bonthron and Venzke, his two human opponents, by 20 and 30 yards. When he came into the stretch there was nothing left for him to beat but himself. Now, at the end of the Stadium, toward which Cunningham was running, there had been set up a giant electric clock with a huge second hand.

The world's record was in sight—Cunningham could see it with his own eyes in that moving finger of the clock. His only opponent was himself. He ran the last quarter in 0:59.1, and crossed the line while the moving hand was still three tenths of a second away from the seventh second—the miraculous four-six mile that no one thought possible.

Coaches now are predicting a four-four mile, and some say that it may eventually be run in four minutes. No one can tell what the absolute limit is for athletic performance of any kind, because, over a span of thirty years, records have been pushed lower and lower as individuals have conquered themselves.

Men are learning more and more about their bodies, about physiology. When our time is gone there will be new runners with better-trained muscles, greater lung expansion, greater resistance to pain. True, there must be some absolute limit, but how can you set it as long as men enter the race against themselves?

✣ ✣ ✣ ✣ ✣

WHY DO NEW CARS NEED "LIGHT" OIL ?

You've heard friends talking about the new cars of this year needing "light" oil. Or your dealer has advised it, if you have one of the new motors. What's the reason for this insistence on "lightness"?

Just this: the car makers, in their constant efforts to step up the *efficiency* of your motor, have been fitting the wearing surfaces *closer and closer together.*

This helps to seal the motor against power loss. But it presents a serious problem in lubrication. Your oil now has only a fraction as much space in which to flow between the wearing surfaces, a space too narrow for any but a "light" oil.

Obviously, the "lighter" the oil, the *better it has to be.* Not only because there is a *thinner film* of it on the working parts (though that is reason enough!) but because with the new high-speed motors, your oil is subjected to *greater heat and tension* than ever before. Therefore, if you would avoid motor damage, buy only the best!

You will probably find that your motor consumes a little more oil with the "light" grades. But the slight extra cost here is easily offset by the extra mileage from your gasoline . . . an economy made possible by the new closer-fitted motors.

There is no reason to worry about whether your motor will be "broken-in" safely with "light" oils . . . *if you buy the best.* That's why you'll find more new car owners using Quaker State this year than ever before. Quaker State Oil Refining Co., Oil City, Pa.

•

"First choice of Experience"

QUAKER STATE MOTOR OILS

All aboard for MEXICO

OF ALL THE WAYS to see Mexico, none is half so interesting as by train. In America, when a train stops, nothing much happens. But in Mexico, on our *West Coast Route,* every stop is a fiesta! Hermosillo, Mazatlan, Tepic, Guadalajara and dozens of other towns stir to life when the far-off train whistle sounds. Tables are set alongside the tracks. You bargain for sarapes, pottery, baskets and fruit. You fall into the friendly spirit of Mexico long before you reach Mexico City.

Our rail line down the picturesque West Coast, from Tucson via Mazatlan and Guadalajara, is the newest and in many ways the most colorful and dramatic rail line to Mexico City. Roundtrip fares to the Mexican capital are very low, and are good one way by our *West Coast Route* and one way by National Railways of Mexico.

AIR-CONDITIONED CARS . . . Starting this summer, all Pullmans and dining cars will be air-conditioned on *El Costeno,* leading *West Coast Route* train to Mexico City.

A $50 SIDETRIP . . . If you cross the continent this year on our Sunset Limited or Golden State Limited (see map), you can make a sidetrip to Mexico City for only $50 extra rail fare; using our *West Coast of Mexico Route* one way and the National Railways of Mexico the other.

YOU'LL ENJOY THIS BOOKLET . . . We published a 16-page booklet entitled, "I've Been to Mexico." The first 100,000 copies went like hot cakes and we've just printed another edition. For this booklet and any other information about a trip to Mexico, write O. P. Bartlett, Dept. L-3, 310 South Michigan Boulevard, Chicago, Ill.

Southern Pacific

Jungle Merchant

(*Continued from page 23*)

Wong was almost in tears. The river was humid; the mosquitoes bit. We squirmed and sulked in the sultry heat. We hadn't a kilo of rubber to show for our pioneering expedition. The second village had spurned even our cigarettes.

Then, suddenly, one day, a canoe shot out across our path. At first, I feared ambush, then I saw that the canoe was filled with grinning and giggling girls. One of them held up a large ball of balata.

"Missie want to see calico," said Evan Wong disconsolately.

WE TOOK them aboard and showed them our wares. They had stolen away at night after the day's arduous toil, they explained, to bleed the trees and cook balata. They had seen our calico, and wanted it.

One of the more inquisitive broke open a cardboard carton and drew out a little vial of amber water. What, she wanted to know, was that? Perfume! I held it to her nose. She gave a shrill cry of delight and snatched it from my hand to hold it under the other noses. My customers went wild. How much? I grew shrewd.

"Bring me more balata," I said, "and you shall have more perfume."

Then I gave each of them a vial of perfume and sent them back to their village.

It is strange that I did not see daylight. I think Mr. Green would have caught on.

For a week I sat on the veranda of our new station, looking dismally up what Evan Wong called the Lazy River. Then, one day, I saw a canoe coming down. I got my glasses and examined it. It contained four women and an old man. My eyes widened when they came ashore with a huge ball of balata. One of the women was fat and senile. The others were young. Together they urged the old man up the embankment. He was glum and shamefaced—a henpecked Indian.

He opened the conversation by charging me with disturbing the peace. Everything was tranquil until I had come with that sweet-smelling water. Now his women wanted some. They had forced him to go into the jungle and bleed trees for balata. He was a proud man—a hunter, not a laborer.

"Listen," I said, trying hard to keep my voice from trembling, "are you the only man who has been put to work?"

"Nao!" he replied. "There are many others suffering, too."

The old man, I suppose, still thinks that I went mad. I embraced him, laughed over him, patted him on the back.

"Fine, fine," I kept saying. "Here is a present for you, brother. Take this beautiful hunting knife with you."

When my customers had departed, I called Jose, my errand boy.

"Take six empty boats and go down the river," I cried. "Bring back things that the women love—perfume, powder, rouge, pretty cloth, mirrors. . . . We've got the jungle on the run."

That was many years ago. Today, lovely young Akewoia maidens patter down the trails, wearing nothing but pink rayon bloomers. Stately Carib women stop paddling their canoes for a moment, glance into the mirror of the river and powder their noses with a large puff. Wapisano flappers carry compacts and wear riding breeches, nothing more. Some of them wear nothing but side combs and rouge.

After creating a consumer's demand, my first great difficulty was in establishing a standard of values.

One day I told an Indian to bring some bananas to camp and I would buy them. Astute business man that he was, he informed every Indian he met that I would buy bananas. In two or three days hundreds of Indians were bringing bananas to my compound. The yard resembled a banana shipping dock. I wanted only a few bunches.

"How much?" I asked one man.

He looked around and saw a shotgun.

"I will take that," he said.

The bananas were worth only a few shillings.

"Too much," I replied, and turned to another Indian.

He wanted one of my 40-foot boats.

I asked them to bid. They would not. They simply sat silent beside their mountains of bananas and waited for me to yield up my equipment for them. Finally I said I wanted no bananas today. Stoically they trudged away with their cargoes, and the word went out that LaVarre under no circumstances wanted any more bananas. And I had a tough time getting a banana to eat after that. Finally I set a price on bananas. That is what I would give, no more. I thought some enterprising Indian would undercut the price, but, no. That is still the price. That is what LaVarre pays for bananas.

WHEN the women put the men to work, I no longer needed to visit the villages with trade goods. The Indians came to me, at first to buy for their wives, then later for themselves. When the women began to dress, the men felt they should follow the example, so they bought blue shirts with long tails. They needed tools for bleeding trees, machetes to cut their way through dense jungle growth, shotguns for game, and hunting knives for skinning it.

At first my customers couldn't make up their minds what they wanted when they came to my rude little store on the knoll. After they bought perfume and cloth for their women, they looked helplessly over my shelves for hours. I began to make a practice of setting out three things from which they might choose, but even the limited choice was confusing. They couldn't decide whether to take the blue denim, the flask of powder, or the knife.

One day a young Indian from a near-by village pleaded with me for an hour to sell him the cloth and give him the knife on credit. He didn't know the meaning of

credit. He knew only the meaning of honor. He would pay for the knife. If he died, he insisted, his relatives would pay for it. At last, I yielded. It was the wisest thing I ever did. My turnover doubled. Installment buying became the rage.

At first I kept no books of credit. I remembered the faces of those who were buying on time.

But, later, when the diamond and gold boom developed, I had so many thousand customers and such large sales that bookkeeping became necessary . . . and troublesome. Every other Indian's name was Kaitan. Every other woman's name was Sutang. I solved the difficulty in a very simple way. I introduced the Bertillon system.

I would not recommend fingerprinting of credit customers to any installment merchant in the United States. A customer will not suffer himself to be treated like a criminal. But in my country it was different. There were no police, and the Indians found it huge fun to press their fingers on the ink pad and print the convolutions of their thumbs on a bookkeeping page.

AS I said, there was no system of exchange in the jungle—no currency. The people did not even use shells and salt for wampum. I found it difficult under the circumstances to make change, until I discovered that every Indian liked to carry safety matches. After that, I gave boxes of matches for change. They were worth five cents and became negotiable as such.

There is no written language among the tribes in my trade territory, so all my advertising must be done by word of mouth and demonstration. Recently I took a huge box of army mess kits up the Mazaruni, and discovered to my dismay that it did not contain mess kits at all. The army quartermaster had made a mistake. It contained aluminum canteens in canvas cases which attached to the belt. One thing, above all others, is plentiful in my trade territory. That is water. There is a drink every few steps. Belts are not worn.

But advertising pays. I strapped a canteen on my belt and carried it with me everywhere I went. Whenever I met an Indian, I took it from its canvas case with great ceremony and turned it up with a gurgle.

"Fine," I would say, wiping my lips.

Before long, an Indian bought a canteen and a belt, and went back to strut among his people and swig water. An envious buck also bought one. Canteens are quite the fashion now along the Mazaruni.

You may think it strange that I have so much influence in my trade territory. It is strange—a very strange story, indeed. Every merchant should be a public servant—not in selling first-rate goods at reasonable prices, because that is pure business—but in a larger way. I know very well that Mr. Green, the successful grocer, is a successful citizen first.

Very early in my jungle experience I rendered a great public service to a tribe of Indians, and established myself firmly in their confidence and respect.

For six months I had heard stories of a mysterious "creek of blood" near Kurupung village before I had an opportunity to investigate it. The villagers, it appeared, worshiped Ygar, the moon-god, a cruel and vengeful deity. When the moon was full, Ygar had uncovered his face and

When Baby's Head is STUFFED UP!

When baby has a cold, Mistol Drops give quick, soothing relief. Nothing helps a cold more than rest and sleep but you can't sleep when your head is stuffed up, and you don't enjoy your food when you can't smell and taste.

If you want to have your head clear, enjoy your food and sleep peacefully, just buy a bottle of Mistol, put a few drops in each nostril and see how much better you feel immediately.

The nice part about Mistol is that it is so easy to use, is not messy and unlike many other products it contains no irritating ingredients and does not sting.

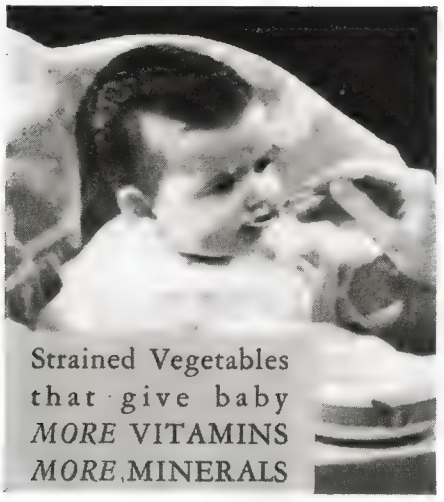
Mistol Drops

Use Mistol Drops for your Children . . . they'll like it.

Small 25¢ Large 65¢

Copr. 1935, Stanco Inc.

MADE BY THE MAKERS OF NUJOL



When your doctor says, "Strained vegetables for Baby," he isn't thinking in terms of spinach, carrots or tomatoes. He's prescribing *vitamins* and *minerals*. Gerber's Strained Vegetables insure them in a higher degree than is possible in home preparation.

Vegetables lose *vitamins* fast, after picking—again in open saucepan cooking. *Minerals* are lost when water is poured off. Gerber safeguards vitamins and minerals—by using specially grown vegetables—rushing them from garden to can—by cooking with air excluded—by moisture regulation that retains more mineral salts.

Different . . . and Better

Gerber's Strained Vegetables are not like ordinary *seasoned* canned vegetables, strained down and resealed in baby-size cans. They are put through special scientific processes . . . strained five times finer than kitchen sieves strain . . . steam-cooked in sealed cans by Gerber's exclusive Shaker-Cooker process that preserves fresh flavors, cooks every particle uniformly . . . and left unseasoned, so that you can use them as they are, or season them as taste or your doctor directs.

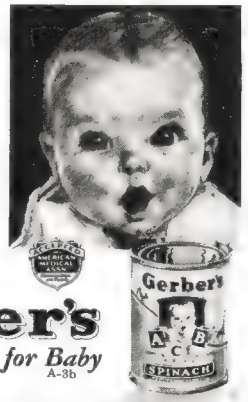
They save you hours of work. They give Baby uniform vegetables, summer or winter—with extra vitamins and minerals. That's why doctors recommend them.

Your Store's Baby Department

When you go shopping look for the Gerber complete line. It means "Baby Headquarters."

Strained Tomatoes . . . Green Beans . . . Beets . . . Vegetable Soup . . . Carrots . . . Prunes . . . Peas . . . Spinach . . . 4½-oz. cans. *Strained* Cereal . . . 10¼-oz. cans.

Ask Your Doctor



Gerber's

9 Strained Foods for Baby

A-3b

Mothers! Here's help for you, if "Baby won't eat." Scientific information . . . practical suggestions . . . telling how to establish wholesome, normal eating habits. FREE booklet. Send for it.

GERBER PRODUCTS COMPANY
FREMONT, MICHIGAN
(In Canada: *Grown and Packed by* Fine Foods of Canada, Ltd., Windsor, Ont.)

Please send me free copy of "Mealtime Psychology," by Dr. Lillian B. Storms. (Enclose 10c if you would like a picture of the Gerber Baby, ready for framing.)

Name . . . . . .

Address . . . . . .

City . . . . . *State* . . . . . .

was looking upon the jungle. On the night of the full moon, the legend had it, he inflicted terrible punishment upon men who dared to show themselves in his light. Then he rinsed his hands in the creek, and by dawn it was colored with blood.

I arrived at Kurupung village the day before the full moon to barter for balata. The natives were too distressed to talk business; their faces were blanched.

"Ygar shows his face tonight," said the chief in a hushed voice. "The creek will run with blood at dawn."

"It always runs red after the full moon?" I asked.

"Not always," he said, "but often enough. I have seen it with my own eyes. But do not go near the creek tonight. If you show yourself in the moonlight, doom will befall us."

I scoffed, and boasted that I was not afraid. My bravado so filled him with consternation that he exacted a promise that I would not go near the creek until dawn. I had no desire to offend my customers, so I kept my word. The moonlight that night was the weirdest I have ever seen.

At dawn I buckled on my automatic and strode down to the creek. The water was crystal clear. My reflection mocked me for having been foolish enough to investigate such a ridiculous story. Then I glanced again, and a chill crept up my back. There, in the clear water, ran streamers of blood, curling, thickening, dissipating into pink. With an effort I regained control of myself. I was a civilized white man with reason. I believed there was a rational explanation for everything. I turned and ran up that creek as fast as I could go. I would see about this bloody creek.

I ROUNDED a bend, fought my way through undergrowth, and stopped, numb and terrified. Before me rose a mass of rock, beside which trickled a crimson stream. Behind that rock was something horrible. I could hear it, splashing, choking, writhing, uttering sounds of unimaginable suffering. I drew my automatic and stepped around the rock.

There, up to their necks in a basin of bloody water stood two giant tapirs, struggling in death agony. Around them the water seethed with fish—perai, cannibal fish! I could hear the click of their jaws as they spun back and forth, tearing the flesh from those trapped tapirs. I could see living, white bone. The fish were eating them alive. I did not hesitate. With two shots I put the tapirs out of their misery. Then I went into the jungle and fetched an armful of haiara root, a virulent fish poison of which I had learned from the natives. This I beat into a milky white pulp with my machete and emptied into the basin. Slowly the seething of fish subsided.

After a little investigation I discovered that the basin floor was sticky asphalt, in which the tapirs had been mired. The basin was a veritable cemetery of bones. But why were tapirs trapped only on the night of the full moon? I figured that out to my satisfaction, too. The full moon filled the pool with a great radiance, attracting animals. Animals are not repelled by light, as many persons believe. They are attracted by it. Evidently there was another watering place in the district, but when the full moon rode over the basin clearing and turned the water to glowing silver, the tapirs could not resist its lure.

When I returned to the village, I was received with awe. The Indians thought I had been devoured by Ygar. They had seen the water change from pink to white—the white of haiara root. They thought it was the blood of a white man.

I later dynamited the basin. No other tapirs were mired there after that. The natives still sound my praises as the slayer of Ygar, the moon-god. When I destroyed religious faith in him, I laid the foundations of faith in me—as man and merchant. I neglected to explain just how I slew the monster.

WHEN I had my headquarters store running at top speed, I returned to Georgetown with my fleet to recruit black men to pan and dig gold and diamonds for me. My Indians were good producers of balata and herbs, but I was out for greater treasure. The black men, descendants of slaves, would serve the purpose.

I imported between 5,000 and 6,000 Negroes to my trading posts in the northern jungles. I did not pay most of them salaries. I simply grubstaked them and they sold their rough diamonds and nuggets to me. My Chinese merchants officiated in the buying houses.

Finally one of my employees forced me to become a banker. He would not trade all of his gold and diamonds in my store. No, sir. He wanted cash, payable at Georgetown. I was forced to introduce a currency system.

I sent a canoe to the coast, and it came back laden with greenbacks—not British or American, but LaVarre's special variety. A bank in Georgetown agreed to accept them for cash so long as I had diamonds enough on deposit to cover them. LaVarre greenbacks, before many years, became good money to the merchants of Georgetown. Thrifty employees were thus enabled to send money home. But it was a trying experience for me at first, rushing diamonds down a river perilous with rapids to cover greenbacks issued to employees who were leaving me. Most of my cash was invested in my enterprise and I preferred to sell my own diamonds.

Now I have eight stores on dry knolls. My turnover is about one half million dollars a year when times are good. I have a large fleet of boats to take down the treasure and produce and bring back trade goods.

The killing of Ygar, the moon-god, established my reputation with the Indians—as a merchant. Another incident gave my Negroes confidence in me.

Two of my black miners paddled to one of my trading outposts one day with a small sack of nuggets to sell. The Chinese clerk on duty explained that he could not buy gold, that the buying job, which required expert knowledge, was delegated to his partner. The partner was out and would not return for two days. I had given him no authority to leave, but trade was slack and he assumed that customers would wait, a sorry assumption for any clerk to make. The Negro miners were impatient. They wanted food, clothing, and champagne.

"They are buying today at headquarters," said the Chinese. "It is two days away on the river."

The Negroes set out for headquarters, and were swamped in the rapids next day

and the sack of nuggets lost in the water. Two days later they arrived at my compound, tired, bedraggled, and penniless. Would I advance them a grubstake? I laughed and said: "I'll pay for your gold, anyhow. How much did you have?"

I was sorry for them, that's all. I had no intention of being a hero. But I became a hero, nevertheless. The word went out that I was a good man. I had bought gold that had been lost. I am still respected for what I did, and nobody has ever asked me to buy lost gold since. Primitives don't take advantage of goodness.

I do not want to give Mr. Green the impression that I make millions of dollars. While my turnover is great, my profits are comparatively small, and I reinvest much of the money I make in new and costly ventures. And depression comes to the jungle just as quickly as it comes to the corner grocery. When the sale of machinery diminished, the market for balata rubber, used in the manufacture of machine belts, declined rapidly. Now there is very little demand for balata. A chemical laboratory has just produced a cheap substitute. Depression comes to me, but it never comes to my customers. When they can't sell balata, they simply live.

NO—business is not always good. Not long ago I lost a lot of trade over a triviality. Every merchant has lost money through absurd and unreckonable events. I had just laid in a new supply of canned goods and meats to grubstake my blacks and provide the Indians, when several men ran excitedly into the compound, shouting, "Pigs! Pigs!"

One pig is not a fearsome beast, but a herd is as dangerous as stampeding cattle. Men and large animals go down under the fierce onrush and are gored and trampled to death in short order. I seized my automatic and ordered all hands to arm themselves. We wanted no marauding herd in our compound.

Together we crashed through the jungle to meet and stem the barbarian tide. No pigs were in sight. Then, suddenly, a cry went up from the rear, and I turned, to see men scrambling into trees like monkeys.

"Look out, boss," yelled my black boy.

The pigs had attacked our rear.

He bent his back for a footstool and I stepped up and grasped a limb, then reached a hand for him. We were none too quick. The herd swept beneath us with a drum of evil feet.

Death crackled from the trees as we opened up with automatic rifles. A fierce squealing went up. Porkers went kicking with every shot, but it seemed to make no difference. When one went down, another took its place. There were hundreds of them. From the other trees my men were firing rapidly.

When I got down to my last clip of cartridges, I noticed that the other fire was subsiding. Oh, ho! We were all running out of ammunition. That meant a night in the jungle treetops without mosquito netting or protection.

"Shoot de head man, boss," said my black boy. "Den dey all go 'way."

I thought he was suggesting a voodoo sacrifice.

"Dar he go," he cried, pointing to a huge boar with bristling hair and formidable, upturned tusks. "Kill 'im."

It was my last shot. I took careful aim

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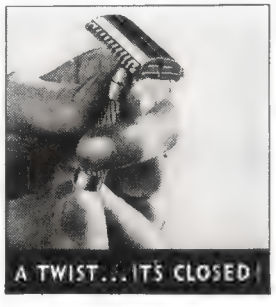

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and let go. The big fellow dropped without a twitch. There was a wild shriek from the herd when the leader fell, and they bolted, pell-mell.

For a moment I was relieved. And then I saw my black boy running toward the compound yelling, "Sweet meat! Come and git it."

In no time scores of customers were flocking into the jungle for fresh pork. There was enough on the ground to feed an army. I could have kicked myself. I had been a hero, but I had been a poor business man. Now I couldn't sell meat for a week—and a new supply just in! Such is business in the jungle.

But if business is bad in one place, it may be good in another. While my Chinese clerks run the stores, I set out to explore new jungles in search of new products for the market. I go to Brazil, Venezuela, and Dutch Guiana. When one of Mr. Green's lines of merchandise dies on the market he must find another—a new breakfast food, a new brand of peas, a different kind of bread. Only recently I lost a market for oofah sponges. The sponges are the pulpy core of a squashlike plant and are superior for bathing to sea sponges. I learned about them from Indians. But no sooner had I established a good market than the Japanese began to cultivate them. They sell them so cheaply that I cannot afford to export them from the jungle. Now I must find something to take their place.

I have the advantage of Mr. Green. If one of my stores fails, I need only to move. I haven't a lease. My buildings are made of jungle wood and covered with cheap tar paper. My business is almost as mobile as a pushcart peddler's.

Not Interested

(*Continued from page 60*)

flat by whatever she said, no matter how carefully she said it.

So Penny said, slowly and carefully, "Dusty eloped with Eric last night. I'm not going to be your sister-in-law."

Charlie's face stayed the way it had been. "Now I'll tell one," he said.

Penny tried again: "Charlie, she eloped with Eric last night. I'm not fooling." Abruptly her voice rose. She talked fast, faster: "She did. She left a letter, only I forgot it. She eloped with Eric."

"When?"

"Last night some time. She took her clothes and everything—even her new sports suit. She's married to him by now."

Charlie walked across the room and back. He smiled a grim semblance of a smile. "Thank you," he said. Then he laughed, a loud, mirthless laugh.

"Please!" said Penny.

Charlie halted, squinted at her. "Please?"

"Don't laugh."

"What do you want me to do—weep?"

"I don't want you to laugh that way," said Penny. "Do you think this is any fun for me, either?"

CHARLIE walked around his desk. Suddenly: "What did the letter say?"

"It didn't say much," said Penny. "It said that she didn't want to hurt you or anybody else but that she was running away with Eric. And it said she couldn't face you, and it said please be human and forgive her. That's all, I think." She cogitated, frowning. "And oh, yes—it said please somebody break the news to you."

"That was thoughtful of her," said Charlie expressionlessly.

"Well, didn't somebody have to tell you?" Penny inquired.

"Not necessarily," said Charlie, still expressionless. "I think I might have caught the general idea after a period of years."

Charlie now began stalking again, around and around his desk. Then all of a sudden, with no apparent motion at all, Charlie slid into his chair.

"Penny."

"Yes, Charlie?"

"You think she's going to be happy?"

"I—I do, Charlie. I know she is."

He contrived a smile again. "I think he's terrible," said Charlie.

"That's natural," Penny agreed. "I sort of think so, too. I mean, I never liked him awfully. I—"

"Snake in the grass!" Charlie grunted. "He took my girl away."

"But, Charlie," said Penny, "if he could take her away she wasn't your girl."

"*Touché!*" said Charlie. "That's French, Penny, in case you don't know. It's a graceful way of acknowledging you're kicked in the pants—and what of it!"

FOR a long time Charlie sat silent, looking straight ahead of him. Then he roused.

"Penny?"

"Yes, Charlie."

"Would you think I was being a bum sport if I told you I hunched it?"

"So did I," said Penny.

"Why did you?" demanded Charlie.

"Same reasons you did," said Penny.

"Thanks," said Charlie, shrugging. Then he added quickly, "I didn't mean that sarcastically, Pen. It's just—well, you seem to get things the same way I do. I—I hope she's going to be happy with that louse."

"He's not as bad as that," said Penny stoutly, defending Rhoda.

"I hope not," mused Charlie. "Poor Dusty! I ran her ragged according to the best traditions of super-salesmanship. Never take no! So I ran her ragged."

Penny said, smiling slightly, "What I think maybe you're trying to say, Charlie, is that you ran her ragged."

"Ragged? Right!" said Charlie with solemnity. "So ragged that finally she had to elope with another guy. That teaches me a lesson, all right. Never let a girl know you're interested in her."

Penny let that pass. Besides, it oc-

curred to her that Charlie very likely was right. Real love, happy love ought to be—well, spontaneous, the way it was in magazine stories and books and movies. It would just be—well, natural. It was funny, thought Penny, how Charlie always seemed to hit the nail on the head. Maybe he'd made a mistake in being crazy about Rhoda, but he certainly was seeing straight now. He was right, unquestionably. If you should get to be in love with somebody the only thing to do would be to act deadpan. Never give the slightest hint. Interested? Not for a minute!

Charlie said meditatively, "Take it from me, Pen, if you want to be happy never let a man know you give a whoop. By the way, how come you were elected to break the news?"

Penny started to tell him, caught herself. Naturally she couldn't tell him that. Instead, she said casually, "Oh, we sort of divided things up. Dad and George are taking care of the newspapers and all that. Mother's canceling things—you know."

"I can imagine," Charlie said dryly. "And you, Penny—you were elected to cancel me, the dirtiest job of all."

Penny stood up, shook herself. "Charlie," she said hotly, "you make me sick. Where—where is your self-respect?"

"Suppose you tell me," said Charlie, smiling crookedly. "Where is it?"

"Inside you," said Penny vehemently.

"Not to my knowledge," said Charlie.

Penny felt angry. "Fooey!" she shot at him. "Self-respect, my eye! Do you know what you ought to do?"

"Frankly, no," said Charlie. "Do you?"

"I certainly do," Penny said. "Get another girl. Prettier than Dusty. That girl outside. The one with Harlow hair. She'd make Dusty sit up! Anyway, she said she was crazy about you."

"Who did?"

"What's-her-name—oh, yes—Edna!"

Charlie said quietly, "Sit down, Penny, and catch your breath." Then he said, very slowly, "So you want me to make a play for Edna—is that it?"

"Don't make a play. Just—just let her know you're in circulation again."

"Why Edna?" inquired Charlie.

"Because she's a knockout to look at, and I think she's nice. I like her."

Charlie laughed quietly. Then, "I may take your advice," he said.

"I wish you would," said Penny. . . .

PENNY went down in the elevator. The street outside seemed noisy, full of hurrying people and jittery cars and trucks. She consulted her wrist watch, which told her that the hour was eleven-fifteen.

Well, she could walk up and down College Hill. On the way down College Hill, she finally knew that she had been a fool. What an absurd thing, what a ridiculous thing, what a stupid thing, to have told Charlie about Edna!

Penny looked at her wrist watch again. The time was five minutes before twelve. She hurried down Bridge Street and took her post on the far curb opposite the entrance of Charlie's building. Pretty soon Charlie would be coming out. Penny wouldn't let him see her, but it would be interesting to know if he came out alone or with the Edna girl. It would tell—well, something.

Penny knew by now, only too well! She was in love with Charlie. She had been in love with him—heavens, always! All her life. But nobody would ever know it, least of all Charlie, himself!

People came spurting out of Charlie's building: bustling men, hurrying girls. The minutes dragged—twelve-seventeen, twelve-eighteen, twelve-nineteen. Gosh, didn't Charlie ever get hungry?

The minutes dragged.

At one-thirty, almost to the tick, Charlie came stalking out. He was—no, he wasn't! He turned to say something over his shoulder, smiled genially, held out a hand to a girl who came bouncing through the swing door. The girl flung out toward him, laughing gayly. But it wasn't Edna. It was the black girl, Miss—Miss Dennis.

Penny froze.

She had to watch while the black girl tucked her hand into the crook of Charlie's elbow. She had to watch while Charlie bent down and smiled and said something that the black girl must have gone goofy over, because she swung in close to him and looked up at him that way.

Then Penny unfroze.

SHE darted across the street. She caught Charlie's arm.

"Charlie, I've been waiting! Dad—I mean, Dad wants to see you."

Charlie turned. He said, "Penny, this is Miss Dennis. Miss Dennis, Miss Parker."

"How do you do?" said Miss Dennis coldly.

"How do you do?" said Penny equally.

Charlie wheeled Penny down a side street. "Now, what?" he demanded.

"Charlie, I don't care. . . . I'm in love with you. I am. . . . I can't stand that woman. . . . I don't care."

Charlie marched Penny three blocks, down to the river, where trucks and steam shovels were making deafening noises. Charlie glowered.

"Since when?" he snapped.

"Since I went out of your office this morning, Charlie."

"Your father want to see me, really?"

"No, Charlie. I couldn't think of anything else. I've been waiting—waiting . . ."

"And you think you're in love with me?" asked Charlie sardonically.

"I know I am," stated Penny. "I always have been."

"Since two minutes ago? Is that it?"

"Charlie, you ought to know better. You make me sick."

"That's more familiar," said Charlie. "I'm getting back on my home grounds." He laughed, but this time it was a different laugh, happier. "When do you think I fell in love with you, funny-face?"

"It doesn't matter! Charlie, if you don't love me I'm going to die."

"I think I can prevent that," said Charlie. "Don't you want to know when I fell in love with you?"

"Stop being stupid," said Penny.

Charlie said slowly, "It was the night I proposed to Dusty, finally broke her down. You came in from the movies. You had on a blue dress—remember?"

"Did I?" said Penny.

"You certainly did. You came up and kissed me and said how glad you were. Penny, what are we going to do?"

"Does it matter much?" said Penny.

"Thank God, no!" said Charlie.

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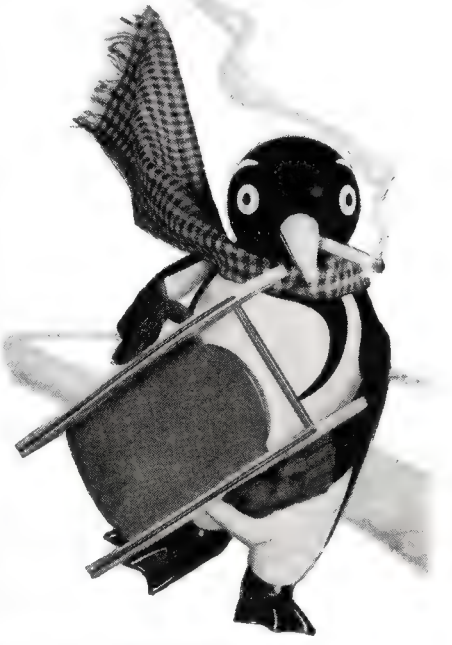

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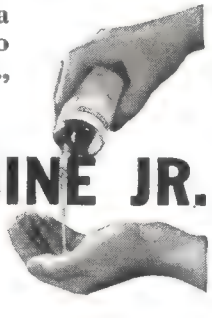

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Blessed Isle

(*Continued from page 34*)

when he had lifted a hand to Katafa. But it had turned out queerly. There the man had been with his back towards him, his face turned to wind as if he would drink it all. He could not have heard Axel, nor known the blow was coming, yet he moved so swiftly the big mate's hand had only brushed him. Not a blow sent with anger, but with the impartial impatience of a man intent on the accomplishment of certain work.

PERHAPS Katafa had known that too, for he was not angry. He was only smiling when he turned, as he always smiled, and it was incredible he should be so strong. He had merely touched Axel on the wrist, or so it seemed. But Axel had gone backwards as if a great blow had driven him. And he had fallen heavily into the scuppers and clawed up, astonished, sick, and immensely outraged, with a great tingling along his arm and a raw, red mark upon his wrist. Instinctively he reached for a belaying pin.

"That is enough," said Captain Ames reprovingly. "Such a thing to do. Have we sailed for fifty years to strike men who do not understand us?"

"Am I the mate of this ship?" Axel demanded. "Should a man knock me down?"

"You are a fool," chided Captain Ames. "And you will lose the topsails. I will have Katafa aft to steer."

And that was another wonder. Perhaps Katafa had steered ships before, and perhaps he had not, but his touch on the wheel was certain. Nor was it so much that he steered, it seemed, as that he threaded the Fair Lady across the seas and between the seas, so that combers which should have boarded and swept her fell harmless on either hand with a low and acquiescent murmuring. She seemed to live for him alone when he was at the wheel.

"The sea," Captain Ames would say mysteriously, watching him at such times. "He knows the sea. The sea knows him. And somewhere I have heard such talk as he makes. It is a great wonder. But I am very old and I have seen strange things in the islands."

Then Axel, the big mate, would jeer.

"How you talk, old man. He is mad, that is all. Not even the sharks would have him."

But deep down he would be afraid, remembering many things.

"Eh, what do you know?" Captain Ames would answer. "I have seen natives with a compass in their brain. Homing like a pigeon. Five hundred, a thousand miles away from their own atolls. It does not matter. Straight home. And nothing to guide them." He would drop to a whisper then. "Nothing."

"He is only mad, that Katafa," Axel would insist, and Captain Ames would shake his solemn head and peer wide-eyed at his big mate, and at Katafa, and at the sea and at the sky above the sea.

"Not so, Axel. He is my luck."

And so time ran. . . .

There was a wind one day that shouted and sang beneath a clear blue sky. There were hard clouds within the blue, and so very white the eyes grew tired. The sea ran purple and tall, and the foam dazzled along the crests; and the Fair Lady soared and dipped and raced before the strength of the trade. And Axel, the big mate, came to Captain Ames.

"You must come," said Axel very quickly. "I think perhaps my eyes are not speaking truth."

"What now?" said Captain Ames. "Have we sailed fifty years to take the deck on a clear day and a clear sea ahead?"

"Katafa," said Axel, wide-eyed. "It is all a new madness, but you must come."

So Captain Ames went up on deck. There by the port railing of the poop was Katafa. And about his head and about his shoulders and above his outstretched hands, little dusky birds fluttered and flew and made sharp mewings.

"Such a thing," said Captain Ames, shocked, "I have never seen."

"Such a thing," echoed Axel, the big mate, and he thought that he dreamed. For shyest of birds are the little stormy petrels, the chickens of Mother Carey that skim and glide above the wake. Nor may a hand be laid upon them, nor any eye see them save across the long rolls that follow the craft. But Katafa was holding galley crumbs to them and making the soft noises in his throat, and they were about him, feeding from him, and answering with their little mewing cries.

"I have heard tales in the homeland," muttered Axel, uneasy. "But this is more than madness. We must nail a shark's fin to the mainmast or else we have no luck."

And then Katafa turned and smiled, and waved his hands; the little petrels made away in haste and dropped above the wake again. So that passed.

"There will be no shark's fin," said Captain Ames. "Katafa is my luck."

And the Fair Lady prospered. . . .

NEARLY a year was gone now, a year and a day since the time the longboat had drawn the swimmer from the circling sharks. And a sadness had come upon Captain Ames; for there was a new slowness to his walk, and little mists appeared more and more frequently before his eyes. The years weighed heavy now and there were times when he forgot, even forgot he was on board the Fair Lady. Remembering other ships and other days. When he had been young.

"It is time to die," he said at last. "Have we sailed for fifty years not to know? It is time to die."

And he considered the matter with long noddings of his solemn white head, like a man who surveys all that has been and finds it good. And he thought it would be better to pass at sea, to go down in the clean water, with the old winds above him and the cool, green weed fashioning a shroud.

"You are my luck," he told Katafa. "It is good for a man to have luck at the last. Speak to the sea, Katafa. I am very tired."

And Katafa nodded and smiled, and made soft noises in his throat. And there were strange lights in his brown eyes, and he moved his slender hands as in benediction. And he looked long across the sea.

"Eh, he talks," said Captain Ames, perplexed. "And where have I heard such talk?"

"You are a sick man," chided Axel, the big mate. "For why should you ask Katafa to speak with the sea? I think it is no longer good you keep a watch."

"Peace," said Captain Ames gently. "I come to my own end."

"It is all one madness," groaned Axel, but he was very tender, and brought a chair on deck so the simple old man could rest and watch Katafa near the rail. . . .

THERE came then a dawn when the small mists of the night did not pass with the sun. They rested upon the smooth gray water, and they grew big. So that at last the world was filled with a great whiteness that blinded all men. And the Fair Lady moved before a little wind that barely swelled her canvas.

"It is our luck the sea is open before us," said Axel, the big mate. "But I have never known a fog to come to these waters."

"I have seen many things," agreed Captain Ames. "But no fog like this."

It was true the little bark was as if lost, moving all silent and timid through a whiteness so great no man could view his neighbor. So for all that day the ship moved forward until the evening came. And the wind ceased altogether. But the ship did not stop.

"For why should we move?" wondered Axel at last. "The wind has gone."

"There is a current," chided Captain Ames.

But Axel shook his head and was afraid.

"There is no current here. No current and no land for two days' sailing." He looked at Katafa, coming close to him in the whiteness. "Did you find the current, Katafa? Is it another madness?"

"Let be," said Captain Ames. "He is my luck."

And Katafa nodded and smiled and made quick movements with his hands. Captain Ames and the big mate stared at him. He made soft noises then, and plucked at Axel's sleeve, and drew him forward along the deck out of Captain Ames' sight.

"He wants us to anchor," said Axel, mystified, when he returned. "Do we drop a hundred fathoms into a bottomless sea?"

"Make a sounding," said Captain Ames. "There must be bottom."

"Then the charts lie," insisted Axel.

But because he remembered many things, and because Katafa would not rest, he dropped a line overside; and the line checked, and the heavy lead at the end came to a stop near thirty fathoms down.

"Such a voyage," muttered the astonished mate. "Thirty fathoms where there is no bottom. What now, old man?"

"The fog clears," said Captain Ames. "We must anchor and wait."

"And the sun must be setting," said Axel. "We will not move until the dawn."

So he went to the fo'c's'le-head of the Fair Lady, and he dropped the anchor; the fog turned to thinning mist, and wavered and cleared. Then they saw the sun blood-red on the edge of the flat sea. There was a fragrance in the air and a warmness, and the faint noise of silver bells. And there before the Fair Lady rested an island, green with palms, and with white sands circling the hills of it.

"But there is no land," whispered Axel. "There is no land for two days."

"I cannot see clear," said Captain Ames, standing by the rail. "Yet it comes to me. Have we sailed for fifty years to find it at last? The Blessed Isle? So a sailor rests."

"It is all another madness," muttered Axel. "I do not understand."

"I will take the little boat," said Captain Ames tranquilly. "And Katafa shall come too."

"It is growing dark," said Axel. "No time for new islands. Let be until morning. You are very sick."

"It is time," insisted Captain Ames, and he smiled very gently and motioned with his great veined hands. "The Blessed Isle. It is full time."

So they lowered the little boat, and Captain Ames stepped into it; and Katafa went along, smiling and nodding as always. And they pulled toward the island and into the dying sun. And Axel muttered strange Norse oaths.

"He is very old," he groaned. "He is very sick. I should not have let him go. Yet Katafa is his luck, and what should a mate do? The Blessed Isle. Such talk."

But Captain Ames had no thought for Axel any more. Nor for the Fair Lady. A great peace was upon him, an infinite weariness; and he was going home. The sun went beneath the sea, and darkness fell as the little boat came to the island. Then Katafa rose and laid quiet hands upon his companion's shoulders. And he nodded and smiled in the night, while the strange, soft noises came from him as of old. And clear it was to Captain Ames at last where before he had heard such speech. For there was a murmuring of the water along the sand and a sighing of tiny breezes along the surf, and from all the deep about there came a whispering. And there was no sureness where Katafa ended and the ancient sea began. . . .

"NOTHING. Nothing. Nothing," whispered Axel, the big mate. He looked across the new dawn, and his eyes were wide and a great wonder ran along his voice. "Nothing. Nothing. Nothing. Should fifty fathom of chain hang free when we anchor fast in thirty? Should we pull clear and drift so far in the dark?"

For the sea was clean and empty. And there was no island. And there was no little boat. There were only the blue waters, and the riffles of new wind across them, and tiny caps of white where the riffles checked and fell.

"It is all a madness," Axel whispered, the sickness of fear upon him. "Better to have left Katafa in the sea. So I said." He looked across the dawn again, this way and that way, and at the young sky and at the empty waters. And he remembered the tales of the old men in the homeland, and he shook his head.

"We will nail a shark's fin to the mainmast," he said. "And we will go from this place. I do not understand."

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By A MOTHER

who regained her health and brought up a prize winning baby

From Mrs. G. J. Harrington, 6958 Paxton Avenue, Chicago, Illinois, comes the letter below. It was written, says Mrs. Harrington, in the hope that "it may help other worried and busy mothers."

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The mystery of Galleon Key

(*Continued from page 15*)

clouds, went and looked at the barometer, and realized that this weather would not hold. We might have to put back before evening. But I wanted to be well out to sea before I showed myself to Diana.

Graham turned the wheel over to her and came down after half an hour. He picked up the bait, and gave me one of his fling-eyed stares. You could never tell by his eyes whether he was amused or angry. He said, "Your girl's here."

I looked at Graham. "Look," I said; "it was decent of you to defend me last night. I don't want to make any trouble for you, but I'm going to see Diana."

"Good." He stared at me for another moment. "I haven't the slightest objection to seeing Douglas Lee take a fall for once in his life."

I asked him about the rest of the party. "Antonio Morelli's a smart man," he said. "Criminal lawyer. Been talking about his cases to Melville."

"Melville!"

"Of course. You know Dan Melville."

I did know him. He'd been a friend of Lee's since their early childhood in Salem. He and Lee had been in a good many business deals together. I knew vaguely that both of them had been in love with Beatrice, and that when she became Mrs. Lee, and not Mrs. Melville, even that had failed to break the friendship. More than that, Melville had interceded for me and my suit of Diana, and, after Lee had fired me, he had offered me a job.

I was glad he was aboard the Neptune. My fortunes were turning.

Graham, still answering my question about the party, said, "Mrs. Morelli is about forty-five, but a handsome woman." Then he went back on deck.

I LOOKED over the two motors. I heard the reels click as they were tested and lines were let out. I heard the pandemonium as Melville, sitting in the starboard chair, hooked a good 'cuda and brought it in.

After that I began to be pressed for patience. When Diana yelled, "I've got one!" I went up.

Di's legs were propped stiffly against the stern. Her short gold-brown hair was whipping in the wind. Her rod was bent and line was running out against a hard drag. She looked like the ancient huntress, herself, at that moment.

Melville saw me and was startled. Then he began to grin.

Mrs. Morelli was reeling in from the other chair. Her husband stood beside her—a queer bird even at a quick glance. Short, plump, bald, dressed like a fashion magazine's idea of the deep-sea fisherman, he looked at the same time comical and dangerous, foppish and clever.

Diana suddenly said, "There!" Line stopped screaming from the reel. She began to "pump" in her fish.

Then she caught sight of me.

She slowly let go of her rod. Melville jumped with extraordinary speed and caught it. She said, "Jim."

My wait was over. I'd had months of it. Waiting and trouble.

We kissed each other without reservation, consideration of time, or feeling for our audience. Then I whispered, "Let's go below and talk it over," and we went.

I suppose that the pursuit of a rich girl, whose father has detectives chase you, and your past inspected, and your mail read, is funny. I didn't care whether Di had ten million or a dime.

We sat together on a bunk and planned how to swing an elopement this time that wouldn't fail.

WE MAY have talked for two hours. Or one hour. I don't know. I do know, however, that no one bothered us—which was considerate. Melville explained the situation to the Morellis. Morelli wanted to interfere on Lee's behalf, but Melville wouldn't let him.

Morelli didn't know Lee at all. He had come to the camp because Mrs. Morelli, who had been an old and good friend of Lee's in his college days, had met Mrs. Lee at a party. That encounter had led to the Florida invitation.

They fished, and gossiped about us.

We were about ready to come out on deck when I heard Graham yell, "Jim!"

There was a note in his voice—the note which makes you realize at once that something is seriously wrong.

I shot up the companionway.

A couple of hundred feet off the starboard bow was a buoy.

Everyone was looking toward it.

I saw it a second later—somebody in the water. Floating. Dead, I realized.

"Get a line around it, Jim," Graham said, "and haul it aboard up forward."

"I'll give you a hand," Melville said.

We went up. I tied a running bowline in a manila rope and, as Graham warped up to the body, I made a couple of throws. It was a man, and I caught the feet on my second toss. Melville, looking pale, pulled with me. The body came up a bit, but it didn't come clear. We hadn't looked at it attentively. Now we did.

There was a rope leading from the body to the buoy. We came in between the body and the buoy and cut that rope. Melville and I knew what had happened.

There was a harpoon in the corpse, and the rope from the harpoon had fouled the chain of the buoy. The whole thing was horrible.

We got the body aboard, then. I turned him over.

It was Douglas Lee—Diana's father.

I think we dried ourselves on a piece of canvas and lighted cigarettes.

I said, "He must have been killed late last night. I saw him myself after twelve."

Melville looked at me then in a curious way. "So you did," he muttered. "I heard Doug swearing at you."

I said, "Listen, Melville. That sounds as if you thought I did this. I didn't; see!"

He said, "Will you tell the others?"

"I'll tell Diana."

I told her—down in the cabin. She looked at me for a long time and said, "Did you do it, Jim?"

I shook her. She cried.

Then, afterward, she said, "Poor Dad! I never really loved him—but—dying like that—"

I said that it must have been quick. The harpoon had been driven through his heart and out between his shoulder blades.

"I think I'll ask Dan Melville to tell Mother," she said.

We went up on deck.

I WAS introduced to Morelli and his wife. I'd already noticed his odd characteristics—his foppishness and the sharp look of his eyes. Mrs. Morelli was middle-aged, but she still had raven-black hair and clear skin. Her mouth was large, and expressive of many desires. She looked not only handsome, but strong and passionate and hard to get along with.

Morelli said, "We're putting back to Galleon Key, of course. I was on the point of sending for you."

He cleared his throat and turned toward me: "You quarreled with Lee late last night?"

"Yes."

"What time."

"I don't know."

"You hated him?"

"No."

"Then why did you quarrel?"

"You know damn' well why. Melville's been telling you."

He nodded. "If Lee had come back on that dock later, it would have been easy to kill him. There were harpoons there."

"I went to my room right after the quarrel."

"Can you prove you stayed there? Can you prove you didn't kill him and throw him into the sea?"

I answered, "Mr. Morelli, I'll talk to the police, but why should I talk to you?"

Graham turned toward us and held the wheel with one hand. "I'd like to ask this, Mr. Morelli: Before we get up any theories of who did it—how did the body get out on that buoy?"

"Tide," Morelli snapped. "Current."

Graham's narrow, Yankee eyes fixed on the New York lawyer. "If you draw an imaginary line from that buoy to the cove on the key where, presumably, the thing happened, you'll find this: The current runs at right angles to that line. The tide was coming in from midnight till after dawn—in the opposite direction from that in which the body moved."

Morelli's wife then murmured, "Somebody must have taken the body out in a boat to deep water."

Graham was still staring. "No. We have three fishing boats, one rowboat, and two outboards at the camp. We all know the big boats were in. There wasn't any gas in the outboards. And I had part of the bottom open on the rowboat. I was fixing it."

"Well, then, what's the explanation?" Morelli asked.

Graham replied solemnly, "As far as I can see, it was simply impossible for the body to get out there."

Mrs. Morelli said, "A swimmer?"

"Nobody swam that body out—in these waters. Too many barracudas."

The sky was overcast when we reached the key. After Graham cut the motors, you could hear people laughing in the camp.

I made the boat fast.

We all stepped on dock.

Melville took Diana's arm and said, "I'll take Miss Lee to her mother." To her he added, "Let me break the news."

Morelli and his wife stood by. He began to give Graham instructions about what to do. "Leave the body where it is. It shouldn't be touched. Then—arrange to notify the Dorothy and the Marlin."

Graham replied, "I'm going to send the body up to camp. There's a room behind the office in the dining-hall building where it can be put. It won't be necessary to send for the other boats."

"Why not?"

Graham pointed toward the horizon. It looked black out there. "They'll put in—fast."

I went up to the camp and got some of the help. We improvised a stretcher, and moved the body. We didn't touch the harpoon.

I was on my way back to the boat when I saw Diana come out of the dormitory. She seemed frantic.

"Mother's gone," she said.

"Gone? Maybe she's out on one of the other boats."

"She's not, though. Mr. Blantz says she isn't. He thought she was sleeping."

Blantz was the camp manager. At that moment he ran out from the office and hailed us: "I've got the master keys."

We followed him. The dormitory was a one-story building with a long porch. Inside was a hall which ran its length, and off the hall were numbered bedrooms. Morelli was in the hall, and so were several other guests. They were in a state of chattering excitement.

"We knocked, and Mother didn't answer," Diana said. "She's not in there"—her face lost color—"or else—!"

Blantz opened the door. Diana and I went in first.

BEATRICE LEE wasn't there. Her bed hadn't been used, but a satin nightdress lay across it. Her suitcases were open and the fittings of a week-end bag were laid out on the vanity. All the rooms had French doors which gave on a path behind the building. The doors here were open.

Diana said, "Oh, no!"

Morelli pushed in. "Went out those doors, eh?" He grabbed Diana's shoulder. "When did your mother go to bed?"

It made me mad. "Get out," I said.

He ignored me.

"Look," I went on loudly. "This girl's shot to pieces. Let her alone. You have no authority—"

"I'm a criminal lawyer," he said. "I consider myself in charge."

A lot of people were gaping at the door. Morelli shook Diana hard and said, "Your mother! When did she go to bed?"

Diana was crying.

Morelli tried another: "Your mother's been fishing for years. She can throw a harpoon, can't she? And hasn't she had trouble with your father?"

Maybe he thought that star-chamber

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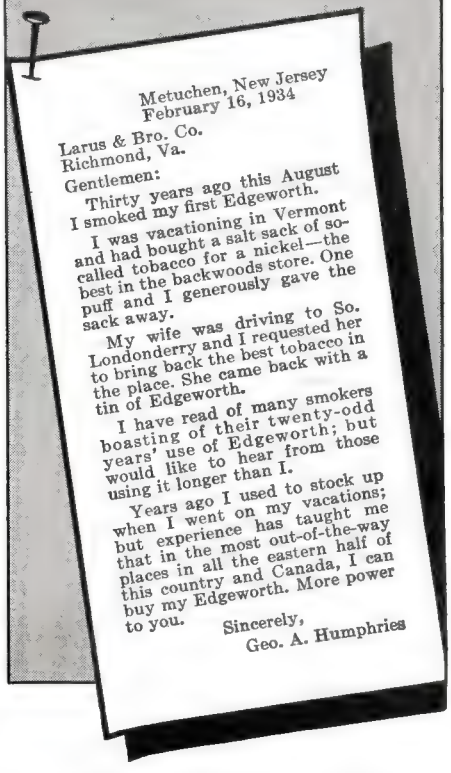

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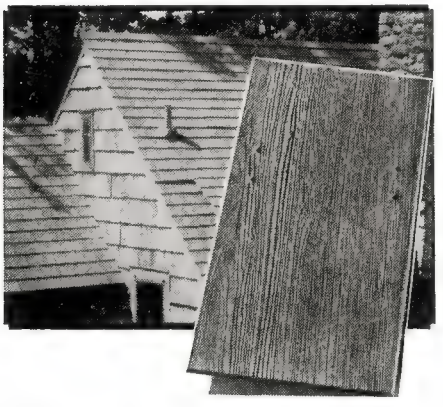

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stuff would work on a person under strain. Maybe he believed that Diana would spill something through fright and hysteria. I didn't stop to reason. I was tired of Mr. Morelli.

I smacked him.

I weigh a hundred and seventy-six. I once had the intercollegiate record for the javelin throw. I'm tough.

Morelli went out like a light.

I picked him up, pushed back the people who were crowding in and starting to get sore, handed Morelli to them, slammed the door, and locked it.

Diana was terrified. "Why did you do that?"

"My nerves are lousy this morning," I said. "And, besides, I hate that guy."

"What shall we do?"

"Nothing. The idea that your mother might have done that to your father made me boil. And shooting it at you—I wish I'd hit him harder."

People were banging on the door.

I TOOK Diana through the French window. We followed the path down toward the dock, behind the buildings. I was beginning to wish I hadn't socked Morelli. I wanted to cool off before I faced everybody again.

You can't see the cove from the buildings. A fringe of hibiscus and about six tall palms—the only big ones on the island—growing at the water's edge, cut off the view. We pushed into the shrubbery. Diana picked up something that had been lying just off the path: three gardenias tied into a corsage with cellophane ribbon.

"They were Mother's," she whispered.

She handed them to me. There was a brownish blot on the ribbon. Old blood.

She was in that glassy state which makes possible thinking and saying and doing anything. She gazed at me. "Then Mother was here last night. And she got blood on her corsage. She must have had something to do with—it."

"We'll hide this," I said, "till the cops come. I wouldn't want Morelli to get it."

We put the corsage in a cranny under the shore end of the pier.

Then we saw that the Neptune had put out again.

"Graham's gone," Di whispered. There was relief in her voice: "*He* did it! Father ruined him and then pensioned him off with this job. He probably accepted it so that some day he'd have a chance to take his revenge."

I hadn't thought of that. You simply don't think of people you know as murderers. Particularly as brutal murderers.

We just stood on the dock for a while. Then the wind hit Galleon Key. It blew hard and abruptly. The day grew dark.

With the wind, the Dorothy came in.

A woman passenger hailed us: "Hello, Diana! Isn't it beastly? Driven in so early in the day!"

I called Pepper up from his boat when it was moored. The others were crowded around Diana. We'd already seen that her mother wasn't aboard the Dorothy.

Pepper was a small, scrawny man with no chin and an accent so broad that you had to spend time on the keys before you could get half of what he said. A native. "Conches," they were called, an unbred, parlous bunch of people whose blood was that of the pirates and convicts who escaped to Florida when it was Spanish.

"Somebody murdered Lee last night," I said in a low tone.

Pepper was holding a boat hook. It dropped. "Can't be!"

I told him how.

"Body out on that whistler," he said slowly. "Funny." He jumped back on his boat and got up the fish. I followed.

"What do you make of it?"

He ignored me. He threw the fish up on the dock and then said, "Where's Graham?"

"Gone out again."

"What for?"

"Don't know."

Pepper screwed up his eyes. "He done it, eh? Well—can't blame him. Lee was a hard man. Too hard a man."

"What makes you think that?" I asked.

He peered at me for a long time, a crusty, antagonistic expression on his face. "Nothing—only except what he done to Graham. Smashed him. And bought him off with a boat and a job."

I had an idea, but I didn't want to get onto that eternally hostile ground which exists between "natives" and urban people. Diana had left the dock. Pepper's one-man crew—Tate—was fumbling around on the foredeck. The horny "conch" decided to go ashore and listen in on the gossip. That suited me.

I shoved forward and sat on an anchor looking at Tate. He didn't yet know about the murder.

"What's Pepper got against Lee?" I said.

The young bird, a seedy but less bleached copy of the older one, did his pull-up too fast. "Nothing."

"Meaning plenty." I shrugged. "I know about it, anyway. And I have been getting to understand you guys. You're right. Rich men from the North haven't any right coming down here and breaking into your affairs."

"They're a bunch of bums and racketeers, themselves," Tate muttered.

That wasn't definite. I said, "I've had trouble enough with Lee myself—"

"Yeah?"

I reeled off a song and dance about my happy but interrupted love affair.

"Just like him," said Tate. He scrubbed his oyster-colored hair with a knobby hand, and went into one of his native silences. Close-mouthed people.

I MOVED up on the dock, thinking that Lee might have been killed there. Things were in their usual order. Harpoons in the rack—I counted them—six; but I didn't know whether there had been seven or not. I was ready to bet there wasn't a man who knew how many there had been.

I stuck around.

When the Marlin came in, Beatrice wasn't aboard. I took aside the Marlin's captain—Brothers—and told him.

Brothers was calm about it.

He was an unusual man, one who had educated himself. He had fished professionally, so to speak, off the Grand Banks for twenty years, moved to Long Island when he quit, and taken up the winter charter-boat business in 1929 when his savings were washed out. He was about sixty now. Tall, well built, silent, an excellent man to fish with.

"A lot of people were down here last night with Lee," I said.

"Only place to go—outdoors—at night."

I speculated out loud on the possible motives for killing Lee.

Brothers surprised me. "Motives?" he said. "Scores of people must have had what would pass as motives." He sat down in the stern of his boat and I sat beside him. "You had a motive," he said, smiling at me. "A powerful one. Pepper had that sour, native, hate-nourishing disposition—and he at least resented Lee. Graham had a fine motive. Dan Melville might have had. Remember—he loved Beatrice and lost her. That's common knowledge. Men sometimes harbor things like that for years—and then blow up. Lee told me last night that he used to be crazy about that Mrs. Morelli—twenty-five years ago. Hadn't seen her in more than twenty years. Now, that might conceivably give Mrs. Lee the motive of jealousy—or Mr. Morelli the same motive—or Mrs. Morelli might have carried the long grudge."

I shrugged. "If you draw things that fine," I said, "you can suspect everybody. I've got to go up now. I don't want Di left alone."

LEE'S guests were all in the lounge. It was my first good look at them. Most of them were middle-aged. All of them were wealthy, and if they didn't have the patrician elegance of European nobility, they had what corresponds to it in the American elect of the rich: snootiness, vigor, health, and any amount of self-confidence. Even a murder and a disappearance hadn't materially diminished that. There were a couple of fine-looking girls and two or three youngish men. Sons.

Morelli was holding court again—Morelli with a first-degree shiner.

I saw Diana with Melville. A fire had been built in the room and occasionally the rising wind outside whooped it out from under a copper hood.

The lawyer stopped when I came in. "There," he said, "is the man who interfered with me."

I grinned.

Morelli went on with his cross-questioning. As I remember it, he established that Mrs. Lee had been last seen at about twelve, on her way to her room. Mr. Lee had gone down to the dock at least six times on various errands. Eleven other people had been alone or alone with Lee on the dock, and none of them could definitely state the time. The lawyer got nowhere—as I had expected. I must say for him, however, that he handled the whole affair in a competent manner.

When he finished proving that you couldn't prove who killed Lee by checking the time element, he said, "I now suggest that we search the island for Mrs. Lee."

A lot of people protested. They didn't want to go out in that storm and get wet.

A few volunteered.

I was among them. Morelli asked me some questions, then, and added me to the list of people who had been with Lee. He brought out my private war with the old man, too.

I suggested, maliciously, that when we had looked for Mrs. Lee, we might look for the Neptune and Captain Graham. Diana hadn't said anything at that time about the missing boat. Morelli hadn't heard of it. Now he became angry—angry, I suppose, because it complicated his case. It was all very muddled.

More so, when, before we went out in the rain to look over the island, he asked me, "When are the police to arrive?"

I said, "What?" Just—"What?"

He shouted, "You don't mean to tell me you haven't sent for them yet?"

I shook my head. "I presumed you would. You were taking charge."

He swore. "I told you to phone."

He hadn't. And the emphasis with which he said it made me wonder. "Did you tell anyone else that I had called the cops?" I asked.

"Certainly. I told everybody."

That was a hot one. If Morelli had wanted to gain an hour on the police, he'd done it neatly. And if he'd just been confused, he had been badly confused. But I'd done the same thing. I'd taken it for granted that the police were on their way—from Key West, or Miami, or both.

Morelli now charged to the phone extension in the room and clicked it. He put it back on a little tabouret slowly. "Dead."

Blantz apologized: "I'm sorry. But the phone here often goes dead in storms."

"You take a car and drive to the nearest phone that's working," Morelli ordered.

Blantz went out. It was hard work closing the door after him against the wind. The room was growing very dark. The lights were switched on.

Then Graham came in.

A good, dramatic entrance. He was half naked, soaked, and he had a rope in his hand which he threw on the floor.

Morelli rushed up to him. "Where have you been, Graham?"

"I ran my boat back to that buoy."

"Why?"

"To get that rope."

"What rope?"

Graham said, "I'm sorry to appear half dressed. But I knew you'd all be wondering about me." He strode to the fire. He was shivering. "I wanted to know how the rope from the harpoon in Douglas Lee's body had become fastened to the buoy. I had to hurry, because it was getting rough."

"And how was it fastened?"

"I moored my boat to the buoy," Graham continued, in his customarily dry voice, "and dived down."

I WASN'T the only one who shuddered. He had nerve.

"Well?" said Morelli.

"The rope Martin had cut to free the body was still there. About four feet under water. Wound three times around the buoy chain. The cut end—and the other end—which you can see was broken—were standing out fairly straight in the current."

There was a silence.

"And what do you make of that?" Morelli asked.

Graham shrugged. "I can't understand it. There aren't any eddies around the buoy. Current's straight, and strong. Couldn't have wound up the rope." He looked at everybody. "To my way of thinking, it's the damn'dest thing I've ever seen in my life. An impossible thing. Contrary to fact, contrary to sense. If you don't mind, I'll change."

Morelli stopped him for a moment and asked more questions. Graham readily admitted that he had been smashed in business by Lee a few months before, and that he had not seen Lee in the interven-

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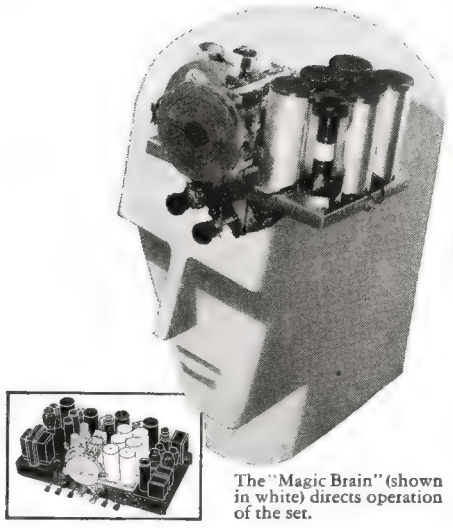

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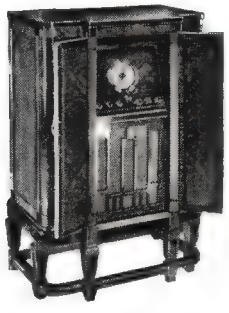

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ing months. He was also the twelfth person who had been alone on the dock with Lee, "late last night—I can't say when."

Then he departed.

We went out to hunt for Mrs. Lee. Morelli had sent three men to watch at the bridge, to keep anybody from leaving the island. I took the northeast shore.

The rain was by that time a diagonal, blinding, suffocating torrent. The wind was a full gale

It was rough country—coral rock, palmetto, creepers, and thorns. I pushed along gingerly. The wind kept throwing me off balance.

I found out why the telephone wouldn't work. A fair-sized tree at the water's edge had fallen and brought down the wire. I looked at the broken ends, and the break appeared to be natural and not a cut.

AFTER about twenty minutes I reached the bridge. There were several people and two cars on it—the men Morelli had sent and Blantz, among others.

I hailed them. "Can't get across!" they shouted in my ear.

It was a long, plank bridge. The wind had taken hold under a span somewhere in its middle and ripped up about thirty feet of plank. The denuded stringers had been collapsed by wind and wave.

"Might throw a rope over and send a man on foot," I yelled.

"In that wind!" Blantz, rain-streaked and worried, motioned the cars to turn back. "We may be here for days!" he howled. "Nobody on the mainland knows about the murder. Boats can't make it."

I went on.

We were marooned.

I began to think about Beatrice Lee. She had been on the dock path—and dropped her gardenias. There was blood on them—consequently, it was at least logical to infer that she had been close to her murdered husband. Had she done it? I couldn't think so. She was too fine a person. And she couldn't have thrown a harpoon that hard.

Had she seen it done—and fled because she was hysterical, or because she hadn't wanted to give away the murderer? Was she secretly in love with Melville, for example?

I did a little unconscious reconstructing: Beatrice in love with Melville all those years. Lee finding it out; accusing Melville on the dock, where he had gone to have some sport harpooning a shark; Melville, holding the harpoon, losing his temper, and throwing it. Beatrice an accidental witness—rushing in terror over the bridge and out of our ken. Well? How had Melville then arranged to have the body magically wafted miles out to sea and anchored to a buoy?

That was the tough part.

Then I saw Mrs. Morelli. She had been one of the volunteer searchers. She was standing now, a hundred yards away, on a high coral rock. The sea roared on three sides of her. She swayed in the heavy wind and with difficulty turned to see, apparently, if there was anyone watching.

I thought that she was going to commit suicide by jumping into the sea.

I yelled, and started toward her.

She didn't hear me, and she didn't see me. The rain was driving from my angle. She took something from her dress and flung it as far as she could into the water. Then she lost her balance. She teetered for a split second, whirling her arms.

Then she gave a tremendous leap. It took her over the water and she came up, like a trapeze acrobat, with the limb of a tough scrub tree in both hands. Her feet raced around. She scrambled from the little tree to safety—and that was that.

I was stumbling toward her. I had thoughts—lots of them. What she threw was white and it seemed to sink at once. Her jump had been spectacular, but unimaginably horrid, because I had involuntarily thought that a woman with so much power and energy could easily drive a harpoon through a man.

I scared her, because she didn't see me until I was almost touching her. We had to yell to converse at all.

"What did you throw in there?" I yelled.

"Nothing!"

"I saw you."

"I threw nothing. I merely flung my arms to keep my balance. I almost fell."

That was no lie. "Why did you climb up on that rock?"

"I was looking for Beatrice."

"In the ocean?"

She didn't answer that.

I left her and carried on alone around the edge of the island. I didn't see anything of Beatrice Lee or any tracks of a woman's feet anywhere between the camp and the bridge.

I was about the last to come back to camp. People were changing. Food was being carried from the kitchen to the lounge in big containers. I went in. Diana wasn't there—still looking for her mother. I'd wanted to go with her, but Morelli had insisted on each person's taking a beat of his or her own.

They had in the lounge a personnel list of everyone on the island, and they checked me in as I appeared.

The people were low. It was a cinch that they'd spend at least twenty-four hours in this isolation, with a corpse in one building, with Beatrice Lee missing, with a murderer in their midst.

I ate.

DIANA came in finally. "Mother must have crossed the bridge last night," she said. "Oh, Jimmie, she certainly knew something or did something—but—"

I got Di into a corner in the game-room and talked to her for a while. I kissed her a couple of times. She was holding herself together in a way that made me proud.

I had changed when Morelli started his show again. The island had been pretty well covered, considering the weather, and nobody had a thing to report.

Morelli got me on the carpet. "I've been going through your rooms," he said.

I thanked him.

"I found something of interest."

Everybody listened. The Italian addressed the crowd: "Mr. Martin is a champion javelin thrower. He has medals for it. A javelin thrower, my friends, could also throw a harpoon—"

I cut in on him: "So I could. So could half the men here. As a matter of fact, I'm good with a harpoon. Lee was. Melville is. Graham is. And Pepper and Brothers. Blantz harpooned a big shark a week ago."

Morelli considered. He took the men in turn. "True, Melville?"

"Certainly."

"Graham?"

"Of course."

"Pepper—naturally, you—being a native—"

Pepper stood up. "That's right. But, as a matter of fact I couldn't of done it yesterday."

"Why not?"

"I'm cramped up with arthritis. Get nearly paralyzed by it. Had to have my boy—Tate—do everything today."

Morelli was immediately assured by people who had gone out on the Dorothy that such was the case. And Brothers stood up.

"Last night," he said, "and the night before, I rubbed Pepper's back and arms with snake oil. He was in bad shape. But there are plenty of us who can throw a harpoon—and I'm one. In fact, I'm reasonably celebrated in these waters and around Montauk for my accuracy. I never tried it on a man, though."

THERE, again, we were getting nowhere. I gave a hard stare at Mrs. Morelli, who'd put on a tailored suit and dried her hair. I said, "I think that most men—and even a strong woman—your wife, for example—could have thrown that thing."

Morelli whirled around. "That's an insinuation I won't stand for, Martin."

So I spilled the anecdote of Mrs. Morelli and the white package hurled into the water.

Morelli was wild. He stamped up to his wife and said in a loud, sarcastic, courtroom voice, "Well, my dear?"

She got to her feet and put down a plate of lunch. She was calm and sure of herself.

She made a speech—a honey. "Mr. Martin," she began, "has evidently resented my husband's actions concerning Douglas Lee's murder from the very first. My husband has a black eye in token of that resentment. It is true that I went as far as the north end of the island. It is true that Mr. Martin and I met there. But I did not go out on the rock. It was I who spotted him on the rock. And it was he who threw something into the water. The visibility was poor, but I am reasonably sure that what he threw away was a revolver. I saw the glint of metal. It sank at once. I'm a little bit flabbergasted at the twist he has given the incident. He begged me not to mention it. When I refused, he was very angry. I was frightened. I ran. I'm a good runner—I've done a lot of mountain climbing. I managed to lose him."

For one second I was insane with rage. Then I thought I'd better calm down. Morelli, vastly relieved, was regarding me: "What have you to say?"

I shrugged. "It's her word against mine. I say your wife is as cool a liar as I've ever heard of. I can't prove my story. She can't prove hers. You won't be able to show I had a gun, because I never owned one in my life. And, another thing: You have just made an issue of the fact that I was a javelin thrower. I was also a half-miler. Mrs. Morelli may be a good mountain climber, but she's a woman. A strong woman, as I pointed out. But I'm a strong man. You carry proof of that." Somebody laughed. I went on: "The idea that Mrs. Morelli could have gotten away from me in a storm is the feeble part of her lie. She should have left it out. If you don't believe me, I'll chase her around out there now—and prove it."

That obfuscated the issue. People who had probably braced themselves to jump on my neck now merely fidgeted in their seats. There was something to my logic. If I'd murdered Lee, and Mrs. Morelli had caught me with a gun, presumably I wouldn't mind murdering her also, and certainly it did seem that I could have caught up with her.

What would have come of things at that moment will never be known.

The wind, which had been increasing in fierceness all day, notched itself up twenty or thirty miles an hour more in one blast. The building began to quiver, and there was a noise—a howl—outside which curdled my blood.

People jumped up—Graham, Pepper, Melville, Diana, Mrs. Morelli, and others—thinking in unison that the roof was coming off.

There was outside in the uproar a louder clamor—a ripping crash—and through the windows we could see what had happened. One of the high, thickly fronded palms down near the water had been overthrown and lay with its top on the lawn between the dining and recreation buildings.

The wind sagged back to gale force. We all stood there in appalled silence.

The tree-top was pouring its fanlike leaves along the wind. And, out beyond those hissing leaves, lying on the grass, bound by rope, was the body of a woman in a white dress. We knew who it was.

I took a look around. Morelli's face was maniacally tense. Melville was gray and trembling. Graham had been playing Canfield and had brought his cards to the window. His face was angry, I thought, and the cards were spilling from his hand. Brothers was there, looking without expression. Pepper, at his side, said, "It's her!" and yanked open the door.

We all dove fast into our second soaking.

ANYBODY could see what had happened. Mrs. Lee had been hit once with something large and heavy which had made a terrific wound on her head and killed her. That wasn't the thing, however. Her body had been hauled up into that treetop and hidden there among the leaves and lashed tight. The crashing fall of the tree had loosened the body and thrown it free.

Blantz, Brothers, Morelli, and I carried her into the back room adjoining the office.

The people in the lounge, when we went back, were too scared to press us for information. I took Diana out of the room and told her what I'd seen.

She'd said, "Mother!" just as all of us went out through the door.

She let me hold her, although I wasn't much comfort. "I knew she was dead," she whispered over and over.

I told her not to talk.

It didn't stop her. "I knew it," she repeated. "And because we've found her, I don't feel any more wretched than I did. In a way—it's better. At least—people will give up the idea that Mother had anything to do with—"

Then she cried.

After a while we went back to the lounge. She wanted to go to her room alone, but I persuaded her not to. This was no time to be alone.

Morelli had finished his discourse. He'd told the facts to everyone.

Graham and Brothers and Pepper came

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in a little while later. They were soaked, but so were most of us.

Brothers spoke for the three captains. "Mr. Morelli," he said, "asked us to look over the tree—and the ropes. We did. We can say what was done to get her there, but—" he broke off, looking at Diana.

"Go ahead," Di said.

He spoke, then, as if to her alone: "Whoever killed your mother got a rope from the dock. Plenty there. They tied a noose in one end and threw the other over the tree-top. Then they hauled up the body. After that they went up the tree—on the rope, probably—because the body would have caught on the underside of the branches. They moved the body to the top of the tree where it was out of sight, lashed it there, cut off the end of rope, and came down the tree."

"Why would—somebody do that?" Diana asked.

Graham said abruptly, "That's what I don't understand. Why? We'd have found the body sooner or later. Because—" he stopped.

Melville said bitterly, "They could have thrown her off the dock just as easily. The sharks—"

Pepper answered that: "Not safe. Sharks don't always make away with things—"

Then Mrs. Morelli became hysterical. She got up, saying, "I can't stand listening to such a conversation! You're all beasts—"

Her husband said in a loud and stern voice, "Murder has been done here! We've got to consider the facts! Sit down!"

But she went on moaning. One of the women took her out of the lounge into the sedan Blantz had used for moving people from the porch through the rain. They drove across to the dormitory.

People, in private conversation, had winnowed out the fact that a lot of the guests didn't especially like Lee. But Morelli, after seeing his wife to the door, put the basic questions:

"How did that body get out to the buoy?" he asked, almost of himself. "And why was she put in that tree?"

The rest of the afternoon was a jittering stalemate.

I SAY stalemate. It wasn't quite that. You cannot keep men like Melville and Morelli and Graham, and even Brothers, inactive for long hours under such circumstances. Obviously, we all had the run of the island. Nobody could get off, and the wind outside showed no sign of dying out. The rain, however, stopped entirely for several hours during the afternoon.

I did a lot of things.

I took Diana for a walk. We talked over everybody. It was tough—because some of the people we liked.

We got this:

The Morellis had acted strangely, Mrs. Morelli chucking away something that must have been incriminating; Mr. Morelli not calling the police and blaming the delay on me; Mr. Morelli taking charge and, being an Italian, at least possibly violently jealous of his wife, who had once been in love with Lee.

Captain Pepper had a grudge of unknown origin against Lee, but Pepper had been too crippled to do any dirty work.

Melville had loved Mrs. Lee— "A lot," Diana said. "I remember one Christmas a couple of years ago when Father was away and he asked her if he could kiss her. She laughed and said he could. I had to make a scene to stop him and Mother cried afterward. Also, he often felt Father was too much interested in business and too matter-of-fact with Mother. One night last fall I heard him raising the devil with Father for ignoring Beatrice."

"Did he ignore her?"

Di sighed. "Not more than other husbands who have been married for twenty-odd years."

"Any other woman in your father's life?"

She didn't answer for a while, and then said, "A few. Not very serious. He was wild when he was young. But Mother understood him—his temperament, his interests, and his emotional limitations."

We discussed Graham. I told what I knew. Di said, "I saw him in the middle of the days when Dad was selling him out. He came to Mother—to ask her to get Dad to let up. He's been philosophical about it ever since, but he wasn't then. He was so furious, he scared Mother."

"Did your mother intercede for him?"

"She couldn't. Nobody could budge Father when his mind was made up."

We looked at each other. We knew about that.

"I hate to think anybody I know had anything to do with it," Di said.

And so did I.

AFTER our walk, I sluiced around the camp.

I went through Melville's room—I pried open the French door—and I took all his papers over to my room to read. I found out that he traveled with some pretty fast people, fast and sharp. Mr. Melville had a revolver, loaded, which he kept under his mattress, and inside the stiff bosom of a dress shirt in a suitcase he had twenty-five one-thousand-dollar bills.

That looked as if he had come to Galleon Key with plans. Running off with Beatrice, for example.

I got out of his room when he walked down the hall.

I went around to the front door and knocked. He was shaving.

I sat down on his bed and said, "Why do you have a gun and why do you carry twenty-five thousand bucks in cash?" I was safe enough, because I was sitting over the revolver.

He came up in the wind quietly but sarcastically: "You're a nice boy, Martin."

"I'm in a mess here, myself. I'm trying to find all the 'out' I can. I like you. I've considered working for you. I ruffled through your room. Now I'm asking."

"I'll tell you," he said, "and I don't care whether you believe me or not. I left my office in a rush—winding up to get here on the Special. A bird who owed me twenty-five thousand brought it in cash. A gesture on his part. I had fifteen minutes to make the station. I had to take the dough. So I borrowed my night watchman's gat—in case—and came along. O. K.?"

"O. K.—for now," I said.

Then I looked up Tate. I got tough with him. I told him I was really a secret service agent investigating the funny business on the keys. I told him that if he didn't come through with his side, I'd have him arrested. I showed him my authority—an item I'd made out on the chef's typewriter and signed in two inks. And

I learned why Pepper had a grudge. It seems that in the slack summer season Pepper had used the Dorothy to run West Indians and Cubans into the U. S. —at a fancy price. Ladies and gentlemen, mostly, who were on the wrong sides of the minor revolutions and who couldn't make the quota. Lee had found out about it, and didn't like it, but, as far as Tate knew, he had reserved action.

I did that work on board the Dorothy. Tate was staying there to see that she rode out the storm without being staved in against the pier. I swore him to secrecy.

When I went ashore, he followed me up on deck. I don't know why I turned. I did. Young Mr. Tate was moving up behind me with a large gaff and a calm, deadly expression. He pretended he was making the gaff fast on the cabin wall, and the expression faded.

I went along.

Mr. Tate was a sour apple. I suppose that he'd have put a few dozen big sinkers in my pockets and dropped me over. I don't know.

I pretended to go up to camp, but I sneaked back and made a minute study of Captain Graham's Neptune. My boat. The only thing I found on board her was a trifle, rolling in the aft cockpit. The tip of a shoe lace. Just on the chance, I went up and barged into the office. Nobody was there. I took a look at Lee's shoes—and a lace tip was missing. The one I'd found matched. Of course, it only meant that Lee had been on Graham's boat, which we knew, anyway. But it helped my state of mind later when I was in a worse spot.

I went back to the lounge. I joined the crowd. I was thinking that it was anybody's murder—so far. I became absorbed again in the problem of how the thing had been done—a problem that had driven everyone into so depressed and irritable a state of mind as to be almost insupportable. And, since we all repeated to each other that no hope could be held for the discovery of the killer until the method of the killings was understood, we made no progress either individually or collectively.

Blantz had dinner cooked and served in the lounge. It was pitch-dark and there was still a terrific wind outdoors. It began to rain again.

IN THE middle of a tense and quiet effort to eat, a Mrs. Willis put a *coup de grâce* on the emotions of all of us. She screamed sharply and dropped her knife. She was staring into space, but at first we all thought she'd seen something.

Melville said, "What is it!"

Mrs. Willis shuddered. "I think I've got it!"

"Got it?" several people echoed.

"A fiend—" Mrs. Willis said. She was a fleshy, scary woman.

Melville said, with an only fair assumption of calm, "What do you mean—a fiend?"

Mrs. Willis looked at us with wild eyes and held out her hand in a very disturbing gesture. "I can feel his presence," she said hoarsely. "And I understand all this. It is not one of us. Not one of the help. It is another stalking this island. A maniac killer, who may strike again tonight—"

Diana, cold as ice and as firm, shut her off with a wrenching voice: "I don't think, Mrs. Willis, that this is the proper time for any pseudo-séance."

This séance quality of the woman's proposition wouldn't have affected any of us, ordinarily. But, behind the gesture was a terrible possibility.

Hurt feelings shut up Mrs. Willis.

But the idea was there. Somebody of imponderable malice out in that night. Somebody.

People at that time were agreeing to sit up all night together in the lounge.

The guests had clung throughout most of the early afternoon to the pompous idiocies of their stations in life. There wasn't any more of that now. They were cowed.

I except, in a sense, the Morellis, Graham, Melville, and Brothers. I might include Captain Pepper, the conch. I could say also, I think, that I still had control of myself.

We sat around the fire for an hour, trying to change the subject, and trying to get a new approach to it.

Finally, and rather abruptly, Morelli slapped his thigh lightly and said, "I've got an idea. Come with me, anyone? Pepper? Brothers? Graham?"

Brothers went.

Morelli crossed the room. He took a long look at me. I was sitting quietly with Diana. When the two men got the door closed against the wind, I whispered, "I'm going to see what's up."

I WENT out, alone. I wore a slicker. The two men had an electric torch. I didn't. I followed them. They went down to the dock. I began to get excited. They boarded Graham's boat and sluiced around in the rain on the deck. I could see that they were handling ropes.

They came back.

I beat them into the lounge and sat down again. My shoes were wet. People had watched those exits and entrances, but they hadn't questioned them.

Morelli came back with his fattish face glistening and smiling. He woke up the general inertia by getting in front of the fireplace and saying, "I have a few questions to ask Mr. Martin."

People got out of huddles and put down magazines they were pretending to read. The inquiry went this way:

"Mr. Martin, I presume you can tie a running bowline?"

"I can."

"Correctly?"

"I think so. Captain Graham has been teaching me knots. A running bowline is a hard one to learn."

"Exactly. You might make a mistake?"

"I might."

"But, still—the knot would work—it would make a slip noose?"

"It might."

"In fact, you tied just such a knot in the line you used to pull Lee's body from the water?"

I thought. "I did."

"But Brothers, who has just examined it, tells me that the knot wasn't tied right."

I said, "So what?"

Morelli gave me the fish eye. "A running bowline was used to haul Mrs. Lee's body up into the palm, Martin. It wasn't tied correctly, either."

People made that wicked mutter which must be the beginning of a mob sound. I was in a jam. I pondered before saying, "Most of us are amateur mariners here. A

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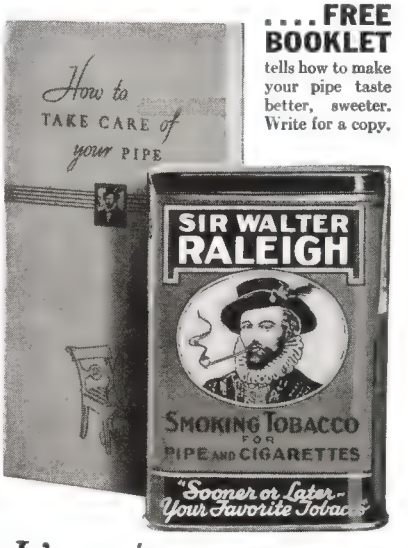

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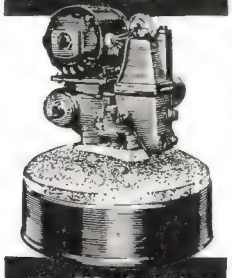

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☐ Deep Well ☐ Shallow Well ☐ Cistern

Have you electricity? ☐ Yes ☐ No

*Name*_____

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good many people would try that knot and muff it—besides me."

"You saw Lee alone," Morelli began meditatively. "You quarreled—lots of people heard him swear at you. You had an excellent motive for getting him out of the way: his rich and lovely daughter. You had a motive for killing Mrs. Lee: the daughter would inherit at once. The daughter is infatuated with you. Now. You were also seen throwing a gun into the sea. That means you came here ready for business. Now—these knots."

I was speechless.

Diana got up. "Mr. Morelli," she said, "you're not empowered to do this. It's monstrous. You're my guest—I forbid it."

Morelli shrugged.

Graham said, "Where are the knots?"

Captain Pepper answered, "I had to untie the one around Mrs. Lee to get her loose. Rope was wet. The other is down on your ship. I noticed the mistake in the rope around Mrs. Lee when I took the knot out. Mentioned it to Mr. Morelli."

I TRIED to bluff something. "When was Lee killed?" I asked.

Morelli replied, "We don't know. Some time last night. He had prepared his pajamas, but he never undressed."

"All right." I replied. "I went up to the help's quarters and said 'good night' to a couple of the men there, around one. I went to bed. Nobody heard me go out—although the floor squeaks and the door squeaks and there are screens nailed on the window. I told you about being seen there. I'm telling you now that I couldn't have left." I took another flyer. "The whole thing is insane. I could accuse you as easily, Morelli! And where's the other knot? You haven't any proof—"

Connel, a gray-headed banker, cut in, "I think this looks mighty bad for you, Martin."

Diana said, "Stop it." She was shaking with rage and grief.

Brothers walked over to Pepper. "Sure about that knot?"

"Positive." They discussed the error and illustrated with string.

The Long Islander turned and addressed everyone: "Graham or Pepper or myself could tie that knot in our sleep."

Connel wanted the floor. "I say—let's lock up Martin. We've got reason enough. And we don't want even a possible killer loose tonight!"

Melville got up then. He smiled at me in a decent way and spoke calmly: "Evidence is too flimsy, in my opinion. Take me. I used to sail constantly when I was a kid. I knew every knot and splice in the book. But I'm rusty. I don't think I could tie a running bowline now—not properly—at the first crack."

I was amazed, but Melville hadn't finished. He hadn't even begun. He was still smiling. . . . "I had a motive for killing Lee, too—if you like. I loved his wife. I never kept it a secret from her—or from Doug. I saw Doug alone last night. I, also, had an argument with him—an argument about the proper way to harpoon a shark. I illustrated it with a harpoon. I didn't kill him, but if I were you, Morelli—with your great, criminal prosecutor's brain—I'd let people alone and try to figure out first what happened. That's the line I'm taking."

It was a swell speech. Connel took a seat quickly. The people were stunned.

I should have thanked him. But I just stood there. I was thinking, "Suppose he did kill them, then wouldn't this speech be the finest disclaimer ever made? He's a cool, logical, controlled person—and reckless in spite of that. Or was he defending me as an impromptu bargain to keep me from mentioning the gun and the twenty-five thousand?"

Morelli stopped picking on me and stared at Melville. Maybe Morelli was thinking what I had thought.

That brought us up to ten o'clock, when Morelli suddenly realized that he had forgotten to search the dead man.

We got over to the office and went through Lee's pockets.

We found two hundred and sixty-eight dollars in a wallet that also contained a number of club cards and so on. We found a cigar case, three cigars, a lighter—and that was all.

We had a bug for searching, then. A lot of people had looked into the rooms of Mr. and Mrs. Lee, but they'd been left undisturbed because we had expected the police to arrive. So we searched them now.

We opened suitcases—Graham, Melville, Morelli, Connel, Pepper, and I—all of us watching each other closely. We looked under beds. We dumped things out of closets. I found a crumpled piece of paper in Lee's wastebasket and snared it. But I didn't have a chance to read it, and I was darned if I would hand it over.

We went through Diana's room, although I protested, and then through mine.

I wanted to break away and look at the paper I'd snagged out of Lee's wastebasket but I didn't get a chance.

IT WAS after eleven when we reached the lounge. The big overstuffed chairs in the place had been put in pairs, face to face, and the divans were all confiscated. Blankets and quilts had been brought. People were getting ready to try to sleep.

I talked to Diana.

I persuaded her to take a couple of bromides. "It'll be tougher tomorrow. Tougher if the storm breaks and the police come. Tougher still if they don't."

She asked me if I would stay in the lounge. I said I couldn't.

"Why?"

I told her that I was going to stooge around all night. I wanted to be on hand if anything broke, or if anything odd happened. I was in deep enough.

Diana kissed me good night, publicly. Then she put her lips close to my ear. She whispered, "I love you. You know I'll never doubt you. All day I've been thinking how infinitely more terrible this would be if you weren't here."

I told her to go to sleep. She shut her eyes, grayed lids over those liquid eyes.

I moped out into the uproar.

Melville? Graham? Mrs. Morelli? Mr. Morelli? Pepper? A stranger on the island?

Who?

Why?

I went to my room. A bare room, one of many, in a one-story wooden wing. Clean. A good bed. I locked the door. I fished out the crumpled paper.

Then somebody knocked.

I hid the paper, thinking I might be searched again. There was a washbowl in

my room. I stuffed the screed up the hot-water faucet. Even if a searcher took a drink of water—

It was Morelli.

"I want to talk to you."

I had one chair. I took the bed.

Morelli's red cheeks were a bit drawn now. He looked worried. And, for the first time, he looked rather decent. Like a smart guy but a good one. Maybe he was all right.

"What did my wife throw in the sea?" he said.

"I don't know. I was too far away. Something white. It sank—I think."

He jerked his head. "You know, of course, that I realize your innocence? I thought by making my suspicion of you obvious, someone else might tip their hand."

I said nothing.

He talked: "I love my wife. She's a passionate, somewhat irresponsible woman. I believe that she was once desperately in love with Lee."

"That's too bad."

He shrugged. "I'm sorry I came here. I realized that she was more than normally excited about seeing Lee again." He was staring at me, a perplexed, unhappy man. Not a martinet. Just a guy. "She wouldn't kill—without a great reason. And never a woman. So—" He stopped talking.

"Why tell me?" I asked.

"Because you can think, and you're the only one I know positively is innocent."

I GOT up and ambled around the room. "Listen, Morelli, you're wasting your time and a lot of talent trying to make me confess something I didn't do by buttering me up."

He laughed.

He took my shoulder and pushed me down again. He talked straight and fast: "Son, I'm a lawyer. Smart. Rich. Able. I know men. I'm worried about my wife. I need help badly. I'll tell you why I know you didn't do it: If you had killed the Lees, you'd think hard before every move you made. Fast, perhaps, but hard. For instance, you might have been bright enough to figure out that by socking me this morning you'd make people think you had nothing to worry about—that is, if you had had something. You might have figured it, but the sock would have been a masterpiece of subtlety—and the subtlety would have taken time. You didn't. Yours was, if I may say so, the impulsive sock of a young man whose girl is being pestered."

I grinned, myself, at that.

He nodded. "You wouldn't have told about my wife until a time when the telling would help you to ease out of a tougher spot. Besides—I know her. I knew at once that her story was a phony."

"What do you need help on?"

"Who do you think killed the Lees?"

"I don't know."

"My wife?"

"She's strong enough," I said.

"Yes. Strong. I thought of that. She's a real sportswoman. She could have hoisted Mrs. Lee. And she can probably tie a bowline. Or a knot like it."

"Graham had a reason," I said, because his line of thought was hard for him to express. "But he really seems glad to be free of his office and out in a boat—even without his dough."

"Pepper?" he asked.

"The conch?" I pondered. "Maybe."

"He's a crafty man. And a born grudge-carrier. All these local people are."

I spread my hands. "How about Melville?"

Morelli nodded. "I know. But when a man murders his best friend he generally does it in a refined way. This is a barbaric thing. Brutal. Fierce."

"How about you?" I said.

He looked up and smiled. "That's right. How about me?"

WE DIDN'T talk for a long time. He walked around a little.

"How could a body, with a harpoon in it trailing a long rope, get from a dock 'way out to sea against current and tide in a matter of seven or eight hours?"

He said it pensively.

And something in the relationship of the facts he murmured made me see the way it could have happened. I said, "I know."

My voice must have been curious. He flinched. "How, Martin?"

"Plenty of harpoons on the dock," I said, blowing smoke. "Plenty of rope. A rope on one of them. All right. The killer slammed it through Lee. Then he had a harpooned body to dispose of. He thought of throwing it to the sharks in the cove—but they might not touch it. A slim and yet a serious chance. But that made him think of sharks. The murderer ties another harpoon on the rope that leads to the one rammed through Lee's heart. He waits for a big fin—lots of sharks out there—"

Morelli pounded me on the back. "—and harpoons a shark and throws the line overboard until the harpoon at the other end of the line yanks Lee's body into the water!"

"That's it. Hit sharks and they head to sea. They'll drag boats for miles. This one drags Lee's body out. But it fouls the line on the anchor chain of the buoy—"

"Bass do that deliberately to get loose," Morelli put in excitedly.

"Deliberately or accidentally—the shark either winds up the rope or, being pulled up, tries to swim straight and succeeds only in making circles around the chain till the line breaks."

"We—you've got it!"

"We've got *how*," I said, "but not *who*."

"No."

I said that it was a slick job. And I added that the chances had been a thousand to one that the body would never have been recovered.

"Maybe. Maybe sharks will always snag a line like bass. Anyway—a fine idea. But how about Mrs. Lee? That wasn't a good hiding place. Bound to be found—"

We thought.

Possibly we thought for ten minutes.

"If the same person had killed Lee," I said, "it stands to reason that he—or she—would have used the same means to get rid of the body. It would work any number of times."

"Yes—unless people had come down on the dock in the meantime."

"There were plenty of people on the dock last night, all right," I said. "Going and coming all the evening."

"In that case," Morelli continued, "her murderer would have been forced to dis-

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pose of her some other way. But not in a tree."

"Darn' good temporary hiding place," I said, almost without thinking.

"Right! Right! How right!" He sagged. "Lots of others—though. She could have been buried anywhere."

"Not anywhere at all," I answered. "The island's coral. Rock. Soft—but you can't dig it. I doubt if you'd find dirt enough to cover the body in any one spot on the whole key."

"Let's be sane about this," he said slowly. "We may have an inkling. We may not. Now. Where could you stow a body for a few hours—or over a day until another night?"

"Under the palmetto anywhere on the north end."

"A long way to carry her. And a long way back. Suppose our hypothetical 'he' killed her near the dock. People prevented his immediate use of the fine scheme he had worked on Lee. He'd want the body near by so he could work his system again late at night—using the dock was out, until late. Buildings and grounds—absolutely out. No sand to bury her in. Water—unsafe. People might see—something. How high was that tree?"

"Say twenty-five feet. Or less."

"And how long," Morelli asked, "to throw the rope, haul, climb, lash the body, cut the rope, and get down?"

I thought. "There was heavy underbrush at the base of that palm. He'd be all right with the body in that shrubbery, and on top of the tree. It was dark."

"So his danger intervals were going up and coming down?"

"Yes—and throwing the rope."

"Then—he could do it all without taking much chance. And plan to come back later—that night—but why didn't he? Obviously either someone was around until you early birds got up this morning or the man lost his nerve and decided that even when they found the body in the tree they couldn't pin it on him." He swore absently. "Now. What about Lee's blood? There'd have been a lot on the dock—if he was struck there."

THAT one was easy. "Sure. We bring in our fish there. Often they made stains. We had a hose on the dock to wash it down. A minute's work."

"Excellent. Superb! What a murder! But why Mrs. Lee, also?"

"Probably planned to get both."

The lawyer shook his head. "I doubt it. Neither killing looked planned. Especially hers. She was clubbed. That's a spontaneous method."

We were both tense with excitement.

"I know," Morelli said presently. "She saw something. Maybe she started through that hibiscus tangle and saw what was happening to her husband. Or something suspicious. Then hid to see more. And the murderer spotted her. And he saw that he was licked—so he killed her."

"He did," I said then. "Right beside the path. That's where I found her corsage." I told him about that.

He whistled. "Boy, we're getting closer than I even hoped."

I carried on. "But why didn't she scream, yell for help?"

We worked on this. We decided that if she had known she was going to be attacked she surely would have tried to get aid. So we assumed that she didn't know. We assumed that the murderer spotted her and pretended that he had not. That he walked up the path—and suddenly struck her.

It all fitted. We checked back, as best we could, by trying to think of other ways to explain the existing facts. And we couldn't think of a way. We were sure about Lee's body on the buoy. And why else would a body be put up in a tree?

When we had carried the discussion to that point, Morelli said suddenly, "Well, I think I'll get some rest now."

It startled me, because we were still under full steam. We hadn't solved the trifling question of who killed the Lees, and the evening was young. I was planning to tell him all I knew. I said, "Why? We've just started here—"

"All in," he answered.

And he went.

Leaving me to think that he had hit upon some angle which he wanted to work out by himself or that he still believed I was the harpooner, or that he thought things were getting warm for himself. Perhaps for his wife.

I SAT on my bed a while listening to the booming in the blackness outside.

Then I remembered the trophy in the faucet. I fished it out. It was a note from Mrs. Morelli to Lee.

It said: "Douglas darling—you haven't changed. Seeing you, recalled—everything. I know it may sound silly and I know we're growing old—but why not relive a few of the hours we once spent together? The very fact that we are not as young as we were ought to make the idea desirable and both of us wise enough to appreciate the full flavor and value of—Indian summer. Yours—E. P. S. I shall be waiting—at the dock—late. Very late."

I wasn't exactly surprised. Mrs. Morelli. And yet—

I sat down, wondering.

A little while later there was another knock—and Morelli announced himself again. I let him in. He said, "I decided we'd better go on working together."

"Yes."

He shut the door, pulled a gun, and said, "I want that paper."

My wits, such as they are, foundered.

"I saw you pick it up," he said. "I watched just now around the edge of your blind. I recognized my wife's handwriting. Hand it over."

That paper was my best exhibit. I went in under the gun—hard and fast. He sidestepped, and I got the gun under the ear.

My next conscious intellectual effort showed me that I was bound, gagged, and locked in a pantry. My head hurt. I was weak and dizzy. I spent about twenty minutes shaking it off.

I went to work. The rope cut both of my wrists some, but when I stood up—quietly—I mustered my circulation. Then I shut my mouth and made desperate noises through my nose.

A guy outside, the chef, hollered, "Lie still, you!"

I tried to make the noises pleading—then strangling—as if the gag were too much for me. Finally, as my gasps tapered off to simulate suffocation, he came in. I clipped him.

I gave him my gag and my ropes and locked the pantry.

I went out into a gray, still, sickly dawn.

The shortest way into the scrub was the one I took. And I found out that everybody in the place was down near the dock. I made my way there, circuitously and slowly, through the wet brush.

A dandy little scene was going on, a scene conducted by Morelli. He was taking the entire populace over the grounds, showing them exactly how *I* had done both murders! And they were drinking it in. He had finished the harpoon explanation, and had evidently illustrated it. From my cover, I could see a rope with a harpoon tied to each end of the pier.

He had about wound up the tree episode. I couldn't see all of his audience—forty-odd spellbound people—but most. Diana wasn't in my line of vision, and I wanted desperately to glimpse her face, but I was dangerously close, as it was.

Morelli wound up: "So last night, after figuring it out, I accused him. He attacked me. That is why he lies now, bound and guarded."

Connel said, "I knew it! We should have grabbed him earlier. I advised it."

Graham said, "I can't believe it."

Melville gave me another epitaph: "He certainly wasn't that kind of guy originally. He must have been driven insane by Lee."

Pepper grunted, "You never can tell."

That's how most people felt.

MORELLI had one more act in his charade of what I'd done. He had recovered the gardenias from under the dock. He held them up. "These were the unfortunate woman's flowers. There is blood on them. It dropped on them when she was hit by the rock which I've demonstrated is missing from the path border." That, I reflected, was his work—and good. "But," he went on, "there is more than just blood. There are fingerprints—a man's fingerprints! Martin's fingerprints. When these prints are checked with our prisoner's, the case will be complete."

That astounded me. I knew there had been no fingerprints on those gardenias.

Graham walked up, stared at the cellophane ribbon, and said, "Sure enough!"

I couldn't see the prints. I was too far away. I couldn't have heard, except that they talked loudly, as the sea was still noisy. I was sick. Morelli had brought up those flowers while I was unconscious and daubed blood on my fingers, printed the ribbon, washed my hands, and now he was going to nail me for what his wife had done. . . . Or had she?

I was trying to think what to do next. The crowd was moving weakly toward the lounge. Morelli was being congratulated.

They'd soon find I was gone.

I looked at the sea. Too rough, still, to try to swim. But if I was seen running loose, now, I'd probably be shot.

They were out of sight.

Then I saw Diana. She was casting off the Neptune. Working fast. She started the engines. I ran out on the dock. I got aboard as the water opened up. People charged from the lounge. The boat bucked high. Di saw me—and threw in the gears. We started.

A lot of men reached the dock. I pushed Di below. A bullet chipped things around me.

But we made it.

No use discussing that trip. It was too

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tough for the boat, although in a couple of hours or so it would have been all right. Not safe, but possible.

We didn't talk much.

Di said she'd gotten ready to take out the boat when she saw that Morelli had framed me. She said, "Framed." She said that she didn't mind risking her life. She said she was on her way to the best detectives and lawyers money could hire—for me.

All the time, we were shipping green water. Barrels of it.

We made port above the ferry in about three hours. That gave us a big start on the people at Galleon Key.

It was calm and clearing.

Being very rich means something in a crisis like that. We had New York on the wire in short order.

We ate breakfast while a plane was coming. It landed in a lagoon. It shot us to Miami.

BY THAT time detectives were flying from New York, and lawyers. Diana had sat on the long-distance phone and lifted heaven and earth.

Between calls I explained things to her.

A hotel manager and a girl clerk at the cigar store shopped for dry clothes for us. We were trying to get my defense set up before Morelli and the others came through from Galleon Key and had me behind bars.

They never did.

Toward evening of that day the phone rang. "It's for you," Di said, and she looked scared. I took up the receiver.

"This is Morelli."

My heart popped. "Yes."

"At Galleon Key. Wire's been fixed."

"Yes." I wondered why Morelli had called instead of sending police for me.

"We got the murderer," he said. "That is, we identified him."

I murmured and let him talk.

He said that they'd located Di and me by calling her father's offices in New York.

He said, "When I hit you last night, I did it to get that note. I wanted to protect the name of"—he whispered—"Mrs. Morelli. See?"

"How about pinning the fingerprints on me?"

Morelli chuckled. "You were present for that? Well—I thought this: I thought that since I'd knocked you down I'd pin it all on you. Then I'd tell everyone—everyone in the place—that you did it and that we had a proof which would be absolute when the police arrived. That we could swear to the murderer when we checked those fingerprints. Then, so I believed, the person who really did it would think that his period of grace would end as soon as the fingerprints failed to check with yours, and as soon as everyone else was printed. I assumed that I could make the murderer believe that he had left his bloody mark on that cellophane ribbon."

That was something. I was in a fever.

"Who did it?" I asked.

"I'm coming to that, my boy. But you get the set-up? So—what would the murderer do?"

"Scram," I said.

"Well—yes—eventually. But first he'd try to get that corsage with what he thought were his fingerprints. That was my idea. I got everybody in the lounge for breakfast and I ostentatiously put the flowers under a big dish on a table."

"Well?"

"Melville looked them over and Graham paced the floor near them—but Pepper took them."

"No!"

"I was surprised, believe me. I'd never thought much about him. But he did—started sidling when I sounded off and got everybody's interest. Picked up the corsage—and nobody saw him but me. Went out. I'll never forget the look in his eyes. Then I told the other men in the lounge what had happened. We started after him. I had a gun—as you know. Melville got one from somewhere. Graham and Blantz took camp rifles. Pepper beat us by a considerable distance to his boat. I'd miscalculated the time needed to start. He was under way when we got there. We started shooting, but the Dorothy was dancing like a cork—even in the channel. Brothers wouldn't take a chance. Pepper went out about a mile, and got crossed up in a big comber—and foundered. We got his body this afternoon—it washed ashore."

"How can you be sure—even so?"

"Two reasons. One was that he hollered back he did it and we'd never get him. The other is Tate. Tate knew a lot. Pepper smuggled aliens into the country. Lee had discovered it—"

"I know about that."

"Why didn't you say something?" Morelli laughed. "Still—it would only have added to the general confusion. . . . Look. The police are here. They'll want to talk to both of you—matter of form. Well—that's the finis. Pepper should have been considered sooner. Lee could have put him in prison for years, and Pepper thought he would. It was the sort of job one of those low, degenerate birds would do. He'd planned it for weeks—maybe months—and faked his arthritis well ahead. He told me that the bowline around Mrs. Lee was wrong, but it couldn't have been, because he tied it himself. And untied it. And then, according to Tate, he went aboard Graham's boat, where he must have re-tied incorrectly the knot you made to pull in Lee's body. Putting the buck on you. Tate said Pepper hung around the dock all night the night before last, but Tate was there and so was Blantz, with a waitress, till four. So he couldn't get the other body down. Of course, he never did plan to kill Mrs. Lee—we must have been right about her watching."

THAT left very little to say. I asked Morelli what his wife had thrown into the sea.

He answered rather sadly, "Letters Lee had written her. She'd brought them down to show him. They were old letters, but she was afraid to be caught with them after Lee was murdered. She was excited about the prospect of seeing him again, but—well, Martin—a man's wife—you can't drag her in. . . . You won't mention her when you see the police, will you?"

"Of course not."

"Thanks. And—say—I'm sorry I hit you last night."

"You owed me that—for the shiner on your eye."

He laughed.

Then I said, "Say! Whose fingerprints did you put on that cellophane ribbon?"

"My own, of course."

"Suppose Pepper hadn't given himself

away and the police had found your prints?"

He laughed again. "Chance I had to take. Cost me a bad hour."

I swore—but I meant it to be congratulation and thanks.

I hung up. I told Di. She fainted.

And that was the beginning of another trouble. She was jittery. She refused to see the police. She made me leave the hotel with her and go to another. We took two rooms under different names. But she wouldn't desert mine that evening. And the house detective came up and was rather unpleasant. So we moved again. The next day she seemed perfectly well, but she wouldn't see the police, and she insisted on getting a car and driving.

I told her that I couldn't go running around the state compromising her.

She said, "Well!"

So we got her father's lawyers on the phone and went through a lot of rigmarole, and now we're married.

We're in Tampa.

The newspapers found out about our wedding. So they're after us. So are the newsreel men. And the cops. They want to question us to round out the case. They have no respect for the nerves of a girl who is trying to forget a horrible tragedy and at the same time trying to adjust herself to being married to an oaf like me.

NEXT MONTH

Another thrilling mystery story—BROKEN JADE, by Leonard Falkner.

Land of Tomorrow

(*Continued from page 55*)

room; a quiet room. The lady's name was Ann, and she spoke English with the sad inflection of Mexicans speaking Spanish.

In the morning there was a small Indian girl building a fire under the bathtub, and a smaller Indian girl bringing me coffee and toast. After that the streets were white with sunlight and pain took utter possession of me.

The doctor's office was too quiet, and I could see nothing with my face in the pillow. There was a taxi then, and Miss Ann looking worried; and then it was morning again.

All that was yesterday. The doctor had explained what had happened to me, something about heat bringing on something.

"Skip it," I had said. "Am I all right?"

"Right," he had said, "for anything."

So that was what had happened. And now it was today, at 4:30 in the afternoon,

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(*Excerpt from an actual letter*)

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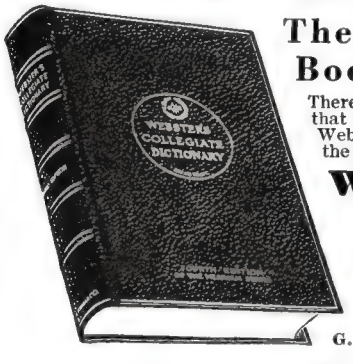

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with vespers over and the pain quite gone. Outside, the Plaza de la Constitución roared with traffic. Beside me the woman finished praying and rose to go, shuffling toward the door. I followed, and watched her until she disappeared in a side street.

Corrugated steel shutters were banging down on shop fronts; in the narrow streets buses and taxis honked their horns and street cars banged bells. On their little wooden stands policemen blew whistles and waved white-gloved hands. Juarez Street opened like a welcome prairie. In the Regis bar, Jaques, an American newspaperman, was talking with a genial old Mexican senator. Carlos, who once was Pancho Villa's chief of staff, sat listening, hunched forward, bright-eyed, inquisitive.

"Football is a child's game now," the Senator was saying. "When I played at Santa Clara in 1891 . . ."

He looked younger than his years, for all his portliness and white hair. Ramblingly he talked, about everything. He seemed to know all about snakes and women and politics.

"They are my hobbies," he explained, "because basically each is the same. Eve was a snake at first. She was the serpent. But I mean that each is primarily intuitive and individual. Self-centered. A politician, a snake, and a woman."

And so he talked, about Yucatan and Atlantis, about the winged serpent of the Aztecs and the influence of geography on human beings and all forms of life, and about snakes and politics and women:

"Earth dominates man, so he looks to the sky for help. Here, where the clouds are low and heaven is close, it is easy to talk with God. So Mexico is the land of *mañana*. Tomorrow we die, so why care for today?"

I wondered, as he talked, how much influence the earth has. Will the Mexicans all look, one day, like the Aztecs? And will the Americans all look like the American Indian? . . .

AFTER dinner we went to the cock fights, and I managed to get next to Carlos and ply him with questions while the bets were being made and the gaffs fastened to the legs of the cocks. It took half an hour to arrange a fight, but the fight itself was usually over in thirty seconds. The cocks, frightened or enraged—I could not tell which—set out to destroy each other, and usually after a single good flurry one was stretched on the ground, bleeding and dead. Then the arena was cleared and the owner of the dead cock tried to sell the body to anyone for the market price of fowl.

Between the fights the Senator talked to Jaques, and Carlos answered my questions, explaining the origin of the plain of Mexico City, which was once a lake trapped by the eruptions of hundreds of volcanoes and left to the mercy of the sun. The Aztecs built their first city on its islands, and constructed giant causeways to the mainland, causeways which are now the courses of Mexico City's main streets. Then Cortes and his Spaniards came, wading waist-deep in water, holding their swords aloft. The Aztec city was destroyed and trampled into the soft earth. Another rose, and slowly sank, and even today heavy buildings sink slowly downward toward the buried temples of the first inhabitants.

The moon was up and about its business when we emerged, and the air was so clean that I could almost smell soap. We wandered on, Jaques and the Senator discussing Mexican politics, Carlos and I tracing the threads of history.

Next day was market day in Toluca, so I took the 70-mile ride over the mountains to the capital city of the adjoining state. The road passed through the same savage nature I had witnessed on the ride from Vera Cruz.

Toluca was an anthill of industry, and the only quiet spots were the abandoned cathedral and the church where the local saint was being venerated. All day the Indians sat about their markets, gossiping, eating, swapping, selling, talking, and going up to the church to lay flowers at the feet of their marble Lady of Carmen. The blacksmith shod horses and spat into his roaring forge; the casket maker tacked purple silk into his coffins and discussed the latest funerals; the maker of instruments completed a guitar and sold it to me for five pesos.

IT WAS sundown before I could tear myself away from the mad carnival. The blacksmith's forge glowed in the dusk, the casket maker's wares showed silver handles to the dying light, and two old women swapped a ball of string for a secondhand shirt. My driver had acquired the handle of a coffeepot and a pair of moccasins.

That night in Mexico City, we went to the *jai alai* games at the Fronton, and I won again from Jaques and the Senator, both of whom suspected that the blue team had sold out. Maybe they had, but they evidently changed their minds, and my innocence triumphed. The Senator wanted to argue about honesty and, because the red-capped betting brokers make too much noise for conversation in the Fronton, we had to adjourn to Prendes, where the Senator proved over onion soup that honesty is not the best policy.

"It is," he explained, "just good business."

I thought about it the next day as I knelt in the cathedral of Our Lady of Guadalupe and watched the faithful climb a long hill on their knees toward a chapel containing the frame of gold which holds the tilma of that young Indian who, long ago, met a vision on the hillside and had his blanket emblazoned with the image of her face.

Behind the cathedral the long, twisting ascent began, and I walked slowly over the cobblestones. At the top I looked back over the plain of Mexico, and down on a woman who had come all the way up on her knees. Inside the chapel I watched pilgrims pin homemade images of the Virgin on her statue. When I came out the woman had reached the chapel steps.

An hour later I was at the country club, following Jaques and the Senator as they battled in the traps for a peso a hole, looking up at the mountains and the clouds.

"If you don't stop looking at the clouds," the Senator said, after slicing a shot into the rough, "you're apt to get your head knocked off."

Before I could answer a ball whizzed by, and "Fore" echoed after it.

We stood aside to let the twosome through, bowing to a tall man in blue sweater, wearing white gloves.

"That man," said Jaques quietly, "is the last descendant of the last Mexican

king. It would be an honor to be killed by his ball."

The next day was Sunday, so everyone went to the bullfight. I waited dubiously while the matadors and picadors paraded and prepared for battle. The first bull was lithe and wary, and I cheered for him against the certainty of his death. The second and third were mean, the third knocking the matador over three times and very nearly killing him. With that I switched my sympathy, and when the fourth victim hurdled the barrier three times and created panic in the front rows, I was wholeheartedly with the slim young man who faced him with only a sword and cape for weapons.

It began to rain while the fifth bull was chasing the padded horse of the second picador, but by that time I had been transformed into a fan and wouldn't leave. A friendly Mexican shared his umbrella with me and together we cheered while the last two victims went down.

Next day Jaques and the Senator and Carlos wished me Godspeed and sent me off on my tour of the provinces.

SOMEWHERE between the doctor's muttered approval of a newborn child and the formal diction of a graveside minister there lie, for every man, moments when he is confronted overwhelmingly with a sense of his unimportance.

In the halls of the house of Cortes at Cuernavaca, in the quiet streets of the colonial town of Taxco, under the great shadow of Popocatepetl and Ixtacihuatl, in the sleepy Pacific seaport of Acapulco, I got a distinct feeling that, however the affairs of the earth and the universe were headed, they would, without my help or obstructions, go right along in the same direction.

The first night, in Cuernavaca, when the moon was half gone and the low clouds were scudding close to the crater tops, it was easy to explain. The clouds were doing something useful and important; the mountains were laboring in the interest of life and its continuation; the Indians were laboring to produce and preserve life.

The next day, in Taxco, the amiable and tolerant and good-natured Indians did little to help me justify my existence. When I told a wrinkled old great-grandmother that I liked her earrings she took them off and gave them to me.

Down by the sea at Acapulco, with the mountains and the clouds far away, the sad, soft inflection of the people was verbal poetry and the Pacific boomed rhymes against the sand. Acapulco arose early and went to bed early, and when night came the voice of the surf and the undertone of the jungle crept over it without opposition. Riding back into the mountains next day, I could see it below, shining and blinking in the sun like a pendant on a woman's neck.

In the evening Puebla loomed out of the dusk, almost at the foot of the two great craters which seemed always near but never any nearer.

The next day was market day in Puebla. At noon everyone went into a church and prayed quietly, and during the siesta old songs came from the makeshift tents and the piles of vegetables and flowers and clothes and shoes that made up the market.

That night the hotel manager found me

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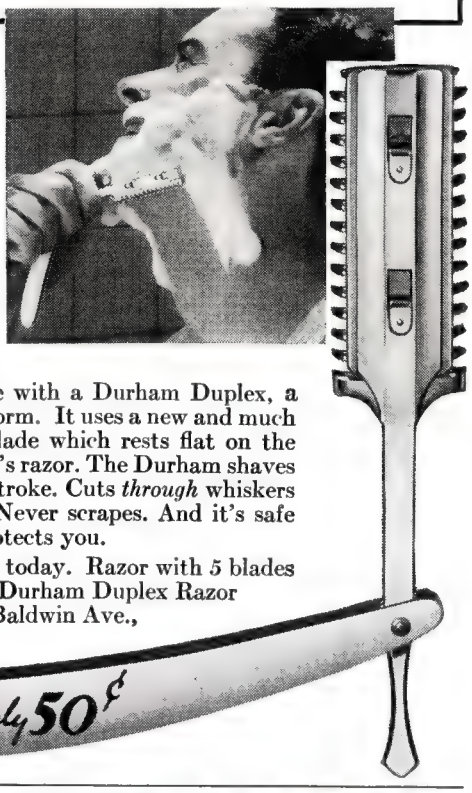

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alone in the *patio* and regaled me for hours with tales of the Aztec poetry, which was written to be read forward or backward, and the long, anonymous heroic poems which were called "*corridos.*" He told me also of a boil on his leg and of a peculiar malady which his wife contracted last winter and from which she still suffers.

In the morning there were more mountains, and the little village of Rio Frio, 10,000 feet in the air and built on a stream which carried ice-cold water over worn white rocks. There was a barber shop on the stream, built below the road level so that the water could trickle through the washbowl. I entrusted myself to the sad-visaged Indian in charge. Everything was all right until the cold towels; then I frightened the Indian by yelling, and brought the whole village on the run.

After that we descended in circles, until my ears cleared and I could hear ordinary noises, and by noon we were at the pyramids of San Juan Teotihuacan and the Aztec Temple of Quetzalcoatl.

"I think I'll stay here," I said to the driver, "for quite a while."

And I did. The great temple of the sun impressed me more than the great pyramid of Gizeh, in Egypt, because in some intuitive way I felt that the Aztecs knew more about what they were doing than did the Egyptians. And because this temple was not built to house the body of a king, but to honor God.

When I entered the temple I was sure that the Aztecs knew something we do not know. Geometry, astronomy, and mathematics were in it. But something else was there too: the reason for life.

When I got back into the car I was content—as content, perhaps, as I shall ever be. I had convinced myself that an answer to the question mark of life existed and could be found, by the humble, the stricken, and the dead.

SO I went back to Mexico City and sat down at Mitla's in the sunlight of another Saturday with Jaques and the Senator and Carlos, and I joined in the discussion of the infant mortality of Mexico. I went to the old convent of San Angel, which is now a restaurant, and stood in the street with Jaques looking up through the windows of the red adobe house across the street at Diego Rivera, the Mexican artist, in his studio. I went to Lake Xochimilco, to the Floating Gardens, and drifted in a little boat in the miniature Venice which the Aztecs built and through which Cortes waded to bring them doom.

We went to the gardens early in the morning, so that the flowers would be fresh, and we filled the boat with roses for a single peso. Then I sat on the floor and the Senator sat on a box and Jaques and Carlos stood up dressing themselves in flowers, and we floated down the long channels.

"This," said the Senator, "is the soul of Mexico. *Mañana.*"

"*Mañana* what?" I asked.

"*Mañana,*" he said, "you will not be here. So enjoy it today."

So we did, and there were roses still in our buttonholes late in the afternoon when Jaques and I dropped in at the American Embassy to see what news was abroad, and to talk with the man whom I found in history books in my college days.

"Well," said the man, who was Josephus Daniels, "in Mexico the real phenomenon of nature is taking place. The country is going back to the Indians, and the Indians will be Mexico once again, as they were in the beginning."

Jaques nodded. "Indians," he said, "are holding more and more of the chief governmental positions. It seems inevitable."

On the train out of Mexico City, I found two American students on their way back to California and, they said, shower baths. We played poker for five centavos most of the night, and they gave me their impressions of Mexico along with their money.

IN THE morning we reached Gaudalajara, with its tree-shaded streets and white houses. All day we ambled through mountains, slipping past gorges that made all of us look intently at the cards and try to forget where we were. That night we swept down toward Mazatlan. In an hour and a half we went through forty tunnels; then we struck the lowlands and curves. The sun dropped into the mountains and jungle crept in on the single track. In the half-light I could see Indians come from the brush after the train had passed, reaching down and touching the rails, thrilled by the warmth of danger just gone by.

Later we passed through fields of fireflies, all alight at the same time, like a fairy city. The light grew like phosphorus on a wave at sea, then receded, slowly. In the morning we reached Mazatlan and walked to the sea before breakfast.

It was hot all that day, especially at Tequila, where boys ran alongside offering bottles of the native drink for a peso and a half. At night the heat increased, for we were going inland. At some small town a man who looked like an American got on, carrying a duffel bag. He was dressed in faded khaki; a curly-haired, bright-eyed person. We gave him an American cigarette, and when his lungs had expelled the first smoke he talked. We dropped our cards to listen, and did not pick them up again.

He had been walking the earth for fifteen years in quest of fortune, and he had been in every country on the globe. Now he was mining gold, up in the hills of Sonora; and at last, he said, he had found it.

"No chance to miss now," he said. "Then I'll settle down."

A dreaminess came into his eyes, and he talked of the States and what he would do when he went back for good, a rich man. His name, he said, was McLean.

In the morning we reached Nogales, at the border. On the Mexican side our bags were examined again. On the American side another examination ensued. Finally I walked out of the customs shed a free man.

The hills of Arizona gleamed purple over the sagebrush, and I opened a newspaper. For a while I read as a hungry man eats, then suddenly I looked up, out of the window, and back at the newspaper. The content I had found at the Temple of Quetzalcoatl was gone. In its place was a headline on the sports page: GIANTS TAG FLOCK.

●

Another of Mr. Sugrue's unusual travel articles will appear in an early issue.

Beauty's daughter

(*Continued from page 75*)

other day that it made me anxious, that some day he would sleep too deeply and not wake up. I did, really—I went into his office and told him, because I thought, if anything happened, some day Spencer may not wake up at all."

"Oh, listen, listen, listen!" Quentin said, in half-shocked and half-amused amazement. "Don't talk of a man's life like that!"

"I'm not poisoning him, if you mean that," she said quickly. "But I *would* poison him, Quentin; I would do anything rather than lose you! I mean it. My big, brown, wonderful lover, don't break my heart!" she begged, with a sudden change in manner, a sudden lowering of tone. "We were so happy! Let's go on being happy! Tell Vicky that you've got to stay in town tonight, and I'll join you, and it'll be heaven!"

"You're making this so horribly hard, Sina." He put away the insistent arms. "I tell you it's all over. Good night!" he said almost inaudibly, turning away.

She followed him, caught at his arm.

"Oh, no, no, no! You can't do that. You can't just say good night! When can I see you, Quentin? We must settle this!"

"It's settled," he said briefly.

"Nothing's settled!" she said breathlessly. "I can ruin your life, Quentin; I can tell Vicky everything."

Quentin turned back again, looked patiently at the western sky and the hills. The twilight and the last glow of sunset were gone now. Lingering, shadowless spring dusk held the world.

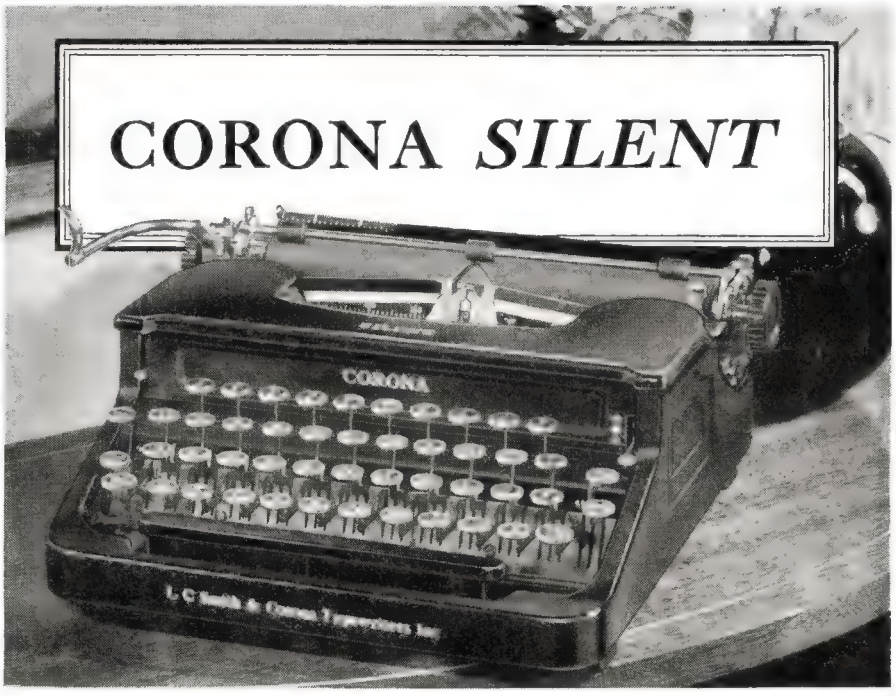
"If you want to talk about it—although it seems to me we've said everything there is to say," he compromised unwillingly.

Serena drew near to him again eagerly.

"QUENT, Serena Morrison is extremely anxious to get ahold of you," Vicky said calmly, a few days later.

He and she were alone beside the evening fire in their little upstairs sitting-room. The doctor had been reading some scientific article in a medical magazine, had finished it, and was lying back in his chair, his eyes half closed. Victoria was working at the flat-topped desk just behind him. Bills, receipts, check book, papers of all sorts were scattered before her.

"I think I am going to come out even!" she had announced some moments earlier. And then, contentedly, "This is pleasant, isn't it?" but to neither remark had Quentin made any reply. He had shown no in-



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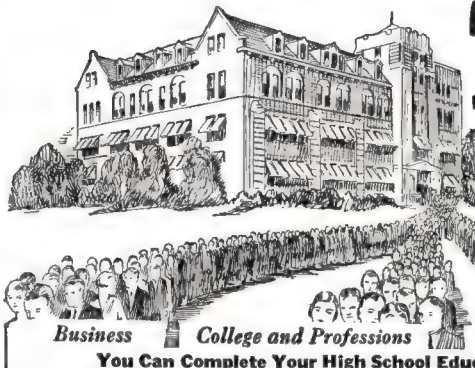

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terest even when the telephone bell had trilled, except for a glance toward Vicky and a faint shake of the head, and Vicky had duly announced that the doctor had gone out for a moment.

"It was King Bradley, so it was just about the polo or wanting you to play bridge," Vicky had said. Quentin apparently had not heard her.

But his abstracted mood somehow only accentuated her happiness tonight; these had been wonderful days, the days since his return. He and she had been closer together in every way than they had been for a long time.

"Life would simply be heaven if it could go on this way!" Vicky, feeling herself pleasantly capable over her bookkeeping, had been thinking to herself when the telephone had rung a second time. And after having for a second time disposed of its claim she had observed mildly, "Quent, Serena Morrison is extremely anxious to get ahold of you."

THAT roused him. He turned his head, to raise dark brows knitted in a faint scowl.

"Was that Serena?"

"Yes. She must know I often imitate Anna," Victoria said. "But I can't help it. I don't want to talk to her."

"Telephone often?" Quentin asked.

"Lately, yes. She usually just says that she's anxious to see you, but today she's been saying that Spencer is ill."

"They have a doctor," Quentin said dryly.

"I know it. Cudworth."

Presently he began:

"There's something I want to say to you, Vic."

Victoria looked at him with bright eyes.

"It's probably something I've never asked you to say," she said evenly.

"No, you've never asked me to say it. And it won't do any particular good for me to say it," the man answered, his body bowed forward now, his eyes on the fire. "But I'd like to say this, just the same. I've been—I'm just beginning to realize what a fool I've been! I've known I was a fool for a long time—since last summer, since Mart was born. That's all, Vic. I'm not saying I'm sorry, I'm not asking you to forgive me; all that's too easy, too flat. But if it's any satisfaction to you to know that I despise myself, that the thing is hung about my neck like a dead weight, that I can't forget it, day or night—

"You've never reproached me; you've never had to. To come home from Germany last week to you and the kids, and find everything I like cooked for dinner, and all of them in white, reciting toasts—I came near to getting out that Sunday night. It seemed to me I couldn't go on!"

Victoria took the chair opposite his own.

"You mean you wish you were done with Serena?"

"I *am* done with her!" Quentin muttered. "It was all over six months ago."

"Ha!" Vicky commented, and was silent.

"It's all a mess! She—" He stopped, but his tone was eloquent.

"Why don't you see Serena and have it over?" Vicky asked presently quite simply.

"I have seen her," Quentin growled.

"Since you got home?"

"There were letters waiting when I got here, ten days ago," Quentin said, the painful rush of his words showing, even under the circumstances, his relief at finding an opportunity to talk. "All that week she telephoned, and twice she came to the office, but I was only doing appointment work last week and didn't see her. Then on Saturday, when Vi and the kids were here, I went up to the barn to look around, and she was waiting there, said she had been watching us on the lawn."

"Good heavens!" Vicky said. "Then it isn't that Spencer's ill," she mused. "He didn't look as if he'd been ill today."

"Of course not."

"You've changed and she hasn't," Vicky added, in the same reflective tone.

"I've made such a mess of it; I've let you in for all this," Quentin muttered, grinding his dark hair in his big hands. "Vic, there's no use saying I'm sorry! There's nothing I can say."

"She doesn't seem to have much *shame* about it," Vic observed. "Oh, to be as happy as this again!" she said in her soul.

"You've known it all along, I suppose. I don't know how it all began, Vic. From the moment we were introduced she—well, there's no use going into it. For a long while I wouldn't admit it, even to myself, admit that I couldn't keep away from their place, that I was there all the time, thinking of her all the time, sending her things—"

"Fever," Vicky observed, dispassionately. She looked back at the fire.

"Fever. It was like a sickness, Vic; it *is* a sickness! It makes a man a brute. It—well, there's no use talking about it. Now," Quentin said, with a change of tone, "now she's everywhere, Vic, waiting for me. As far as I'm concerned, it's all been over for a year; it's stale, it's cold, I wish I need never set eyes on her again! But now's the time she wants to see me. . . . What has she done? Who has been telling me things about her?"

Victoria raised her round eyes.

"Is that the line?"

"I'M TELLING you about it," Quentin muttered, surprised at himself. "But you're not like most women; you're different! I need you, even in this. I can't get out, unless you help get me out. I let myself in for it, I've nobody to blame but myself, but I can't get myself out. She's everywhere," he went on, glancing up restlessly, glancing back again. "If Johnnie and I go to lunch at a hotel, she's there; she comes across the room. He knows about it, Vic; every doctor in my office knows. They're all smug when she comes in."

"You see, I knew all that when I wasn't more than ten," Vicky commented with a sigh.

"Knew what?"

"Knew how it ended. You're not the first man to let yourself in for it, you know, Quent," Victoria reminded him. "I suppose half the attractive men in the world have had the same experience. I've been watching it all my life. Mother has supplied me with plenty of food for study. It's always the same. Whether you'd gotten a divorce or not, and married her or not, it comes out the same. My mother married twice, and then went away with Lucius, and it was always the same. She said—they always say!—she had never really loved my father! She told me quite seriously that she had married him with-

out loving him," Vic said. "Women always say that, and then, after the first excitement of the new affair, one or the other always wakes up. You've waked up and Serena hasn't, that's all."

"But, Vic, I tell you honestly, I can't stand her! She's making my life a burden," Quentin said simply, and if there were anything absurd in the situation neither husband nor wife was in the mood to see it. "Every time I come out to the elevator at the office, I'm afraid she's there. I've had ten days of it now, and I tell you it's getting on my nerves!"

VICTORIA'S eyes were on the fire.

"I've had three years of it," she said quietly. There was a long silence.

"Yes, I know you have, I know you have," Quentin said then, gruffly.

"But my life was just one long schooling for this," Victoria presently added, "and I—well, there've been plenty of times when I thought I was wrong, thought my whole theory was wrong. Perhaps it is. But certainly *hers*—" She jerked her head in the direction of her neighbor. "Hers isn't right!" she finished.

"What's your theory?" Quentin echoed, looking up.

"I've always believed, oh, ever since I was quite a little girl," Victoria began somewhat hesitantly, "that there was such a thing as—well, I suppose you'd have to call it *marriage*. I mean a man loving a woman for herself, not just—just when he was in moods of—what shall I call it?—affection, passion. You know what I mean, anyway. I've always thought that companionship, *liking* each other, was real marriage, with the other thing—the thing all the books and plays and movies make such a fuss about—a sort of incidental, a sort of seal on all the rest—the thing that makes it all possible, starts it, and yet is not the most important thing.

"I used to say to myself as I grew up," she pursued, "that if I ever married I'd try to be a *person* as well as—as well as the harem favorite of the moment. I adore children, and I would think, 'I'll have children, not because my husband needs them to complete *his* entity, to round out *his* life, but because I do! I'll have a garden, cats; I'll not let my whole personality slide into being soft and perfumed and acquiescent and admiring. I've seen too much of it! It doesn't work.'

"Then you met Serena, and my whole scheme went—" Victoria hesitated, and finally borrowed a word from one of her sons—"went haywire," she said simply. "I was thunderstruck. I couldn't believe it!"

"Don't!" the man said.

"I was terribly stupid seeing it," Victoria went on, "because in spite of all my experiences, all my theories, it never occurred to me. It was Christmas week, more than three years ago, when I knew. You bought her a Chinese shawl then, Quent, at Marsh's; I waited all Christmas Day to have you give me that shawl, but I knew from the beginning that it wasn't for me.

"After that, for two years, I knew all the time. And I knew when other people knew, from the way they talked. Last spring, when you began to be so—so terribly kind to me—the day Mart was born, the day you told me that they weren't quite happy about him, when you said that they were afraid that terrible ex-

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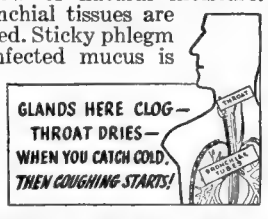

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perience of mine up at the Lake might have hurt him a little—then I began to think you'd come back—that after all I might win!"

There was a long silence. Victoria ended it, speaking suddenly out of deep thought. There was a note almost of triumph in her voice.

"No, I'm right! I'm still right, and I know it," she said. "I've had more happiness, more deep-down absolute joy, than the most beautiful of them all, with her boxes of gardenias and her bracelets! That's what I've been trying to prove, Quentin, and that's what I'm beginning to think I have proved. I didn't let you go. I've been your wife, straight through it all.

"Why, even after I knew, I went with you to Honolulu, when you were getting over that infection in your hand," she presently said, in a musing voice. "I was your wife; I went along to take care of you. After we got back, when she knew Marty was coming Violet said to me, 'Vic, haven't you any pride?'

"Well, pride means different things to different women," she ended. "To me it means just that: not being changed from my own course by anything outside of me, anything anyone else could do. It's that I sometimes have thought you didn't understand, Quent. I didn't know whether you understood that I—I was taking it like any other disagreeable thing; like losing your eye, or going deaf, or finding out that your husband is a gambler. People have to forgive each other things in marriage; one mayn't like it, but in the long run—"

SHE went back to the desk; there was a long silence in the room. Vic, hesitant in the center of the pleasant, comfortable room, looked thoughtfully at the dark head that was still bowed in his hands, spoke again:

"I'm glad of what you've told me, anyway. If—if it's over, I'm terribly glad. There was a time—perhaps you don't remember it; it was when I was taking the children up to the Lake, two years ago—when you wanted to get free."

"Never!" he said harshly, glancing up. "Never! I've been every kind of a damn' fool, I know that. But with you caring for your own children, and for my child—! Ah, Vic, if I asked that—"

"Oh, but you did! Don't you remember that at all—telling me that I could have anything I wanted, but that when people made each other wretched—? Don't you remember anything of that?"

"If I did," Quentin said grimly, "it was merely—you should have understood that I didn't mean it; it was only—surely, you never thought I was in earnest! You should have just ignored it; you shouldn't have paid any attention to it."

"I didn't!" Vic said, after a moment. "But it wasn't only for my own sake that I didn't. It might have been easier for me, easier for my pride, anyway, to tear everything up, to show the whole world how you were treating me—

"But I haven't much pride, where you and the children are concerned. And then I thought of those other children—all those other people with their bad bones and their broken backs and their twisted feet—it made me forgiving, Quent. It's such a—such a *holy* thing to be able to stop pain, to put on your mask and your apron and have the nurse hold your rubber gloves for you, and to cut away the rotten bones, or press the broken ones into place—"

"Don't!" he said again. "You say your friends have blamed you, Vic," he presently added. "It would be interesting to know what they think of the man—of the man who could put you through it!"

"No matter what happens they always blame the woman more than the man," Vicky said thoughtfully. "Especially," she added, "when she has six children! Women think nothing's too bad for any wife who will have six children!"

"And now what are we to do? Just go on?" Quentin presently asked, looking up.

"What else? As far as she goes," Vicky said, with a movement of her head in the direction of the Morrison house, "she'll gradually—well, get over it. She'll annoy you for a while, and come over here and break the news to me."

HER voice died away into musing, and Quentin raised his head and stared at her strangely.

"You're an extraordinary woman, Vicky," he said. "You can talk about it. Don't you—don't you care?"

"Oh, I care! Any woman cares. I'm hurt in my pride and my faith and my—my heart. It isn't a question of whether or not one *cares*. It's only a question as to what one does about it. I choose to do it my way."

She got to her feet, stood looking at him irresolutely for a moment, opened her lips as if she had something further to say. But she thought better of it, crossed the room, and was gone. Quentin did not look up when she moved. After she was gone he sat beside the dying fire with his head in his hands and his shoulders bowed.

The clock had just struck ten, when the telephone rang; Vicky returned to the sitting-room to help Quentin if he needed her, for his manner as he answered indicated he must go out—to the hospital, it proved.

"I've got the whole apparatus here; you've got one? Good," Quentin said into the phone. "I'll be right over."

There was the usual little flurry. Miss Browning, the graduate nurse taking care of Marty, came down to say that he was sleeping nicely and his pulse was much better. Magda came home from a movie and sat with Vicky. Quentin rushed into the night, leaving the women in consultation by the fire. After half an hour of murmured talk Vic said sleepily that Quentin might like a cup of chocolate and some toast when he came in.

"I can get the stuff now; I'm supposed to be relieving Nurse," Brownie said. "But she was writing a letter, and told me to take another twenty minutes."

"No, I'll get it, I have nothing else to do!" Vicky said, getting to her feet wearily. The telephone rang sharply again. "That's Quentin now," she predicted.

It was not Quentin. For a moment, in the general confusion of her thoughts, Vicky could not make out clearly just who it was.

"Oh, yes; Dr. Cudworth," she said, her face brightening. "And you're at the—at the—oh, yes, at the Morrisons'. *Who* is dying? Oh, no; is he really? Oh, I am sorry! He was quite well yesterday! Oh, that's too bad."

She hung up the telephone; stared at the expectant Brownie.

"It's Dr. Cudworth; he's rather excited," she said, her own face rather pale. "He says that Spencer Morrison's dying; he's been there since seven, and now Spencer wants to see me."

"I suppose you'll have to go."

"I suppose so, if he's dying. Dr. Cudworth seemed terribly excited. He said, 'He's been having terrible pain; he's sinking. I ask you as an act of neighborly charity to come, Mrs. Hardisty.'"

"I wonder if he'd like to have Doctor come?"

"If he comes in I wish you'd send him straight over. Cudworth asked for him, and when I said Quent was over at the hospital, he said, 'My God, this may be life and death!'"

VICKY went off alone into the dark. She was trembling with contagious excitement, herself, as she crossed the familiar spaces that were drenched tonight in swimming cold moonlight, and hurried up the steps to the Morrisons' front door. The amah, her walnut shell of a face pale and old in anxiety, admitted her. . . . Missy up topside; yes, doctor, master topside, too. . . . Vic went hurriedly up the stairs; in the upper hall two persons confronted her, Serena and the village doctor. Serena was white, wild-eyed, her golden hair pushed in a disheveled mop from her face; there was a certain angry perplexity in the doctor's expression, a look Vicky could not understand.

"What's happened?" she asked. For it was obvious from the manner of both that something more than ordinary illness was afoot. "Is he gone?"

"He can't live," Serena said in a quick whisper that held a puzzling hint of stubbornness, of defiance, in it.

"Why, but he was well yesterday—better than he's been for weeks! At least—" Vicky hesitated, looking at the doctor as one deferring naturally to his opinion. "I don't know anything about it," she said, "but he came to the fence to speak to me and he *seemed*—"

"Exactly!" the doctor said sharply. "He *was* better; I saw him Sunday. I was called today, three hours after he first began to complain of violent pain, and I find the man dying!"

He looked at Serena, and Serena returned the look with one that more definitely than her voice had done expressed defiance.

"I'll not sign any death certificate, mark my words!" Cudworth said in a menacing undertone.

Victoria, shocked beyond the power to grasp what all this meant, glanced bewilderedly at the sickroom door.

"He'll hear us!" she breathed. "He is—he isn't dead, is he?"

"You don't have to sign anything," Serena said sharply, in a voice clear but hardly as strong as a whisper. "I never asked you to sign anything! Dr. Hardisty'll sign it. He knows all about the case!"

"Spencer Morrison says he's been poisoned!" Cudworth said shortly to Vicky. Vicky could only stare at him in horror. "Come in!" the doctor directed her, leading the way. She followed him into the sickroom.

A subdued light was burning there; Vicky had been in Spencer's room once or twice, when he had been unusually lame and had stayed in bed, and she had come over for a chat or for a game of cribbage. Tonight everything was as usual; books and photographs, chairs and rugs and lamps, but she sensed this rather than saw it, for her anxious eyes were instantly fixed upon the man who lay panting, propped in pillows, in the wide, comfortable bed. The worn, deep lines of the disillusioned face were accentuated now by his violent illness, and as always by the black patch over his left eye. He smiled a ghastly smile as she came in, and stretched his lean hand toward her.

"That dope seems to have quieted things down, Doctor," he said in a hoarse whisper. To the amah, who was now moving about the room, Dr. Cudworth turned and said sharply, "While I was out of the room nobody came in? Nobody touched anything on that table?"

The woman shook her head; she looked half sick with fright and bewilderment.

"That's all right, then," said the doctor. "Bime-by nurse come. You stay here, watchee all time."

"I not go," the amah said.

"I was pretty near done for; did he tell you?" Spencer whispered, holding to Vicky's hand. He ignored Serena, looking away from her with a frown.

"You had a bad upset," Vicky said, looking down at him, trusting her face did not betray her appalled thoughts.

"I'll get through this, won't I, Doctor?" the sick man whispered.

"I would be wrong to deceive you, Mr. Morrison," the old doctor said solemnly. "You're already sinking, sir. The absence of pain and the pulse both show it. It's no time for me to say anything else to you. If there are affairs for you to settle—"

"VICKY, can't you get hold of Quentin?" Spencer gasped.

"He's coming, Spencer. He was at the hospital, but I left word. What did you *take?*" Vicky demanded, in a sort of wail.

"I didn't take anything! She gave it to me. I want you both," Spencer said, panting, "to remember what I say! She tried—a week ago she tried to double my sleeping stuff; she brought it to me. I've not been taking it lately; I've been sleeping better. She told me I'd better make sure. She knew I was going back to England; she didn't want to go, and I told her she'd take care of herself if she didn't come! That drove her crazy. I saw it, she'd been half-crazy anyway, lately. I told Amah to watch everything I ate, and she did, but today I was asleep when she brought me up my lemonade. It was there when I woke up; I ought to have thought that Serena'd been at it—"

"Spencer, you're *crazy!*" Vicky whispered, as his voice failed.

Serena, whose face was ghastly, whispered in the silence, "That's not true!"

She abruptly left the room. Spencer struggled to speak.

"It's true, all right. No, I'm not crazy! You can get even with her now, Vicky. It's too late for me. I'm done for, am I, Doctor?"

His voice died away to a thread, and he sank back on his pillows, a dreadful green sweat coming out on his ravaged face.

"I've done all I can for you, sir. But we never must despair—"

"Oh, rot!" Spencer interrupted. "I feel so weak," he whispered. "That pain

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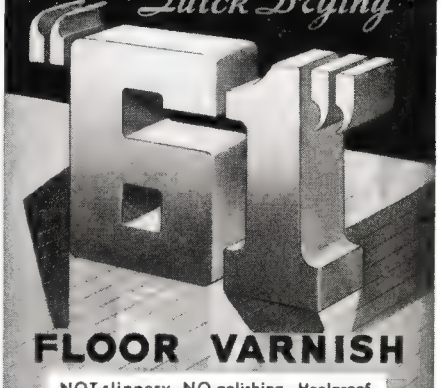

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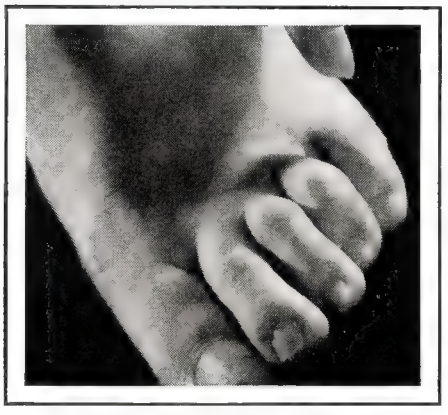

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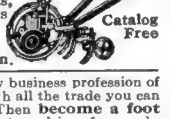

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was enough to kill ten men. I had it two hours before she telephoned the doctor, Vicky. Don't forget that, either! Sit here with me—it's coming back again—don't go away."

Quite suddenly, out of the nightmare, Vicky was awakened by a step she knew sounding on the stairs, a voice in the hallway.

"Quentin's here!" she said.

Dr. Cudworth turned quickly.

"You stay right here, Amah," he said; "you watch master!"

He and Vicky went out into the hall, and when she saw Quentin, pale and shocked, but strong and big and adequate and infinitely comforting, Vicky experienced one of the good moments of life; fear turned to confidence, peril to safety, and the horrors of the night seemed less black.

"WHAT'S the matter with him?" Quentin asked.

Serena began a frantic explanation; the other doctor brushed her aside.

"He's taken poison," he said bluntly.

"Suicide?" Quentin whispered, with a glance toward Spencer's door.

"Nothing of the kind," Cudworth answered sharply. "The man no more wanted to die than you do!"

Quentin, evidently trying to grasp the situation, looked from face to face.

"Who suggested poison?" he asked sharply.

"No one!" Serena said, on a passionate breath.

"Doctor, the man himself told me," the village doctor said, his forehead shining with sweat. "I saw him Sunday in good health. He was talking then of going back to England. He didn't say when; he tells me tonight that it was to be at once, and that he was leaving his wife. I tipped off the Chinese woman—I told her to watch him, I knew something was wrong! He told me that she, the amah, often brought him up lemonade in the afternoon and that this afternoon it was there when he awakened."

"Ah, but that's nonsense!" Quentin said in his honest, troubled voice.

"Of course it is!" Serena said. She went over and clung to Quentin's arm. He disengaged her hand without seeming conscious of her presence and turned to Victoria. "Why did you come here, dear?" he asked in a concerned, tender voice. "You don't belong in this!"

"Spencer asked for me, Quent." Vic raised her eyes to his, and saw Serena, pale and tense and watching, looking at them. And she felt an odd twist of something like pity in her heart.

"Nonsense or not," little Dr. Cudworth said. "I couldn't—professionally I could not ascribe this to a natural illness."

Serena faced him down.

"You could mind your own business!" she said, with a hiss on the last word. "If you don't want to do it, knowing, as I told you when you got here, as everyone knows, that he's been a sick man for years, you're a fool! You oughtn't to be practicing medicine. It happens all the time! Men die every day of acute indigestion coupled with heart failure, and if you won't take the responsibility of saying so, Dr. Hardisty will!"

"That couldn't be done, Serena," Quentin said quietly. "I have never had this case. But I'm positive—I don't believe—I know—Dr. Cudworth isn't seriously suggesting—"

"You may do as you think best, Doctor," the other doctor said abruptly. "I would have entire faith in anything you saw fit to do. But I personally must decline the responsibility."

"I have nothing to do with it," Quentin said briefly.

Serena turned on him.

"Spencer had acute indigestion and he's got a bad heart," she said. "But believe me, if there's any investigation, if there's one word of talk, you're in this, too, Quentin Hardisty! I'll not stand it. I'll not face a coroner and be questioned, while you are quietly enjoying yourself over there on the lawn with your wife, laughing and carrying the children into the house!"

"I don't think that'll happen," Quentin said. But Vicky saw that his face was pale.

"How do you know what'll happen?" Serena said. "I know. I can tell you! We had a coroner's investigation when Gita's father died. I know what it means! You'll have to sign that death warrant, Quentin, or I'll have to drag your name into it. You and I've talked of what we'd do if he died; you can't deny that if they put you on oath! Everyone knows what we've been to each other; you had a motive for giving me something that would put him to sleep. He told Dr. Cudworth here that I wanted to get rid of him."

"Vic, do you want to stay?" Quentin asked in an undertone, as the breathless voice died to silence. "This isn't your sort of thing."

"No, Vic won't go," Serena said at white heat. "You don't think Vic doesn't know that you love me, that you've been following me, making me presents, writing me letters? I've got them all! You don't think that your professional honor'll be worth much after they've read out those letters in court, after Cudworth here has been put on the stand? Perhaps it would be cheaper for your professional honor to sign Spencer's death certificate and keep the whole thing quiet! I'll not keep it quiet, once you let the law in! This is one thing you *can't* wriggle out of!"

QUENTIN looked at Vicky, looked away; he spoke quietly.

"Vicky knows just how badly I've treated her, Serena," he said. "She's always known, from the beginning. I'm not trying to wriggle out of that. If you were really fool enough to give Spencer sleeping powders, or anything else, I'm in it with you. There's no question but what you can drag my name and my children's names in the mud, if you want to. You can take those letters into court—"

"Letters saying, 'If it weren't for Spencer'—" Serena interrupted him.

"Letters saying everything," Quentin said in a low voice, with a level glance at her. "Letters saying everything!" he repeated. "But one thing isn't true" he went on slowly. "I've never loved but one woman in all my life; never, no matter what I said or wrote or did. I sound like a fool saying it—a man is a fool, sometimes—but I've never put any other woman in the place in my heart she's always had. Don't fool yourself thinking it! She oughtn't to be here; you and I haven't much to say of the way we've treated her, but that's true. I've always loved my

wife, always, always held her in a place by herself!"

Vicky went over to him, and dropped her hand into his, but he did not glance at her nor seem to know that she was there.

"How nice!" Serena said. "So I pay the bill alone. How very nice!"

"No, you and I'll both pay!" Quentin said. "And she'll pay too. It means disgrace for us all."

"Unless, Quentin," Vicky said breathlessly, almost in shame, "you could say it was death from natural causes. I don't mean for you or for her, or even for myself! But for the children."

There was a sound at the door of the invalid's room; the amah came out with an agitated face, shaking her head. Serena gave a short ejaculation and, turning, went across the hall to her own room and went into it, and closed the door. The two doctors and Vicky faced the Chinese woman as she came toward them. Her jargon was unintelligible to Quentin. And at this moment the promised nurse came up the stairs.

"Amah says Spencer heard your voice and wants to speak to you," Vicky interpreted.

"Great Scott, when I saw her face I thought the poor fellow was gone!" Dr. Cudworth ejaculated.

"So did I!" Vicky said.

"Do you mean—?" Quentin had clutched her arm; his fingers bit into it like a vise, he was almost shouting. "What d'you mean? *Isn't* he gone?"

"Oh, no, but, Quentin, there's no hope!" Vicky said.

"Master say another doctor come now," the amah said in a singsong.

"Yes, come in with me, for God's sake, Hardisty, and see what *you* think!" Cudworth said, as they all went together to Spencer's door.

Vicky heard Quentin mutter as if he spoke to himself, "We all stand there talking while the poor fellow dies!"

THEN they were in the sickroom, Vicky watching her husband's rather than the patient's face, her own face reflecting the fluctuations of feeling she saw there. Quentin put his hand over Spencer Morrison's hand. His voice was very gentle:

"Well, you got yourself in pretty deep, didn't you? What've you been doing?"

"Quentin," the sick man said, clutching at his hand, all personal feeling forgotten in the grips of life and death, "you can do something for me, can't you? For God's sake, get me out of this—operate, do anything! That ass there," he whispered, with a flickering glance at the agitated Cudworth, "tells me I'm washed up. There's something you can do?"

Quentin, wearing his professional mask now—that mask of quick, frowning concentration that Vicky always loved—exchanged a few rapid undertones with the other doctor. He sighed once, bit his lip, glanced occasionally from Cudworth's face to the greenish wax face on the white pillows—

"Vic, get to a telephone and tell Anna to come over right away with that big package that's on my desk; it's from Lengfelds'. She can't miss it. Rush it! And just as soon as you've done that get the amah to get plenty of hot water, boiling water. I suppose there's a table here, a long table, flat—"

"You think so, Doctor?" faltered the other doctor.

"I know so!" Quentin exclaimed, and with impatience. "Just lie quiet there, Spencer," he added to the patient, "and we'll get you out of this if we can."

"I've got an even break?" Spencer asked.

"Not quite so good. We won't know quite what chance you've got until we've gone a little further. . . . Ah, here's our nurse. We want a surgical bath here, nurse, as fast as you can manage it; we've no time to waste."

VICKY ran downstairs, ran upstairs for sheets; Serena was not in evidence and nobody asked for her. The nurse suggested a rubber sheet, and Anna, panting in with the big bundle, was sent flying back to the Hardistys' for one. Presently there was nothing for Vicky to do except sit on a chair in the hall, and wait—and think—and wait.

Quentin came out with a white nurse's apron tied on him back to front, and asked for soda, just plain kitchen soda.

"And you might as well go home, Vic; this'll take it out of you."

"No, I'll wait. Quent, has he a chance?"

"I'm afraid not, but we'll try. They're putting him under now, we'll know in an hour."

"She couldn't—" Vicky glanced at the closed door of Serena's room. "She *wouldn't* have done it!" she whispered.

"I don't know. But it's not for him I'm fighting, Vic," Quentin said. "It's for all of us. It's touch and go now; if he lives, we live, and if he dies, I may have gotten you into something you'll never get out of, my dear."

"You'll be in it, too!"

"I'll be in it, too. Oh, she couldn't get me in as an accomplice," Quentin said. "But she could do enough to ruin us all. We'd have to go away, Vic."

"We'd go away."

"And the story would follow us, and follow the children. That's all I've done to you!" Quentin said. "The woman—the amah—has produced a bottle, half full, that would kill ten men. Our one hope is that it was about a ten-times dose, and in lemonade. Lemon is the only antiacid that touches it! If anything saves him, that'll save him—that is, if we get to the kidney in time."

"You will!" Vicky said, with her faithful eyes on his, and her world rocking about her and her lips white.

"You believe in God, don't you?" Quent asked, almost absent-mindedly.

"I do."

"Then—while I'm in there, you pray, Vic." He kissed her without smiling, without seeming even to see her; released her from his arms. "You are a tower of strength to me," he said. "You are a rock of help! Pray for everything we've got, while I'm in there—the kids and the home—everything! I always thought—always thought," Quentin muttered, turning away, "that I'd like my boys to be proud of their father. My kids."

He went into the sickroom, and Vicky waited. There was a big Spanish chair in the upper hall of the Morrison place and she sat in it, and clasped her hands to keep them still, and prayed. A Navaho blanket, richly striped with yellow and black and scarlet, had been hanging over the black iron railing of the stairway; she wrapped

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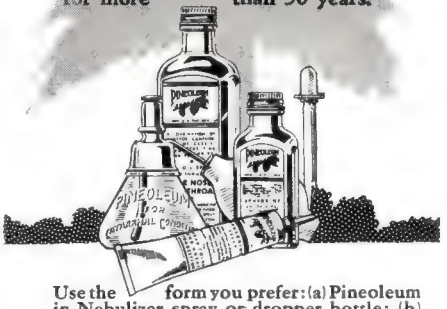

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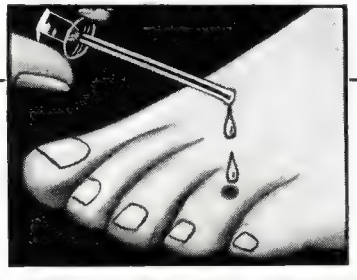

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it about her, the night was bitterly cold.

Victoria tried to think clearly, but she was too wearied, too confused and anxious to think. They might arrest Serena tomorrow if Spencer died, and there would be an investigation. And the first thing they would try to find would be the motive. Quentin would be the motive.

If Spencer Morrison died everything would be swept away: the comfortable, shingled country house with its lawns and sleeping decks, the red roses that bloomed against the window of the downstairs hall and the windmill that the children so loved.

What would the Hardistys do then, when the Morrison case was over and the letters of Quentin Hardisty to Serena Morrison had been "placed in evidence," and the district attorney had said he would like to "take the witness"?

Victoria began to pray desperately again. "Oh, God, save us all from that! Oh, God, help us—help us."

THE amah appeared presently, looking like a little old mahogany carving in a black and white cotton coat. No use questioning her, she was half stupid with fatigue and anxiousness and strain. Vicky knew that she loved Spencer Morrison. His humbly adoring old slave, she had been in his establishment in the Embassy in China long before he had met Serena.

Before long, Quentin and Doctor Cudworth joined them.

Quentin looked exhausted; his hair was tumbled, and his operating gown, one of Miss Pierce's aprons put on backward, was spattered with red. He took off the apron, and with a towel he wiped the perspiration from his ashen face, and smiled wearily at his wife.

"Excuse my appearance, Vic," he said, sitting down panting. "My land, but that was quick work!"

"How is he?" Vicky asked. But even before she asked it she had had time to feel an almost frightening ecstasy of hope.

"He's doing remarkably," Dr. Cudworth said. "And he can thank your good husband here. You are, in my opinion, a genius, Dr. Hardisty."

"Oh, Quent, there isn't really a chance!"

"Magnificent constitution, and his own feeling will help," Quentin, still ghastly pale and breathing hard, said to the other doctor. And then to Vicky, "Everything is as good as it can be; better, I would say. He opened his eye and looked at me; it didn't take him five minutes to get his bearings."

"But, Quentin, you don't mean that he might get well!"

"Sure, he'll get well unless something goes wrong; they usually get well if you get at them quickly enough. He may have some pain today; I don't think he'll have much. It only took us—about how long?" Quentin interrupted himself to ask, turning to the other doctor.

"Forty-one minutes," Dr. Cudworth said.

Vicky sat down in a winged chair, and put her hands over her eyes and began to cry, and Quentin, leaning over to pat her on the back, laughed, with tears in his own eyes.

"I'm ash-sh-shamed of myself!" she stammered, looking up to smile through wet lashes. "But—but it saves us all! It saves us all, Quentin. I've been sitting out there alone, thinking and thinking."

"Did Mrs. Morrison come out at all?" the local doctor asked in the pause.

"She's probably packing," Quentin said. "I imagine she'll get out right away. It would be the best thing if she did."

"Oh, but, Quentin, the *relief!*" Vicky's eyes shone like stars; it was too good to be true, too good to be true! "If you hadn't come back from the hospital!" she said with a shudder. "Quentin, will there have to be an investigation now—will there be any talk of poison?"

"I don't think so," Quentin said somewhat uncertainly, looking at his colleague.

The other doctor repeated the phrase more decidedly.

"I should think," Quentin formulated it slowly, "that the wisest thing would be to see what she does, of herself, and then to wait until he's better, and let them settle it between them. You say Serena hasn't shown up at all?" he asked Victoria.

"Not a sound."

"Will you get her? I'm going to take a look at Spencer. I've got to talk to Serena."

Victoria crossed the upper hall, turned the knob of Serena's door, and spoke from the threshold:

"Serena!"

There was complete darkness within. Vicky groped inside the door casing, found a switch, and inundated the place with soft, rosy light.

Everything was orderly enough. But there was in the silence here now something indefinably frightening. Her heart beat fast with terror.

"Serena! Spencer's better. Quentin wants to speak to you!"

SILENCE. Serena was lying flat across the bed. She was lying on her back, her beautiful hair loosened and falling in a cascade over her shoulder, one arm hanging relaxed over the edge of the bed. Vicky's heart suddenly rose into her throat and she felt her knees weaken.

She dared not turn her back on this room. Instead, she backed slowly away, heard the men emerging from Spencer's room; turned to show them an ashen face, and to clutch at Quentin's arm.

"Oh, Quentin, she's asleep, I guess, but don't go in there! Don't. She's lying on her bed—I spoke to her and she didn't stir."

"What's the matter, Vicky?" Quentin asked, weary. "What did she say?"

He went toward Serena's door, Vicky with a little gasp of fright following along beside him.

"Wait a minute!" Quentin said sharply. He went to the bed, touched the figure lying there; gripped the unresponsive shoulder with a big hand and shook it. "Serena!" he said. And then, turning to Vicky and the other doctor, "Look here!"

"What is it?" Cudworth asked, advancing into the room.

"Dead!" Quentin said.

"Oh, no, Quent!" Vicky was clinging to his arm. "Oh, *no!* Who would do it, who would do it?"

"She's done it herself, eh?" Cudworth asked. He stooped and picked from the floor something that glittered brightly in the soft light. "Ye didn't care for that investigation, did ye, my lady?" the old man queried, staring down at the dead

woman with a shrewd light in his eyes.

"Suicide!" Vicky whispered.

"Yes; she did it herself," Quentin muttered. "Look there!"

Vicky's eyes found the little round, violet puncture of that bullet hole at the flawless marble temple. Serena's sleeping face was placid, but the once scarlet mouth was pale and flecked with blood.

"Is there anything to do, Quent?"

"No, it was instantaneous, Vic," he muttered.

"Killed herself!"

"She thought he was dead, d'you see?" the older man supplied suddenly. "The Chinese woman had come out of his room. It was while we were all in the hall there, a while back, when we all thought that poor Morrison had no chance."

"I thought, from the way you all talked," Quentin said, "that he was! I was amazed when Amah said he wanted to see me. And certainly Serena must have thought so. Poor woman!"

Vicky had knelt by the bed. It was all like a dream. Quentin haggard and spattered with water and blood, Spencer lying desperately ill across the hall, herself here kneeling beside Serena, touching the hand that was soft and yet so strangely cold.

AN HOUR later Victoria and Quentin walked across the Morrisons' side garden, and through the gate into the lane, and through their own gate. A perfect spring dawn was strengthening over the world now; it was four o'clock.

"I feel—reborn," Vicky said.

"Reborn. I'm terribly grateful, Vic," Quentin said.

"Oh, grateful! If you knew what I was thinking of all night long. I had you in jail; I had us all moving to some remote place."

"Perhaps you think I didn't, Vic, while we were working over him. Perhaps you think I didn't have a chance to think how I'd taken my life and destroyed it with my two hands. . . . I'm tired. I'm just about all in!"

"Want to go right to bed?"

"I don't believe I could sleep. I suppose you couldn't wake up the Chinaman and get something to eat?"

"I'll have coffee for you in five minutes. I'll go right to the kitchen."

"I'll help you."

He followed her out there, and sat at a table while Victoria snapped on a light, scratched a match under the white kettle. She found orange juice in the ice box and brought him a glassful. His head was sunk on his arms now, and he looked dazed as he raised his head and stared at her.

"Vicky, you're so kind," he mumbled, "and I'm not helping you!"

Gazing stupidly ahead of him, he drank the orange juice, as Vicky went about the kitchen capably. Presently there was toast smoking, and the delicious fragrance of coffee drifted through the air. Vicky's heart was singing a pæan. It was so good to be a man's wife, mistress of his house, mother of his children, free to make him coffee, set cream and sugar beside him.

"Allah, but that is good!" Quentin gasped, with the first scalding draught. "Why you aren't dead on your feet I don't know," he said, looking at her as she seated herself opposite him.

"I *am* tired."

"You've been a trump all night long, Vic," Quentin said. "If you'd been like most women, and had refused to go over there, we might be in bad trouble this morning. If you were like most women you'd have kicked me out years ago. I don't know why you act the way you do, but I want you to know—this sounds terribly flat—but I want you to know that I admire you and that I'm grateful! I owe everything I've got in the world to you. I'm just beginning to realize that it's an awful lot. You know I'm not good at speeches, but when I think about you—and this is what I wanted to tell you—I get all choked up. I'm grateful!"

"Thank you, Quentin!" Vic said from the other end of the table, blinking.

"We'll go on here and some day I'll have a chance to show you that I'm changed," Quentin said. "It's taken me a long time to wake up. I've been a fool. I did the rottenest thing to you a man can do to his wife; it's just my luck, it's my incredible luck that you've, well, I won't say forgiven me; but that you've worked it out your own way."

Vicky had the sugar bowl between her two brown, hard-working hands; she turned it slowly, her eyes upon it.

"Perhaps we're both tired," she said. "We don't often talk this way. But it's only fair to tell you something, Quentin, that may partly explain the way I act. When we were married, ten years ago, I talked about marrying for reason, about not being carried away by excitement, about not falling in love—

"I told you my idea of marriage was companionship, home, children. You were a widower with a delicate youngster—" She laughed. "It seems funny now to think of Gwen as delicate, doesn't it?" she said. "Women were making your life a burden and you needed just what I had to give. I remember our talking of it once, and your saying that whatever the agreement was before marriage, however reasonable and dispassionate the feeling was, no man could have a young wife around and not come to love her, that is, presuming that he didn't come to hate her. Do you remember that?"

"Vaguely."

"WELL, the joke was on me," Vicky said, "for I had it—had it desperately, the whole time! I trembled and got silly when you spoke to me, I thought of you all day long and lay awake dreaming of you all night. I was the love-sickest woman who ever thanked God that the most marvelous man in the world had deigned to look at her! I never told you; I was too proud.

"I didn't want to be the one to introduce the silly, the sentimental side of it, cry when you forgot my birthday, and expect you to compliment me every night on the way my hair was done! I'd said I wanted a certain kind of marriage—work and responsibility and companionship, and plenty of criticism if I didn't do my job, and I got it! But I've loved you all the time! I've never loved anyone else, and no woman ever loved a man more, or so much; his old coats and his voice in the hall at night, and the way he looks at her when she's scared in her strange room in the hospital, the way his hand pats her hand when she goes up to the surgery."

She stood up, smiled at him.

"There!" she said. "That's my awful

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confession. I have made you a speech."

Quentin raised his unsmiling face.

"You've made me a speech, Vic. I'll never forget it."

"It's almost five," she said. "When must you be in town, Quent?"

"I don't have to be in until ten. I'll want to see Morrison before I go."

"How soon can you tell if he's going to weather it, do you think?"

"Oh, he'll get through now. He's got astonishing vitality; it's all nursing now. He'll go back to England, Vic, and perhaps be happier than he's been in a long, long time. . . . Hello, Brownie!"

Harriet Browning had come into the kitchen. She smiled at them both.

"How's Mr. Morrison? I was just going to telephone," she said, "but I heard your voices in the kitchen here."

"Coffee, Brownie?"

"I rather think you'd both better come up and see our boy. He wakened up coughing a few minutes ago."

No need to say more. Quentin's quick look went to Vicky, and he saw her shoulders straighten, her chin go up.

"Quent," she said, her hand groping a little. He took it in his and they went upstairs together.

MORNING light was soft and uncertain in pale pink and mauve on the spare-room walls. Little Marty had been moved in there when Brownie had come to take charge, so that the older children's noise should not disturb them. Vicky, taking a low chair beside the crib, could cover the little languid hand with her own.

Marty opened his eyes, beautiful, heavy eyes ringed softly with umber shadows and filled now, as always, with a mischievous and mysterious light. Quentin stood behind Vicky; she was only vaguely aware of his presence. She did not ask Quentin if her child were ill. She knew that look, the radiant, serene look that moved from the things she could see to other things that were visible now in the heavenly spring dawn only to Marty's eyes.

"My old Marty," Vicky said, smiling down at him. In her heart frightened prayers jumbled together: "Oh, God, not today—not now—I cannot bear it!"

The moments went by, and Marty was breathing, although he had closed his eyes now. The small fingers of one limp baby hand held tightly to Victoria's own. She slipped to her knees and raised the little hand to her cheek.

"My little boy," she said. "Go somewhere where it is all safeness—all happiness—and wait for your mother!"

Marty opened his eyes; they went to her face. His mouth had lost all color now, but the lips moved in the only word he was ever to say in life. "Mom!" he whispered, and as the radiant sweetness, the mysterious significance of his smile faded, the lashes were lowered, not to be raised again, and the little fingers slipped from her own.

Vicky knelt perfectly still, and the whole world stood still. She knew what had happened. The spark of life that had been in her child's beautiful body was gone, and still she could not move, could not begin life again on the terms of not having Marty.

Someone touched her on the shoulder; she looked up. It was Quentin. She said, "Yes, Quentin," quickly, and got to her feet. He put his arm about her, and they went to the window and looked out at the exquisite dewy morning.

"He would never have been strong if he had lived, Vic," Quentin said.

"No, I know."

"He was the sweetest of them all."

"Ah, no, Quent; they're all sweet!" Vicky said. "But I feel dazed," she whispered. "I knew it was coming, but somehow—when Brownie came down to the kitchen every ounce of strength seemed to go out of me. I felt if it could only be tomorrow, any other day!"

"I know."

"Oh, Quentin," she faltered, "I don't know what I shall do without him!"

"Don't, Vic," he said thickly, and instantly she pulled herself together. "Why don't you go to bed for a while, and get some sleep?" he suggested. "You're all in. If you could sleep you'd feel better. We've got to get through it, somehow, and you mustn't break down."

"Yes," she said quickly, controlledly, "we've got to get through it, of course."

"I think I'll walk for a while—up into the hills. Want to go along?"

"No, I'm going to have a bath and change. Quentin—" In another moment of weakness she was clinging to him, "You'll stand by me, won't you?" she said forlornly. "They'll all be so kind; everyone'll be so kind, but it seems to me now that I can't bear it, I can't face it!"

"I'll stand right by you, Vic. I'm so glad that I'm here, not in Germany."

"We have the others, you know," she whispered. "And he was always happy; he didn't suffer! We have so much to be thankful for; we'll be all right, you'll see. It's only this first part that's so hard."

"I won't be long," he said. "I'll walk for a while. I'll stop and take a look at Spencer."

"Spencer," she repeated wonderingly. "Oh, yes, I had forgotten him. Don't hurry back; walk as long as you can!"

He went away, and Vicky noticed the gray at his temples, the weary squaring of his shoulders as he left the room. She walked slowly over, to kneel for a while beside the little waxen figure in the white nightgown that was Marty, filling her eyes, filling her soul with the picture of the peaceful little sleeping face, the carelessly flung baby hands. Then Brownie spoke to her, and Nurse, her hard face wet with tears, came to remind her that her bath was ready; the doctor'd be back after a bit, and want his breakfast. Vicky spoke to them, nodded, agreed, was hardly conscious of what she did or said. It was kind of Nurse—she had never arranged Vicky's bath before.

WHEN Quentin came back the clocks stood at eight. Danish Anna, red-eyed, but trim and composed in her white and blue stripes, was putting the finishing touches on the breakfast table on the side porch. Quentin saw the usual flowers, the children's silver mugs, the dictionary that raised Madeleine to the level of her brothers and sisters. No high chair now.

The day would be warm, a perfect spring day, but there was a shadowy, dewy coolness on the porch, and the fresh, wet smell of lilacs and roses scented the air. Indoors everything was quiet, airy, deserted; his heart failing him, he went upstairs, opened the nursery door.

Vicky was very pale. In her thin white dressing gown she looked not much older than Gwen. And Quentin thought that he had never known how beautiful she was until now.

"When will Marty come back, Mom?" asked Bob's drawling little voice.

"He won't come back. But some day we'll all go to him." Vicky's voice was low but it was steady, and she did not cry, although Quentin knew that she had been crying.

"But now it'll spoil everything for you this summer, won't it, Mother?" Gwen asked.

"No, no, no, darling; we mustn't let it do that! It wouldn't be fair to Marty to do that. No, we'll go straight on and be happy, because he always loved it when we were all happy."

"'Member he used to *laugh* so when we jumped off the table and fell over each other?" Susan demanded, delighted to stop crying, to have reason for shaky laughter through tears.

"That was playing icebergs," Bobs said solemnly.

"But, Mother, will we have our birthday cakes?" Kenty asked respectfully. He and Susan had the same birthday, two years apart; it was due very soon. "If you drather we didn't, we won't," he assured her heroically.

"Oh, no, my darling, we must go on exactly as if Marty were here," Vicky said. "We'll all go up to the Lake as soon as school closes, and we'll try never to think of him except to have it make us happier."

BUT her color failed as she said it, and Quentin knew that her heart went to him, the little still white figure with the lowered satin eyelashes, the carelessly flung baby hands. He had known her—he had said "Mom," and she would not hear that little voice a second time.

"Come on; we'll all go down to breakfast," she said, rising. "We won't wait for Dad. . . . Ah, there's Dad now!"

And cheerfully raising her honest, tired blue eyes to him, she asked, "Did you walk, dear?"

"For a while. Everything's all right with Morrison."

"Ah, I'm glad."

"I don't believe I'll go down, Vicky; I don't want any breakfast. I believe I'll—"

"Ah, no, you must come down with us, Quentin. We've all got to help one another today."

Gwen hung back, slipped her arm through her father's arm.

"You have all the rest of us, you know, Dad," she reminded him, her lips trembling. Frowning, his jaw tightening, Quentin stopped to lay his cheek for a moment on her bright hair.

"And no matter what happens we have to go right on doing what we always do, because that's the family, isn't it, Mother?" Susan said, crowding, as all the children were crowding, about Vicky as they went downstairs. "The family's the important thing, isn't it, Mother? Because that's what you have *left*—Kenty and the dogs and Claus and the Oz books and everything, isn't it?"

Victoria raised her eyes to her husband's eyes, and there was in them the shadow of her undefeated smile.

"That's the idea, Susan," she said.

(*The End*)

Three-Ring Town

(*Continued from page 71*)

act—I'm so tremendously proud of her!"

To my delight I found that back yards and side yards and barnyards all over town were rigged up with trapezes, flying rings, revolving ladders, and tight-wires. That night after dinner Editor Mort Smith took me over to Alex Murrell's side yard—Alex is engineer in the local power and light plant—where Verne Brewer and Jerry Murrell, Alex's wife, were working on a bareback stunt and also a tight-wire act. Down the street in Portis Sims's back yard—Portis runs the leading dry-cleaning establishment in town—Art Lanford, window decorator in a Main Street department store, was doing a stunt on stilts. There, too, young Glenn and Claudia Wilson were gamboling up among the stars on the double trapeze.

Behind a tiny cottage on another street rose a tall, steel framework from which dangled a glittering nickel-plated trapeze. On this little Jimmy Scruggs, age eleven, was doing her loop-the-loop above the heads of her admiring family, while George Carroll, husky go-getter from downtown, stood by bursting with pride. It was Jimmy's amazing dexterity that got Carroll interested in the circus. Now Carroll is its president and gives half his time to it. It was he who bought this magnificent trapeze for Jimmy.

LATER on, in Virgil Keel's barnyard, on the other side of town, I was fascinated watching hump-shouldered, bandy-legged Keel—once a famous jockey, now a horse raiser and trainer—training a gang of barefoot boys in overalls to run, leap, and land upright, sure-footed, on the back of a trotting pony. When Jimmy Scruggs arrived, Keel brought out a pale golden horse. Then, cracking his whip, he put Jimmy, Dorothy Murphy, and George Tyler through their 3-tier pyramid act, bareback. Finally George Tyler mounted a gray mule, which immediately went crazy. Miraculously, George stayed on.

"One of the biggest laugh-getters in our circus," Keel confided to me. "That there mule had the pleasure of going over to London and playing before the King in Tex Austin's rodeo last year!"

Next morning I met Joe Pettit in the post office.

"Any typhoid left?" I asked.

"No, not much," he said.

"How's your new act coming on?"

"O. K.," he said. Then he added seriously, thrusting his face through the General Delivery window, "Listen; clowning is

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no cinch. People come around trying to get into the circus and we say, 'Well, what can you do? Can you work on the trapeze? Can you do bareback stuff? Can you turn double somersaults? Can you do splits? Can you walk the tight-wire?' 'No,' says the applicant, 'but I'd be good as a clown.'

"Can't do anything else, but think they can clown! Listen, Mr. Waldron; clowning is the most difficult thing in a circus. It takes originality! It takes imagination!"

The following afternoon, about four, everybody met in front of the Turner Hotel. The tent, the animals, the equipment, had gone ahead by truck. Luther Turner, the hotelman, master of transport, was busy as a hornet. For long hops, the circus goes by rail, but for distances up to 100 or 150 miles it goes by car, and it is Turner's job to round up cars.

Judge Mitchell is here, though the doctor has warned him he ought to quit the circus—because of his heart. Chubby Dr. Silas Yarbrough, general practitioner and clown, arrives. The band straggles in. "Oh, so *you're* here," somebody yells. "Thought you said you weren't coming!" That's always the way. People say they're not coming any more. But when it starts they're *always* here!

Yes, we're all here, about 200 of us, performers and helpers and all. We pile into about 40 cars. Away we go, northward for six dusty miles to the Red River, over the long bridge into Oklahoma, and on through the scorching afternoon to Sulphur, seventy-five miles away.

Sulphur is blazoned with circus posters and the tent is already pitched near the railroad depot. The tent seats 2,400.

Alex Murrell, lot superintendent, has been on the job since dawn. When I hop out of my car he takes me into the tent and proudly shows me everything complete, the amphitheater of seats, the rings, the tackle neatly suspended from the top. Alex has developed a genius for making collapsible seats easy to transport, clever electrical gadgets, tension apparatus for tight-wires out of discarded box-car springs, trapezes out of gas pipes found on junk heaps.

BEHIND the big tent stand the cook-tent, the dressing-tent, and the animal-tent in a neat row. The performers pile out of their cars, snatch a bite at the cook-tent, and stream on toward the dressing-tent, where the mistress of wardrobe, Mrs. Yancey Culp, organist at the Gainesville First Baptist church, is superintending the unpacking of costumes. Out in front, Dave O'Brien, bookkeeper at the First State Bank, has climbed into the red ticket wagon and is beginning to sell tickets to the gathering crowd:

"Come on, folks! The Gainesville Community Circus! Greatest show in the world!"

Deacon Webb, of the Gainesville First Baptist Church, front-door supe, is shooing back the swarm of little boys who are trying to sneak under the canvas.

Out on the sidewalk I spy Judge Mitchell asking people, "What is this circus? Is it any good?" This is Judge Mitchell's private amusement before every performance.

The band strikes up, the grand parade forms a line in the back yard. Everybody is in gorgeous Oriental costume. The queen, Mrs. Norman McArdle, soloist at the Gainesville Methodist Church and president of the Women's Missionary Society, magnificent in spangles and an ostrich feather crown, leads the procession on a white charger. Behind her comes a troop of slaves in filmy robes swinging parrot cages. Virgil Keel, a sheik, wears a dazzling purple turban. Then comes an army of jesters, clowns, and soldiers.

The parade swings around the track to a burst of applause. The queen takes her place on the throne in the center of the arena, the entire troupe arranges itself around her in a gesture of homage, and Camilla Williams prances out in front of the throne and does a torrid Oriental dance. The band shrieks a fanfare, the parade sweeps out into the dark to thunderous applause.

Then Norman McArdle, cotton trader and farmer and master of ceremonies, in top hat, tail coat, white breeches, and tall shiny boots, strides out into the arena, cracks his whip, and the show is on. . . .

AT FIRST it was a puzzle to me to understand what made the acts flow so smoothly out of the dressing-tent and the animal-tent into the show-tent. Then I discovered that it was the quiet authority of State Highway Maintenance Man McKissack, back-yard boss, and that Carl Kaden, the florist, director of personnel, was warning performers whose act was next.

I did see a lot of the show. I would watch an act getting ready in the back yard and then follow it in. I saw Jimmy Scruggs standing on her head on a trotting pinto and Jimmy spinning like a gorgeous pinwheel on a trapeze up in the peak of the tent, while Mort Smith, newspaperman and announcer, sang out in his high, professional nasal, "Ladies and Gentlemen, Jimmy Scruggs, the youngest and most marvelous loop-the-loop trapeze performer in the wide, wide wor-r-rld!"

And of course I saw Judge Mitchell, dressed to represent a fussy old woman, pushing a perambulator containing a dummy baby. The judge made his fumbling away round the track confiding to the spectators that he wanted to see the circus and, since there was no one to leave the baby with, he had brought it along. Then suddenly he remembered that he came away in such a hurry he had no time to hang out the baby's wash. So he halted, strung a clothesline from the baby-cab to a tent pole, hung out the clothes. Then he changed the baby and turned complacently to watch the cavorting clowns. Finally he took in the clothes and slowly departed, telling the delighted spectators, "I never had so much fun in my life."

And of course I saw those two gawky clowns, Joe Pettit and Ray Whitaker, pile into an ancient car and careen crazily into the tent. A terrific report! The car halted, the clowns scrambled out, dragged forth their tools, and began to work on the tire. While they toiled, the car suddenly started up and whirled away driverless, to the amazement of the crowd. Having circled the track, it came to a stop exactly where it had been.

The car really wasn't driverless. Under the back seat crouched Pete Saunders, peering through a slit in the upholstery and driving the car by a second set of controls at the back. Pete, a clever auto mechanic, built this thrilling contraption.

The most exciting act of the show was furnished by Pat, Verne Brewer's white terrier. Pat's stunt was to climb a steep ladder and dive off the top into a net twenty feet below. This was the first time this act had been put on, and Verne had been training Pat only three days. When Verne carried Pat out into the middle of the arena and put him down at the foot of the ladder, the great banked circle of 2,000 intent faces under the big top seemed to scare the little dog. He climbed four or five rungs and then fell off nervously.

The band almost stopped playing. Was Pat going to fail Gainesville? Never in these three days had I felt more keenly how much this circus was a great family affair.

The tent was silent as Verne picked up Pat, whispered in his ear, and set him again at the foot of the ladder. The little dog looked around helplessly for a moment, then began to climb. When, at last, he crawled out upon the shelf and slowly rose on his hind legs, there was no applause. For a moment he hesitated, quivering. Then up went his ears and down he dived—a tiny white object—into the net below. The silence was broken with a tremendous thunder of applause. Pat had saved his honor—and the honor of Gainesville.

All through the show my attention kept being drawn to something that apparently no other spectator noticed. It was the gang of fifteen young prop-men in maroon-colored overalls, changing scenery, dragging apparatus in and out, getting no applause at all. Surely, I said to myself, these fellows must get paid if nobody else does. They can't be doing this for the fun of it.

"Oh, yes, they are," Mort Smith said. "There's actually competition to get into the prop-gang."

WHEN I told young George Tyler how much I admired his magnificent bareback riding, he said, "Thanks a lot, but did you see Bill Wingert on the swinging ladders?" When I congratulated Jerry Murrell for her beautiful work on the tight-wire, she said, "Thank you, but did you see little Joe Pettit do that spotter somersault?" Rivalry, not jealousy, was the spirit.

In the scramble after the show, I bumped into handsome young Frank Morris—mayor, bank president, snare drummer.

"This show must be a big advertisement for your town," I said.

"Advertisement?" Morris said, a little surprised. "Oh, yes; I suppose it is, in a way. I know that when any of us go anywhere in the Southwest and let on we're from Gainesville, people say, 'Oh, you're from the town that has the circus!'" Then Morris added, "But we never think of it from the advertisement point of view. If the circus had been started to advertise the town, it never would have amounted to anything, and if it ever degenerates into an advertising stunt, it will be ruined."

"Why do you go on working in that circus year after year," a woman asked Mrs. Joe Pettit, "spending your money on costumes, and all your time practicing and taking those long, hot trips, and *never* getting a cent out of it?"

"Why," said Mrs. Joe, "it's because we like to do it."

Which seems to be a pretty good reason.

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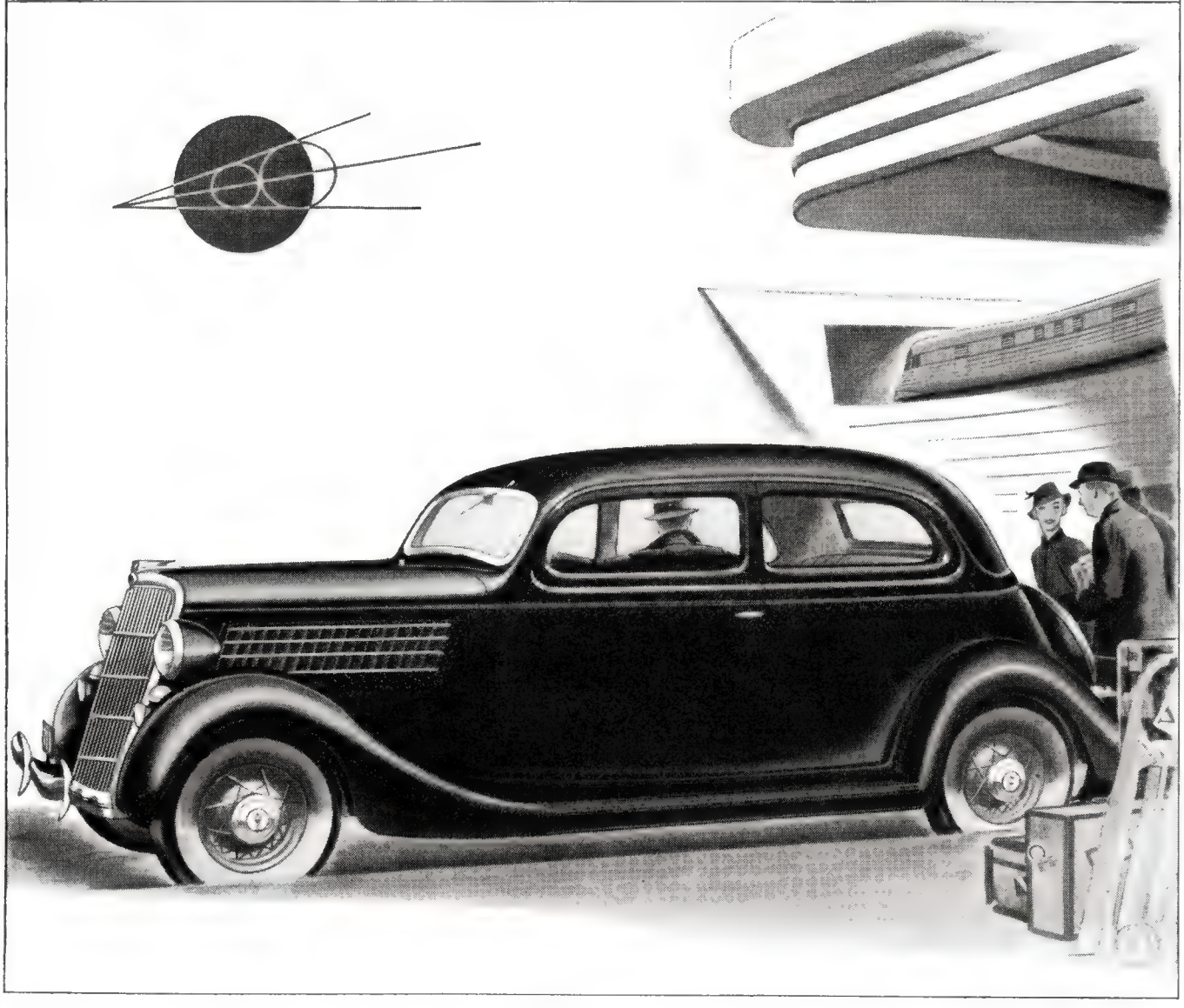
THE NEW FORD V·8 FOR 1935



—And More Room Inside

ALMOST every one who rides in the New Ford V-8 for the first time is surprised at its roominess. It is a big, substantial car so well-proportioned that you do not realize its full size until you study its dimensions. . . . All 1935 Ford cars, standard and de luxe, are 112-inch wheelbase. All have an overall length of 182¾ inches — or more. This increased size — with the compactness of the V-8 engine, moved forward in the chassis — gives more room for your comfort inside the car. . . . The interior of the De Luxe Tudor Sedan (illustrated above) is 50½ inches wide at the front seat. The rear seat is 47 inches wide. Both the front and rear compartments have exceptional head and leg room. There's a large, separate luggage compartment behind the rear seat. . . . The New Ford V-8 is comfortable all around. It has the physical comfort of size. The mental comfort that comes from driving a safe, easily handled car, powered by an 85-horsepower V-8 engine.

Democracy goes to School

(*Continued from page 27*)

lectures in a body, a man and wife on relief, an actuary of a large insurance company, a housemaid, and a newspaper advertising man. It was the largest meeting in the city. The speaker, a political scientist, lectured for thirty minutes or so, then called for questions.

A civic bore with a goatee and walking stick came to his feet. He had no questions to ask. He was an answerer. For two minutes he spoke ramblingly of the menace of communism, old-age pensions, child labor, and finally led into prohibition. The lecturer rapped smartly on the rostrum.

"Pardon, Major," said he. "I have no objection to your speaking all night. But I think the audience should be permitted to say whether it wants you to or not. All in favor of hearing this speech to the end, please say, 'Aye.'"

There was silence, except for the major's asthmatic breathing.

"No?"

The audience groaned its disapproval.

"Sorry, Major," said the lecturer. "Any other questions?"

THE smallest meeting I attended that night had an audience of five. It was held in a community shelter in an underprivileged part of town. The leader, Dr. Hubert Phillips, of the Fresno Teachers' College, Fresno, Calif., sat informally at a small table with his group before him in a semicircle. He was analyzing the government's various loan systems. He was accustomed to addressing large groups of students. Now his audience consisted of a withered, stoical woman in her late seventies, a girl with intelligent eyes and a scrubbed, red face, and three men, one a transient laborer, who gnawed his knuckles in perplexity.

"Is it worth it?" I asked Dr. Phillips after the meeting.

"Worth it?" said he. "I talked to one man and he understood me. Did you notice that stout, grizzled fellow with a gold watch chain? He's a leader in this community. He listened attentively to every word I said. Then he asked me a series of intelligent questions. He goes away from here tonight with a thorough understanding of government loans. He now is an oracle in the community. There is part of the electorate that cannot be educated by university professors. But the university professor can educate leaders in every community, cultured or unschooled, who in turn will educate the people."

In a junior high-school auditorium, I attended a meeting in which forty middle-class men and women listened for an hour to a labor leader of national reputation. For another thirty minutes they asked him questions. He was prejudiced in behalf of the unions, but he was rational. He never lost patience, not even with a communist who rudely interrupted other questioners with belligerent charges.

"My friend," he said at length, "we have no prejudice against communism in this meeting. We are simply seeking information. If you have information to give us, let us have it. But if you are merely trying to get rid of your feelings, try some other way."

The Des Moines forum has only one purpose—enlightenment of the electorate. The leaders or lecturers are required to give the pro and con of every question under discussion. A few partisan speakers have been invited to Des Moines, but all of them have been broad enough to recognize the various aspects of their subjects. When a particularly partisan speaker appears, he is followed by a man who represents an opposite point of view. In the terms of the contract with the Carnegie Corporation of New York, which financed the forums with a five-year grant of $120,000, the enterprise must be detached and devoted wholly to enlightenment. No propaganda is permitted.

HOW many of the electorate in Des Moines are being enlightened, it is difficult to say. Besides the neighborhood forums, conducted every night, there are weekly city-wide forums, addressed by such distinguished lecturers as Fred Henderson, British socialist; F. S. Deibler, professor of economics in Northwestern University; Mordecai W. Johnson, president of Howard University; Bruno Roselli, fascist and friend of Mussolini; Anna Louise Strong, of the *Moscow Daily News;* Albert E. Wiggam, and Lewis Browne.

To reach citizens who do not attend any of the meetings, a radio conversation is conducted by three professors or lecturers every Friday night over a local radio station. One of the newspapers publishes a weekly outline of pro-and-con arguments on some important question, such as inflation, taxation, or foreign policy.

Two weekly lecture-luncheons are given for business men in downtown dining-rooms. An average of fifty men attend each luncheon.

This year experiments are being made in high-school forums for the entire school body. The forum's most important speakers are sent to the high schools weekly.

Among the subjects discussed at the forums this last winter term were relief, Latin America, the Far East, American island possessions, all phases of the New Deal, fascism, capitalism, communism, agriculture, and industry. The subjects are suggested by the citizens of Des Moines themselves in questionnaires distributed at the end of the winter season.

In 1932, John W. Studebaker, then superintendent of schools of Des Moines, got the idea which grew into the forums. He advocated it before the civic organizations, churches, capitalists, and his board of education. Everybody, except those who feared the discussion of both sides of such questions as public ownership of utilities, approved the plan. Mr. Studebaker went to representatives of the American Association for Adult Education. Then all of them went to the directors of the Carnegie Corporation, and the corporation "bought" the idea for five years. The forums, administered by the Des Moines department of education, were directed by Studebaker, or "Stoody," as his associates refer to him, until he was made United States Commissioner of Education. R. I. Grigsby, supervisor of adult education for Des Moines, is now in charge.

Studebaker believed that men and women could not participate in government—govern themselves—without understanding the science of government and the intricacies of modern finance and foreign relations. How could they choose among leaders without understanding what the leaders stood for? He engaged a score of competent men such as Henry A. Wallace, Secretary of Agriculture, for one-night "stands" or whatever period they could spare from their other work. The one-night standers spoke in the city-wide forums. Those who could stay in Des Moines a little longer spoke in central forums, the largest high-school auditoriums in the city. A few men, such as Carroll H. Wooddy, formerly of the University of Chicago, made the rounds of the smaller neighborhood forums, circuit-riding.

When the first forums were opened in January, 1933, Des Moines flocked to them in overflow crowds. The forums were the rage. Preachers gave sermons on broad political questions. The newspapers were full of the pros and cons of government. Salvation, apparently, had come.

Then gradually the attendance fell off, until now it has settled down to the bedrock of the city—the serious-minded, studious citizens. Attendance now is 1,000 to 2,000 persons a week. The directors believe that these people will become the nucleus of the political life of Des Moines. As Mr. Studebaker puts it, "They will be the leaven in the lump."

There are three classes of persons who are not contributing to the success of the forums: those who find civic thinking too tiresome; those whose business enterprises are threatened by education of the electorate; and those whose political interests are threatened.

A public utilities magnate was recently invited to sit on the platform at a lecture on public ownership of utilities.

"I won't do it," he roared. "The subject should not be discussed. If you insist upon discussing it, I'll answer every argument in an advertisement."

DEMOCRACY is on trial in Des Moines. The facts about the political and economic world in which we live are being offered to every man and woman without cost. The only fee is attention. If Des Moines, after five years of experiment, more than two of which have already elapsed, does not accept its education, something important will have been demonstrated—that the American citizen is willing to remain in ignorance and to let a few persons run his government.

If it proves a success, Mr. Studebaker, Commissioner of Education or not, will not stop until he has established the forum system in every city where people will listen to reason.

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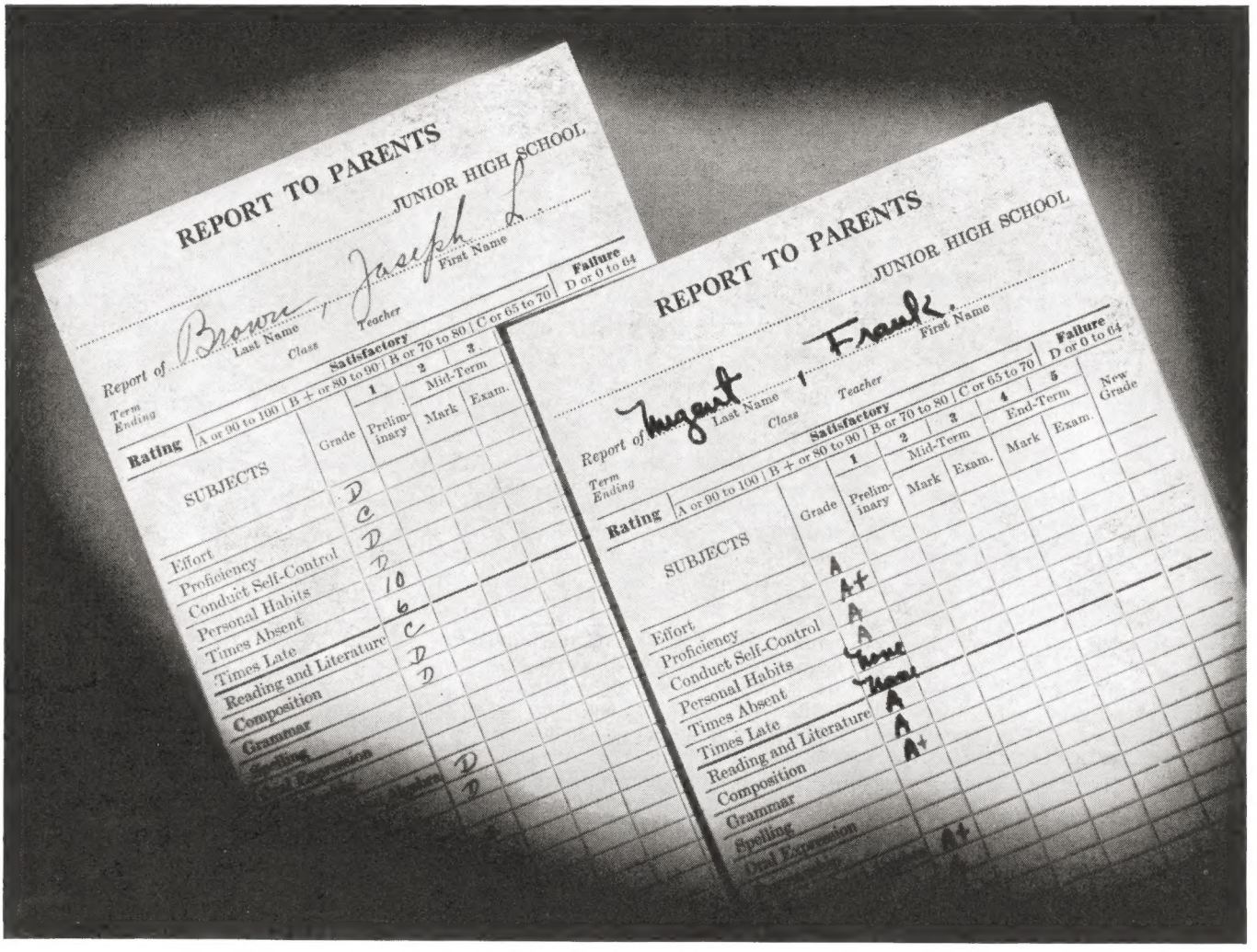


Here are the report cards of TWO BOYS

The I. E. S. Better Sight Lamp . . designed by the Illuminating Engineering Society . . gives abundant, glareless light and minimizes eyestrain. See it at your lighting company, department store, furniture store, or lighting fixture dealer's.

One boy brought his report card home with a flourish of pride. The other boy kept his in his pocket until his mother asked for it. But was he to blame?

Poor light may have contributed to his failure. Perhaps he has been doing his home work in inadequate light, straining his eyes and causing him to become too tired to study properly.

This tag identifies an I. E. S. Better Sight Lamp. Look for it when you buy.

The thoughtful parents of the boy with the good report card had provided him with a new I. E. S. Better Sight Lamp, fitted with a 100-watt genuine General Electric MAZDA lamp. And they undoubtedly see that his eyes are examined regularly by a competent eyesight specialist.

General Electric MAZDA lamps give you all the light you pay for . . . do not blacken easily or burn out too soon. Look for the GE monogram when you buy lamps and you will get good light at low cost. General Electric Co., Nela Park, Cleveland, Ohio.

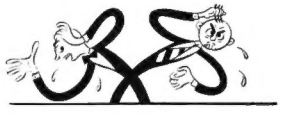
GENERAL ELECTRIC
MAZDA LAMPS

What the Readers Say

Calm

WE HAVE been having some little correspondence with Mr. C. N. A., of the U. S. Navy, who objected passionately on this page last month to the language put into the mouths of navy men by Miss Ruth Burr Sanborn in her story, *I Don't Go Out with Sailors*. We pointed out timidly that there might still be a few sailors without Harvard accents, and anyway an authoress ought to be allowed a little license. Mr. A. is now in a gentler mood (to our great relief, for he is a member of an airplane bombing squadron). He writes from Panama: "Will you please ask Miss Sanborn to forgive me? Imagine me not allowing license to an authoress! It was amusing, her story, and there are some like she represented. Will she forgive me?"

All is forgiven, Mr. A. You can come home now.



Fantod

MONTGOMERY, Ala.—In the note accompanying your article, *What The New Congress Faces*, by Frank R. Kent (Jan., 1935), you make this statement: "You can't be on the fence about this article. It'll make you cheer loudly or roar with annoyance. It gave two of our editors the fantods." Well, I wish to inform you that I am not on the fence—I am out in the middle of the road roaring, just as you predicted. I also suspect strongly that I have the fantods, along with your two editors. I am not sure what fantods are, but they sound like what I had after reading that article.—S. T.

Just to clear things up for you, we'll quote our dictionary on the subject of fantods. A fantod (or fantad) is defined as: "1. State of worry or excitement, fidget, fuss; also, indisposition; pet; sulks. 2. A vision in delirium tremens. 3. Naut. A fidgety, fussy officer." The two editors referred to got red in the face and exhibited extreme sulkiness. How was it with you?

A Man Speaks

BOSTON, Mass.—Why show only women or men on your covers? Why not panthers, leopards, deer, bears, dogs, or horses? And what about lovely trees? We see enough of women.—G. N. H.

Or what about a hippopotamus or a giraffe?

Heroes

SHENANDOAH, Va.—Out of several years' experience working with boys I have learned just one outstanding fact: Boys do not worship the hero; they worship his deeds. The hero of a gang of boys is the one who can outwit and outfight the rest of the gang. The minute he loses his laurels in a fight, he fades into the background. It is the same with fiction. If the reading material placed in the hands of a boy pictures the criminal outwitting and outfighting the police, then that boy just as automatically sponsors the cause of the criminal and worships at the shrine of his spectacular deeds. Whenever the day arrives that the editors of the country refuse to publish stories glorifying the wit and deeds of the criminals and, instead, give us more articles like *Two Against the Underworld*, by Courtney Ryley Cooper (Dec., 1934), that day will mark the turn in the tide of boys under twenty now flocking to the ranks of the gangsters.—C. K.

DOES IT PAY TO BE KIND?

PHILADELPHIA, Pa.—Katharine Haviland-Taylor's story, *The Leader*, is all wet. I am a high school senior hoping to go to work, in June, and I, for one, don't believe that kindness, consideration, and service to others are really profitable. Look at an elderly neighbor of ours. He has spent his whole life doing kindnesses for other people. Right now he is living on public charity. For about thirty years he gave generous and loyal service to the company that employed him, yet he never made more than a very modest income. And when the depression hit, he was dropped from the payroll.

Besides, kindness is not half as important as intelligence, particularly the idiotic sort of kindness.

It is the stupid kind person who gives to street beggars because he pities them, who irritates his friends by doing favors and giving presents which they do not want, who interferes with others and messes up their lives "all for their own good."

It seems to me that the whole "service to others" idea of measuring success, as set forth in *The Leader*, has been greatly overdone. When I go to work for a living this year I intend to get all I can, and let other people take care of themselves. Probably you'll tell me I'm all wrong. But am I?—J. J. V.

DO YOU AGREE with this young man? If he were your son or brother, what would your answer be? For the best letter replying to him, we will pay $25; second best, $15; third best, $10. Keep your letter as brief as possible and address it to SERVICE, THE AMERICAN MAGAZINE, 250 Park Avenue, New York, N. Y. No replies will be considered after March 31, 1935.

Witness

BELVIDERE, Ill.—I wonder if Paul Gallico, the author of *Hero Poison* (Nov., 1934), ever witnessed a football game or saw a practice. He gives the impression that the player does just what is thought out for him and nothing else. I find in playing the game that it takes more headwork than any other sport I know of. In my opinion the author was misinformed upon some of his criticism of the game of football.—H. W.

COLUMBIA, S. C.—I herewith extend to Writer Gallico (more power to him) my sincere congratulations. I wish that every football player or player of other games could read this article so he might know that he cannot feed tomorrow on the glory he gained today.—G. R. D.

Paul Gallico played football on the varsity team at Columbia University. Is one of the leading sports writers of the country, and has probably witnessed more football games than any other five men. Over six feet tall and weighs around 200 pounds. Has boxed as a heavyweight with Jack Dempsey. Very modest. Hates to make trouble for editors. Good.

Authority

HUDSON HEIGHTS, N. J.—I very rarely take the trouble to criticize the efforts printed in yours or any other magazine. However, having read so much nonsense from time to time with flying backgrounds, it suddenly occurred to me that Richard Thruelsen, author of *The Girl Had Nerve* (Nov., 1934), and the editor of THE AMERICAN would like to know that the accuracy regarding airplanes and flying as found in this story is appreciated.—R. C. W., 2nd Lieut., Air Corps Reserve.

Thanks, Lieutenant. Richard Thruelsen, incidentally, is an officer in the Air Corps Reserve. So he ought to know.

Random Shots

St. Louis, Mo.—Won't some real honest man, not woman, write his confessions of divorcement?—Mrs. F. S.

Balasore, India—The gutter has but little appeal for some of us.—L. E.

Boone, Iowa—I'm tired of writers taking their own fancy for truth.—Mrs. G. B.

Sinaloa, Mexico—The world is going crazy in an attempt to make plain who is who.—C. J. C.

New York, N. Y.—After three and a half years in the Navy, a man loses his shyness with girls.—W. C. W.

Ocean Beach, Calif.—We do not condescend to our husbands.—Mrs. M. K.

Let's go to New Orleans for dinner tonight

TONIGHT, in your own home, enjoy one of the biggest features of a New Orleans dinner—the famous Mardi Gras cocktail.

Only don't try to make this cocktail with ordinary whiskey. Make it as New Orleans makes it, with genuine old-fashioned *American* whiskey. *With Four Roses Whiskey!*

For here is whiskey smooth as a Louisiana lullabye—with the mellow heartiness that has always distinguished the finest *American* liquor. Four Roses is made by the slow, costly *old-fashioned* method, and has that special flavor that comes only from Kentucky and Maryland limestone water.

Insist on Four Roses at your store. Have your drinks made with it at hotels and restaurants — and enjoy the finest mixed drinks ever made.

• • •

Frankfort makes a whiskey for every purse: PAUL JONES, *Antique, Old Oscar Pepper, Mattingly & Moore, Shipping Port.*

"IRVIN S. COBB'S OWN RECIPE BOOK"—nearly 100 selected recipes. Send 10¢ in stamps to Frankfort Distilleries, Dept. 492, Louisville, Ky.

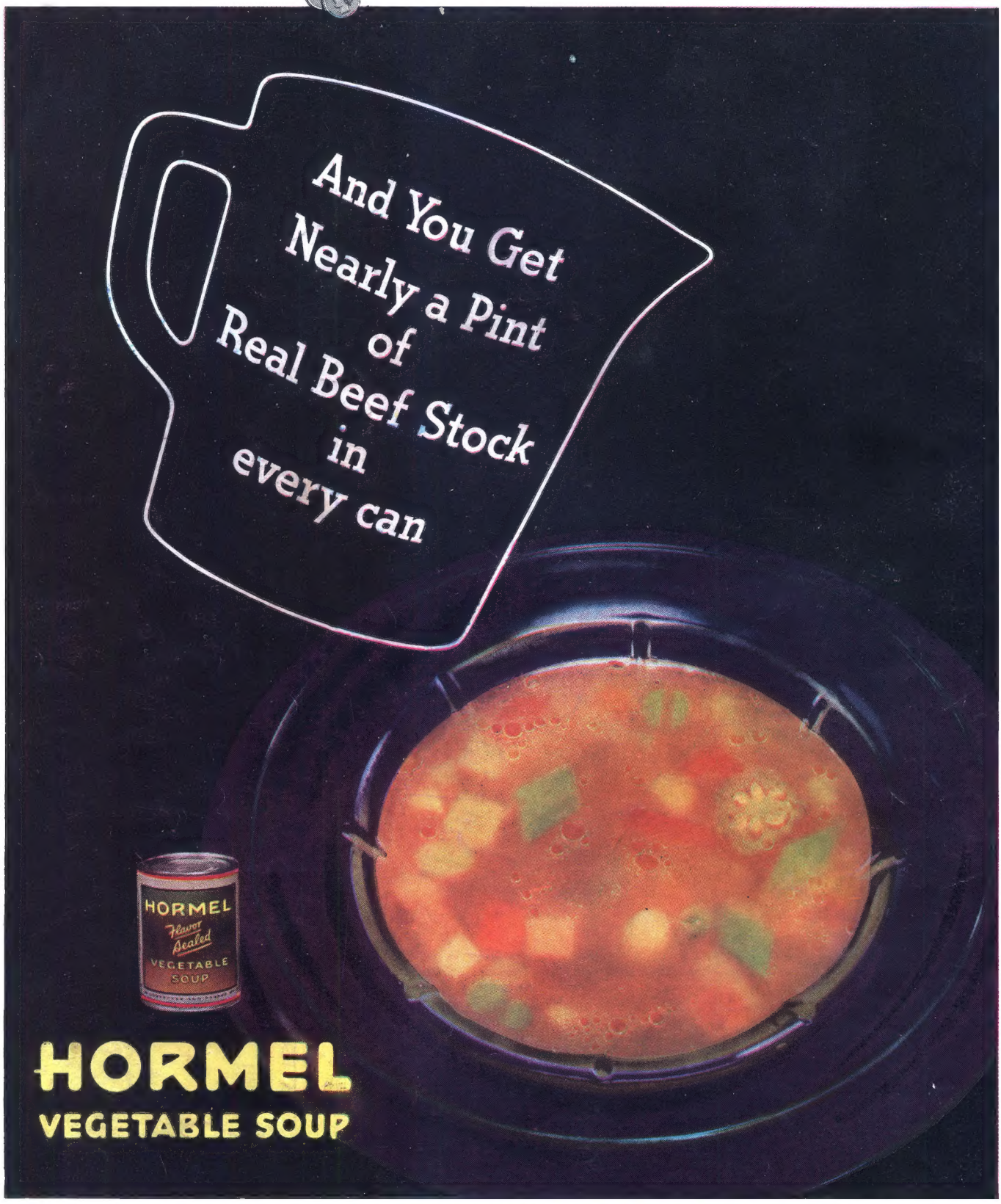
To Make a Mardi Gras Cocktail

Into a heavy mixing glass, put 1 lump of Sugar, 2 dashes Angostura Bitters and 2 dashes Peychaud's Bitters. Crush Sugar. Add 1 jigger Four Roses Whiskey and cracked ice, and stir. Now into chilled cocktail glass put 1 dash Absinthe (or Pernod). Roll Absinthe about glass and throw away. Into this glass strain mixture from mixing glass, squeeze twist of Lemon Peel on top, and serve.

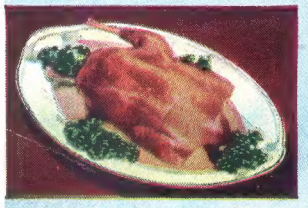
FOUR ROSES WHISKEY

MADE BY FRANKFORT DISTILLERIES OF KENTUCKY AND MARYLAND

DOUBLE YOUR MONEY BACK IF THIS ISN'T THE BEST VEGETABLE SOUP YOU EVER BOUGHT



OTHER HORMEL FINE FOODS
As unusual in flavor as the Vegetable Soup

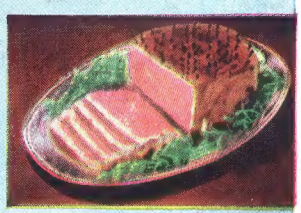


HORMEL *Flavor Sealed* CHICKEN

Hormel Chili Con Carne
Hormel Pea Soup
Hormel Chicken Broth
Hormel Chicken a la King

HORMEL ONION SOUP

Hormel Breakfast Sausage
Hormel Spiced Ham
Hormel Smoked Ham
Hormel Smoked Bacon



HORMEL *Flavor Sealed* HAM